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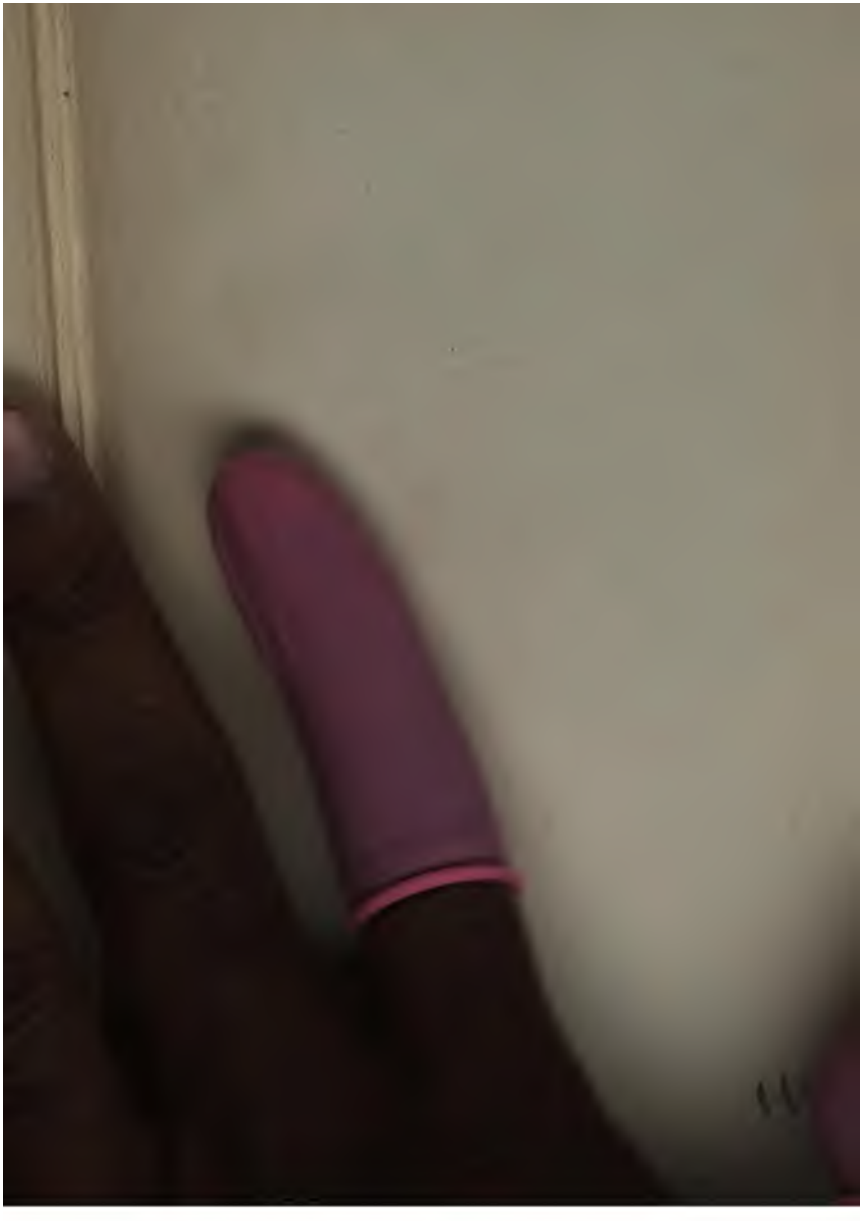

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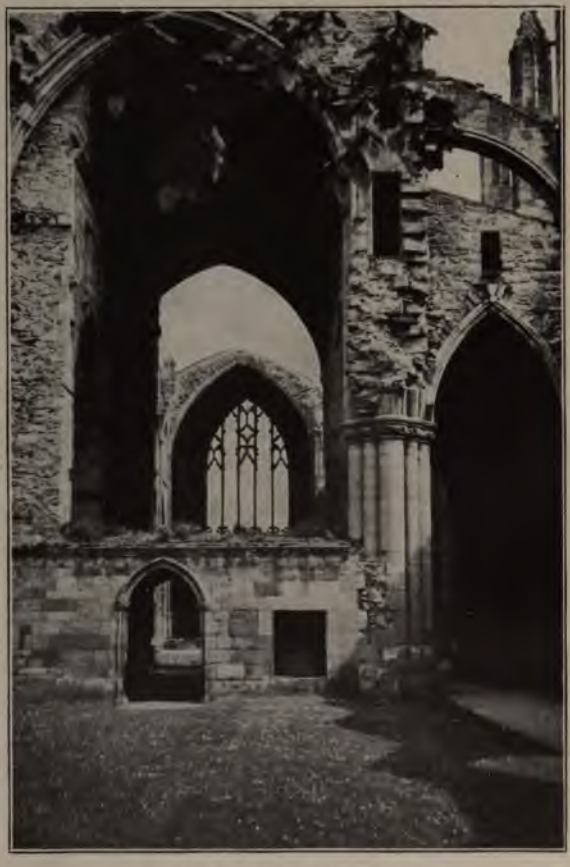

A BIT OF MELROSE ABBEY

NOT IN
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THREE WEEKS

IN THE

BRITISH ISLES

BY

JOHN U. HIGINBOTHAM

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Three Weeks in the British Isles

To the Members of

The Press Club of Chicago

Who have made of me a great deal more than I am,

This book is respectfully dedicated

95 X 484

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PREFACE

THE person who tries to see what he can of a foreign country in a limited time draws the fire from two sources. The man who stays at home refuses to believe that anything worth while can be accomplished in the time allotted. The man of leisure who spends whole years abroad declares that only blurred outlines are visible to the hurried traveler. Both are right in a degree. Neither is wholly right. The hurried tourist would gladly exchange places with the leisurely sojourner in the beauty spots of the world, but rejoices over what he does see and goes again at the first opportunity. His wings can never again be fitted with comfort into the stay-at-home cocoon.

It is the fashion to smile at the idea of seeing anything in a foreign country in a shorter time than three months. This has constructed a barrier across the road to broader culture and accomplishment of many a person.

As a matter of fact, more can be seen abroad in three weeks than can be seen at home in an entire summer. Distances are shorter between noteworthy objects. The unusual grips the attention at every turn.

of France, Clive, Cornwallis, Oliver Cromwell, Kossuth, Louis Philippe, Nelson, Peter the Great and Wellington.

Lovers of the drama find here a stage once trod by Garrick, Mrs. Siddons, Kean and Shakespeare.

If you begin to muster the great names of literature who have lived in London, your pen falters at the magnitude of the task. Addison, Bacon, Macaulay, Lamb, Boswell, Moore, Lytton, Bunyan, Milton, Thackeray, Butler, Walton, Shelley, Byron, Dickens, Dryden, Hood, Fielding, Gibbon, Goldsmith, Guizot, Johnson and Keats are some of those who have called this big city their home.

Thomas à Becket was born behind the mercers' chapel in Poultry Lane. Swedenborg resided in Great Bath Street and was buried in a little churchyard on Ratcliff Highway. Mme. de Stael lived at 30 Argyle Street.

The list is endless. This huge magnet has drawn to it the great of every age and clime. To locate and study their way-marks would be the work of a lifetime and not the task of a tourist. But the most rapid traveler is helped to a proper appreciation of his surroundings by a mere perusal of these names.

We had seen the star attractions of the world's metropolis seven years before. As every one

knows, the list includes Westminster Abbey, The Tower, St. Paul's, The British Museum and the National Gallery. Therefore, our problem was simplified. We would just sit down and plan our trip through the British Isles and give London only enough of one day to keep her from feeling slighted.

"Sitting down" in London, when a lady forms the majority of your party, is generally done in front of a counter in some Regent Street shop. The rainy weather made this the only practical thing to do on our first day ashore.

London shops are restful. There is a mildness of voice on the part of the salesman or woman that you desire to take home with you, even more than the goods displayed. This modulated tone is made possible by the comparative quiet of the streets. Just what a Londoner would do if he came down town some morning and was greeted with the roar of an elevated train and the clang of a trolley gong is difficult to imagine.

Not only are the voices mild, the manner is equally self-effacing. No thoroughly trained sales person would try to force an opinion on a customer. All statements are made tentatively and switched to an interrogation at the conclusion.

"You wouldn't want any heavier material, now would you?"

"There *are* cheaper shops, of course, but you wouldn't like those, would you?" and so on.

There are few things that you can buy in London to sufficient advantage to pay for the trouble of getting them home. The average traveler will not be troubled by the tariff, for each person can bring in one hundred dollars' worth free of duty, but there is the burden of unbosoming your soul and divulging the innermost secrets of your laundry bag to the customs officer at the home port. This ordeal is a more efficient barrier against foreign purchases than the amount of duty.

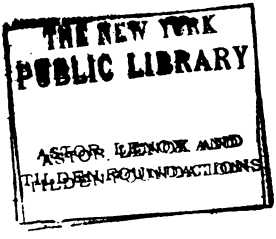
Add to this the fact that the large American houses have buyers in all foreign countries who are as well known for keen judgment as the tourist is for extravagance, and you can readily see that the margin is practically wiped out.

What you will gain in quality of material you will lose in style. That is not intended as a reflection on English style. It may be correct, but it is different, and, after all, you must wear the garments in America and not in England, and they do not look "right" after you get them home.

Gloves and underwear are bargains in London. Hats, hose and clothing are cruel jests when you return to your own fireside.

Nevertheless, we shopped so long that when

A LONDON SQUARE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we went to Cook's office to inquire for mail, that department was closed and the uniformed official said: "It's gone six, sir."

We miss one other source of noise on the London streets. Newsboys are not permitted to cry their wares. Not a peep may they utter. They carry sheets on which the principal news of the day is headlined, and they turn these over and point to them in mute appeal.

Traveling in taxicabs, Americans crouch down a little each time they pass another vehicle on the left, but gradually become accustomed to it. These vehicles, the chariots of the reckless spendthrift in New York, charge sixteen cents for the first half mile and four cents for each additional quarter. A small tip is added, but the rides are very cheap, and there are thousands of cars in operation.

In the evening we attended a musical comedy. We had seen companies of splendid artists in legitimate drama in London and were hardly prepared for the drivel which runs for a year or more under the name of musical comedy. The stage settings are superb and the illusion is perfect so far as scenery and lighting can make it. It is when the dialogue commences that you realize that your elaborate frame encloses a chromo.

The lack in quality is made worse by a

liberality in quantity. The curtain rises promptly at eight and the performance continues until after eleven.

Tea is served between acts. Injunctions would be better. Programs are twelve cents each, bringing the cost of balcony seats up to two dollars. Ticket brokers abound in London, but they charge a fixed commission of a shilling a ticket and do not command all of the desirable seats in the house. Their use is a matter of convenience. We bought our seats at the box office half an hour before the curtain arose and had good locations.

After the theater we walked back to the hotel past a procession of cabs. In 1904 London had eleven thousand cabs and thirty-five hundred buses. The introduction of thousands of taxi-cabs is making serious inroads into the business of horse-drawn vehicles.

The London bobby holds all of this army of chariots in the hollow of his hand with an ease that has made him the wonder and admiration of the world. Back of him is a wall of public sentiment that believes in the enforcement of the law.

Our hotel is eighty years old, and seems to have been built in different places and assembled on the lot where it stands. Consequently you ar continually going up or down two or three whol

unaccountable steps. As a further incentive to sobriety, the knob is placed in the middle of the door, two feet from the keyhole. It has nothing to do with the catch, but is used for closing the door.

There is no running water in the room. There rarely is in foreign hotels unless the roof leaks.

In the morning I arise before the newsboys. At 8:30 I make quite a search for a newspaper. Finally the tube is suggested. I there find a vender just taking down his shutters. A selection is made from a motley assortment of penny and half-penny sheets, pamphlets and illustrated dailies. There is great rivalry in the business of publishing periodicals. The bill boards are covered with conspicuous advertisements offering premiums in all sorts of contests.

We hear an occasional expression that is not current at home.

An Englishman's comment on a large building is: "That took some doing, what?"

A party of gentlemen sit near us at dinner. They are joined by a late comer, who says: "You chaps outstepped me."

The messenger boys attract our notice. They are miniature Tommy Atkinses with pill-box caps cocked over their ears. They manage to look red-cheeked and smiling on a wage of $1.60 a week.

One company employs girls and uniforms them in red dresses with red caps. They are called "Busy Bees," and can be seen running errands or carrying packages at all hours. The employment is hardly a fit one for young girls, as they develop a quality of repartee more forceful than polite.

After breakfast, it starts raining again, so we do some more shopping. A black robe is shown. It is too long. The saleswoman said with a sigh: "You cawn't cut the tile off very much, can you?" and produced one without so much "tile." The new one will answer, with a few alterations.

"You can do that better at 'ome, cawn't you?" was the smiling suggestion, and we make the purchase.

That pronunciation of "tile" reminds me of an amusing complication due to the mispronunciation of long *a* by many Londoners. We buy an article and request that it be sent to the hotel.

"What nime, please?"

We start to spell it "H-i-g" and they invariably write, "H-a-g." We say, "The second letter is i."

"Yes, sir, I 'ave it, sir," and we either write it out or drop the matter.

Londoners never beg your pardon. Everyone, from the pushcart man to the duke, if he collides with you, murmurs, "Sorry," and goes on his way.

We rode down the Strand and Fleet Street, past many historic localities. Just off Fleet Street in Wine Office Court is the Old Cheshire Cheese, one of London's few remaining old-time inns. Within its dining room we occupied the hard straight-backed benches near Samuel Johnson's corner, where he sat almost daily at the head of the table. The place is marked by a brass tablet, and by less beautiful but more convincing spots on the wall where the back of his large head rested. The room seats thirty people, as it did in Johnson's day. Its patronage is select rather than large. There are many other rooms in the building. One is set aside for ladies who want liquor with their meals. No drinks are served in the dining room "proper" and no females are permitted to patronize the bar, for fear of the effect of a bad example on the barmaids.

The Cheese was rebuilt in 1667 and is practically unchanged. Notwithstanding the fact that it is the shrine at which a great many people worship the memory of dead and gone celebrities, the service is as good and the prices are as reasonable as at any first-class restaurant in London. The cuisine is excellent. You cannot get a better chop in London, and that means, in the world.

We miss the famous meat or lark pudding which is served on certain days of the week, but

we sample the toasted cheese for which the house is famous and purchase some of its cutlery and dishes.

Here, again, the management restrains itself and sells these souvenirs at a figure that would shame the most confirmed hotel kleptomaniac into temporary honesty.

We are shown through the building. The kitchen is on the second floor. There are many private dining rooms which are used by clubs of various sorts. William's Room commemorates a much-loved head waiter who has passed away.

Samuel Johnson's chair and one of the first copies of his dictionary are proudly displayed in an upper chamber.

Near this alley, Wine Office Court, is 17 Gough Square, where Johnson lived for many years. The London Press Club has quarters in the court and helps to maintain the literary and convivial flavor of the neighborhood.

Izaak Walton's millinery shop was in the vicinity, and the church of which he was an honored warden for many years is not far away. Millinery and religion have wandered hand in hand in other communities.

My informant dwelt lovingly on the stock joke regarding Izaak Walton. "You see, sir, he fished for souls on Sunday," a bit of persiflage that was handed us by a guide and two bus drivers later in the same day.

It has quit raining for a while, so we ride back to Trafalgar Square on top of a bus. We take the front seat and hand the driver a sixpence as we propound an inquiry.

He holds the coin in the center of his big palm for a moment, places his hand to his mouth, and tosses back his head like a chicken drinking water. After allowing about the usual slot machine time for it to release the mechanism, he gravely replies.

From that on, he is voluble. The way to Covent Garden just off the Strand is pointed out. The old market place is busier in the early morning now than it was when Nell Gwynn turned the heads of King and court in the near-by theater.

"Right down there, sir, on the bank of the river, is Cleopatrick's needle."

The Strand is not far from the Thames, of which it formed an embankment at one time. Somerset House is re-christened by the driver "Somerville 'Ouse," where the births and deaths are registered.

Gladstone's monument stands in front of St. Clement Dane's Church. "Han Hamerican gent said as 'ow 'e got hup a bag, sir, has was named hafter 'im."

This is said interrogatively, as though the Hamerican gent might have been spoofing.

Behind the church stands an unveiled monument.

"Been sacked hup that wy for a month, sir, an' now the King dyin', no tellin' wen they'll huncover it, sir."

Temple Bar, once the easterly boundary of the city, is gone, but the place is marked by a handsome monument bearing the effigies in bas-relief of Victoria and Edward VII.

A model of the old gate decorates the entrance to Temple Bar Inn, near by.

We are awakened the next morning by the tooting of coach horns. This is Derby Day, and, notwithstanding the bad weather and the double loss of King and stable owner, many are going to Epsom Downs to see the races. The attendance was smaller than usual, however.

If the day had been brighter we would have gone, if only to gaze on the scene, where, according to Henry James, gypsy matrons, "as genuine as possible, with glowing Oriental eyes," offer you, for a sixpence, "the promise of everything genteel in life, except the aspirate," including all that heaven contains except the "h."

Our time is too limited for frivolity, so with carriage and guide we try to see as many of the "little things" of London as can be viewed in a short drive.

ST. GEORGE, THE MARTYR'S CHURCH

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II

London Sights

WE start from Trafalgar Square, pass the towering Nelson Monument and the statue of Charles I, and turn down Whitehall Street, on whose pavement, in front of the Royal Service Museum, is a plate marking the place of execution of the same unhappy King.

A glance up Downing Street shows the house of the Prime Minister and its iron fence, where the women of the suffragist movement chained themselves and refused to move.

Parliament House is on your left, strung along the bank of the Thames for nearly one thousand feet. Big Ben is tolling the hour with all the power of his thirteen tons.

Farther on is Margaret's Church, where are buried Raleigh, Caxton, and the mother of Oliver Cromwell. Marshall Field of Chicago was married there.

We turn in at the gate of St. James Park and look down Bird Cage Walk, practically deserted.

Horse Guards' Parade is dozing away the early hours. A royal trumpeter rides up and down on a prancing steed. He seems rather pleased to be photographed.

Near by is the house given to Earl Roberts by a grateful nation. On the right is Carleton Terrace, where live many Americans who have the money and like the game.

The flag is flying over Marlborough House, indicating that George V is in residence there. The queen-mother is at Buckingham Palace at the other end of the park.

Clarence House is the residence of the King's uncle, the Duke of Connaught. A sentinel stands in front of it, showing that it is the abode of royalty.

Either as a courtesy or a precaution, England has placed a sentry in front of Whitelaw Reid's residence, Dorchester House, while Mr. Roosevelt is there.

Buckingham Palace is black with age. It could not be sootier in appearance if it had stood on the lake front in Chicago for a month. The bay window on the north side marks the room where Edward VII died. Memorial statues to Queen Victoria adorn the east front of the palace. They are not completed, and already England mourns the passing of another monarch.

Belgravia is one of London's most aristocratic

sections. It contains the homes of wealth and nobility. Most of the dukes of the family story paper live in Belgravia.

Wellington's House is near the entrance to Hyde Park, through which we drive on Rotten Row. Here we find the real beauty of an English June day. The hawthorn, the May tree and the chestnut are in bloom, and the landscape is a shifting tremulous mosaic of white, pink and green. The air is heavy with sweet odors. The equestrian path, parallel with the Row, has a large number of ladies and gentlemen cantering their horses on the soft ground. Many of the ladies are astride and some are in habits which hardly reach their knees, a sort of habit that is easily formed, judging from the simplicity of its lines.

On one side of Hyde Park are the barracks and quarters of the Horse Guards Blue and the Ancient and Honorable Artillery, some of whose members came over to Boston a century and more ago and formed a similar organization.

You could accompany us all over London in this way and share our sight-seeing and our fatigue at the repetition of famous names and events. We will spare you.

We had an amusing experience at the Albert Memorial. Londoners are fond of poking fun at this bit of architecture, but there is really much

beautiful sculpture in the structure, possibly too much for the fastidious.

B. photographed it from the street and was getting ready to take some nearer views showing certain groups, particularly the one symbolizing America. We were unfolding the tripod when a policeman stepped up, politely touched his helmet and asked if we had a permit. We had none, and he informed us that we could use the camera, but not the tripod. We thanked him, rested the camera on a ledge, and took a picture. Another bobby strolled along and told us we could not use a camera with or without a tripod. As we had taken all that we wanted, we did not argue the matter, but meekly withdrew.

We rather admired the stern impartiality of British law enforcement, and were not a little surprised when a man with a long beard detached himself from a conversation with officer number one and came over to us and said he had a permit but no camera, and we would be welcome to the use of his permit. We thanked him and declined, but it was evident that he made a regular business of loaning his permit to uninformed photographers, expecting a tip, of course, and the inflexible arms of the law relaxed a bit for this indirect consideration.

Our driver pointed out a statue of a man whom he called A. Chills, the pronunciation doubtless

being suggested by his unclad condition and the inclement weather.

We emerged into Mayfair, where we were surrounded by wealth. Money was very close. Rothschilds were thicker than Hennessys in Archey Road. Whitelaw Reid lives in Mayfair. The rental of Dorchester House is something enormous. It shows that while we may sometimes be in danger of having a poor representative in London, he can never be a poor man and reside in this district.

Are you tired of fashionables? So are we.

We will drive through Leicester Square, the center of London's theatrical world. On one side is the Alhambra, the birthplace of the English ballet. Many of the original nursemaids are tripping it this week, if we may judge from the pictures. Behind the bush in the Square cowers a statue of Shakespeare, very inconspicuous and seemingly desirous of withdrawing from his present associations.

Bow Street instantly suggests, to the reader of thrills, its famous police station and the Bow Street officer who always claps the handcuffs on the captured criminal, unless a Scotland Yard detective beats him to it.

Drury Lane is where Garrick, Kean and Mrs. Siddons acted so well in the past and Nell Gwynn acted so badly. Poor Nell! the forerunner of

the modern chorus girl, who has never relaxed her grip on London aristocracy.

John Forster's house is at 58 Lincoln's Inn Fields. This was the home of Mr. Tulkinghorn in Bleak House, and his shade haunts it as persistently as do the memories of its more substantial tenants. Here Dickens came from abroad to read the manuscript of The Chimes to his delighted circle of friends. Tennyson once lived here, as well as Nell Gwynn, who seems to have been everywhere in this neighborhood, except to church.

In The Temple we dodged around among bewigged barristers and judges, all busy at some of the twenty courts that were in session. We stopped for a moment in one court room where the powdered wigs and serious demeanor of attorneys and judge led us to believe that high treason must be the charge against the prisoner. We left as soon as we discovered that it was a damage suit wherein the value of a skating rink was the question in litigation. We stayed long enough to hear the lawyers try to confuse the witnesses and succeed, and the judge try to get funny and fail, creating great rivalry between opposing counsel in the matter of laughter. The nature of the thatch does not affect the contents of the attic to any great extent. Lawyers are lawyers the world over.

In Middle Temple we stood on the boards where Shakespeare once played "Twelfth Night," by command of Queen Elizabeth. On the wall hangs a picture of Charles I by Van Dyke. Beneath the picture is an unusual bust of Edward VII before he wore a beard.

The fine old carved oak gallery was the gift of Elizabeth. She was very fond of the students and ate here frequently and always on the house.

In front of the stage is a table on which Mary's death warrant was signed. We make the statement boldly, notwithstanding the fact that it is questioned by some. The table is big enough and old enough for the purpose, and if we only accepted undisputed statements, traveling abroad would be a stupid matter.

The Middle Temple was founded by Knights Templar. Much of their armor adorns the walls. There are panels bearing the names of famous graduates. Some crossed the seas and became "rebels" and afterwards "patriots" in the United States—because they won. Some signers of the roll of the Middle Temple afterwards signed the Declaration of Independence. Peyton Randolph's name appears both in the Middle Temple and on the roster of the first congress of the United States.

Within the courtyard are the parched pipes of the fountain where Ruth Pinch met Tom, but it

would take the genius of a Dickens to invest the neglected spot with the tinge of romance today. Near the fountain is Garden Court, where were plucked the red and white roses at the beginning of the Wars of the Roses.

Plantagenet and Warwick started their row in the Middle Temple and adjourned to the garden to finish it.

The Middle Temple lists among its students, Burke, Sheridan, Pym and Congreve. The Inner Temple numbers among its graduates Coke, Beaumont, Littleton and Selden.

Some of the lawyers are carrying blue bags and some red ones. The latter are gifts from the King's Counsel and confer some distinction. The blue ones are simply receptacles bought by their owners.

The Knights Templar Church was founded in 1184. Within its walls are many effigies. Their legs are crossed in various ways to show how many times they have been to Jerusalem. The leg is drawn up a notch for each trip. Those who have been once, cross at the ankles. Two trips are indicated by crossing between the ankle and the knee. If the knight went three times he crosses above the knee. Four visits would cripple any one not a contortionist or a ballet dancer. His armor would not stand it.

Sir Geoffrey Magnaville had been to Jerusalem,

TEMPLE COURT FOUNTAIN

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and his legs prove it. Nevertheless he was excommunicated for his sins. He was doomed to be buried in unsanctified ground. Such was his lot. Then they opened his will and found he had left a large sum of money to the church. There must be a flaw in the indictment. They checked back the records and by marking down the price of each crime, Geoffrey paid out a hundred cents on the dollar. He was morally solvent. They buried him in the church.

But they took precautions even then. There might be a mistake in the figures. So he was enclosed in the hide of an animal, probably a goat, and molten lead was poured about him. Now he is in sanctified ground, unless it was unsanctified when Henry VIII took his letter out of the church, but he will have an awful time at the resurrection. Personally, I do not think he was treated right. After taking his money they should not have tied weights to him. Instead of being sculptured with his legs crossed, he should be represented with one of them longer than the other.

A quaint group of heads, carved in stone, represents people in purgatory. They are all hard faces. Satan is whispering to one, and the message does not seem to please the recipient.

The organ was selected by Jeffreys, the bloody judge. That throws a new light on Jeffreys'

character. You never can tell how a man's whole future is influenced by the most trivial incident. Who knows but Jeffreys was a gay, light-hearted young man when he was put on that music committee and that a naturally serene disposition was soured by the experience?

The Lamb of the Golden Fleece is the ever present symbol of the Middle Temple. The winged horse is everywhere to be seen in the Inner Temple. That winged horse is a joke on the proof-reader. The symbol was once a horse with two riders, showing the poverty of the Knights. Time and bad weather dimmed the escutcheon until someone in renewing it thought the horse had wings and so painted it that way.

The Outer Temple does not seem to have any especial symbol.

Within the grounds is buried Oliver Goldsmith, poor, happy-go-lucky Nolly, who could not believe his luck when "She Stoops to Conquer" conquered London. His epitaph is a model of brevity and truthfulness. "Here lies Oliver Goldsmith." Oliver may, but the inscription does not. It is a poor place in which to lie, surrounded by twenty courts of law, swarming with attorneys, barristers and counselors. There is entirely too much competition.

We come blinking out into the daylight again and resume our drive. Henry VIII once palaced

opposite 17 Fleet Street. Samuel Johnson was a regular attendant at St. Clement Dane's, but not so regular as at The Old Cheshire Cheese. St. Dunstan's was Izaak Walton's church. A plate in the wall announces the fact.

"He angled for souls on Sunday," said the guide.

The Old Bailey has disappeared, but its whipping post is exhibited in Guild Hall. Possibly it suggested the theme for Mr. Roosevelt's speech.

At St. Sepulchre's Church John Rolfe married Pocahontas, who, according to our guide, was an Indian "Chieftainess."

Off Newgate Street in Panier Alley is a queer little bas-relief, The Naked Boy of Panier Alley. It marks the highest spot in London, except Claridge's or the Savoy bar.

The inscription reads:

"When ye have sought the city round
Yet still this is the highest ground."

A little farther on is one of the few remaining public pumps of London. It is near St. Paul's churchyard.

Bow Bells Church is the one whose chimes recalled Dick Whittington to be thrice Lord Mayor. Anyone born within the sound of Bow Bells is a cockney.

The Lord Mayor is elected annually and installed November ninth. The term "lord" is

Anglo-Saxon, and means the one who procures the bread—the master. "Lady" is the one who serves it—the servant. The ladies of London have "given notice" and their lords will have to modify some of their Anglo-Saxon ideas.

There is very little traditional reverence for woman in England. Assaults upon a mother by a son are frequently tried in London police courts. You seldom hear of this crime in France, and in the United States it is practically unknown.

The grasshopper perched on the spire of the Royal Exchange has a curious history. It was not put up there by some grateful wheat market bull. It is the family crest of the Greshams. The story runs that the founder of the family, when an infant, was left in a field by his mother. The noise of a grasshopper attracted attention to the spot, and the baby was taken home and adopted by some good people. He grew up, became very wealthy, was knighted, and chose a grasshopper for his crest. When he founded the Royal Exchange he placed the symbol on its highest spire.

London Bridge looks very much as it did when Rose Maylie met Nance under its dark arches. The old steps leading down into the gloom are pointed out as impressively as though Oliver Twist was as much a reality as Oliver Cromwell ever had been.

Near by is the monument marking the starting point of the great London fire in 1666.

The George Inn is a duplicate of the White Hart Inn, described in Pickwick Papers, where the susceptible Rachel and the false Jingle were overtaken. We lunch in a room similar to the dining room of The Old Cheshire Cheese, and sit in pews of the same sort.

There is a party of Englishmen at the next table. They are engaged in some game. Their talk grows louder. They seem to be gambling. My curiosity can no longer be restrained. I rise and look over the high back of our pew, ostensibly for a menu. What do you suppose those wild bacchanalians are doing? They are playing dominoes! But this need not surprise you in a country where they have national championships in croquet and print pictures of the contestants and reports of the matches on the sporting page.

The waiter asks us what we will have and says, "Sorry we are out of cold meat, sir. There's bean rawther a rush on the joint to-day, sir."

"Why does he call this dear old place a joint?" expostulates B.

It is explained that the "joint" is the cold roast beef whose wrecked hulk is on the center table.

Chops are always safe in London, so we order chops.

"Well done or underdone, sir?"

We express our preference and are served promptly.

After luncheon we go through the old house. The bedrooms open on a sort of gallery or veranda. The floors in all the rooms slope in various directions. Finding a collar button is simplified on such a floor. It would simply roll to a given point and stop. None of the doors will close and none of the windows will open.

There is no heating apparatus anywhere on the second floor. We remark on this fact.

"This room, sir, gets 'eat from the kitching stove whiles we're gettin' dinner, sir. The others does without. Yes, sir, it does get a bit cold in the winter time. Still we gets 'arf a crown a night for the rooms, sir."

Devotees of Dickens should visit The George in summer or take a plentiful supply of hot-water bags with them.

The inn yard is now used by a railroad for storing freight.

Not far away is the site of the Tabard Inn, whence started the Pilgrims to Canterbury. The inn has long since disappeared.

Nothing remains of Marshalsea Prison but one wall, which is incorporated in the factory building of Harding & Son. Across the way is the Church of St. George the Martyr, on whose vestry steps Little Dorrit was found.

Within this church those shadowy figures of reality, George Eliot, Disraeli and Asquith were married. Will they live in memory as long as Little Dorrit?

We questioned the statement that Disraeli was married there, but were assured that while he was a Hebrew racially, he was a Christian politically.

In 1886 an American was married here. The register gives his occupation as "Ranchman" and his name "Theodore Roosevelt." He is in London this week rounding up other people's cattle.

A walk down Lant Street, where the boy Dickens had a room while his father was in the Marshalsea, fails to locate the house. No one knows anything about it. One of a bunch of old cronies who would have delighted Dickens, thinks it was on the "Left 'and soide near by the school. The 'ouse is torn down, sir."

So much greater are the creatures than the creator that London teems with spots immortalized by the folk of Charles Dickens' fancy, while the habitations of his obscure youth are unmarked and unknown.

Layton's Grove is a shabby cul-de-sac whose romantic name emphasizes its present poverty. A group of unkempt women and their picturesque progeny catch the eye of B., who neither respects royalty nor fears poverty and ignorance when armed with a camera.

"Oh, I must have this," and, hardly waiting for the horse to stop, she dashes into the "Grove." A lot of slatternly women and half-clad children start up at her approach.

"Not me, miss," protests the victim, making dabs at her hair and hurriedly adjusting the baby on her arm. Too late. The picture is taken amid the jeers of her scoffing but envious neighbors.

"Look 'ow yer hapron's 'anging down," cries one woman, as though that were her most prominent violation of the law of correct dress.

White Hart Inn is restored, and in it The Sam Weller Club meets at stated intervals to ponder the wisdom of that philosopher.

In St. Savior's Church we encounter an irrepressible old verger. At our first question he scurries to cover and emerges in full regimentals. Not until then does he open his mouth. Being properly robed, he makes up for lost time by telling us more than we have time to listen to. He is in perfect agony as we flit from tomb to tomb and positively refuse to hear him recite the poetic epitaphs.

John Harvard was baptized in this church, and from the font has grown a tentacle which has clung to Harvard University ever since. The church has been helped by generous donations from alumni at various times.

St. Swithin was its founder. He is buried in

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Winchester, and you will hear of the post-mortem row he made about it when we reach that town.

London is too crowded with incidents to admit of its telling at this point, while Winchester probably will need it.

John Gower's tomb is in St. Savior's. He was the father of English poetry, Chaucer having been his pupil. From a rather feeble start his descendants are now as sands of the sea.

A slab in the floor marks the last resting place of Edmond Shakespeare. William paid for this, as for a good many of his brother's previous resting places, from money taken in at the box office of the Globe Theater, which was about three hundred yards from the church.

By his side lie Fletcher (1625) and Massinger (1639). It is small wonder that the old verger is proud of his exhibits.

Bunhill Fields Burying Ground is peopled with a different set. There are 120,000 nonconformists buried there. Watts is there, and Daniel Defoe. The monument of the latter immortalizes the sculptor by printing his own name and address as deeply as the virtues of the deceased.

The inscription on the tomb of Dame Mary Page has been copied by thousands. We struggle in vain to be unique and omit it. Here it is:

"Here lyes Dame Mary Page, Relict of Sir Gregory Page. . . . . In 67 months she was tap'd 66 times. Had taken away 240 gallons of water without ever repining at her case or ever fearing the operation."

John Bunyan ended his progress here in 1688. Several Cromwells are buried in this crowded cemetery. The tombstone of Mrs. Susanna Wesley records the fact that she was the mother of John and Charles and "seventeen others." If there is a depth of obscurity beyond being one of "seventeen others" on a tombstone, a mortuary also-ran, we have never heard of it. The epitaph continues:

"In sure and certain hope to rise and claim her Mansion in the skies, a Christian here her flesh laid down, The Cross exchanging for a Crown."

On the opposite side of the street are Wesley's house, chapel and grave. The church is severely plain. The walls are as they were in Wesley's day, but the new pillars and pews are more ornate than were the old ones. It is Wesley's church, but with a new lining. How much of the real inwardness of Wesley's religion has been altered in restoration?

Milton's house is passed on our drive to St. Giles Church, where he is buried.

Charter House was once a school for boys.

Now it is filled with old boys, pensioners in a way, but not paupers by any means. Among its pupils were numbered Addison, John Wesley, Roger Williams and Thackeray. The latter must have loved the place, for to it he consigned old Colonel Newcome in his last days. Under these shade trees the old hero answered the last call, "Adsum."

Sixty-five venerable gentlemen occupy the house and grounds. They look very placid as they walk about the gravel paths or sit on the benches.

Within the house a tablet on the wall commemorates in Latin the virtues of a former teacher, Nicholas Mann. It concludes by stating that "he formerly dusted the boys' jackets and now he has gone to dust himself."

The window arches in the cloister are not alike. This fact slumbered through the centuries, but was pointed out last week by a visitor. All of the arches but one have twelve panes of glass each. That one has ten panes. A similar irregularity occurs in the Doge's Palace in Venice. There is a jog in the alignment of the windows which not one visitor in a thousand observes.

In the reception room of Charter House, James I knighted fifty men at one thousand pounds each. That is another example of the increased

cost of living. It costs fifty to a hundred times as much now and is paid for indirectly.

The King is governor of Charter House, not *ex officio* but by election. George V will be the fourteenth royal governor. The guide was careful to emphasize the fact that he could not be elected until after his coronation. One cannot be too careful in regard to these matters. Still, as there are no other candidates, it is safe to assume that some time within the next year George V will add to his string of titles that of Governor of Charter House.

In the library is Cotton Mather's "History of Witches," one of the best sellers in 1603 but very seldom read now. Its present perfect state of preservation shows how highly it is valued and how rarely it is read.

The steps into the library are of solid oak timber, cut into colossal slabs. The entrance gate to the grounds is 450 years old.

We return to our hotel past Smithfield, the scene of Watt Tyler's furious but futile insurrection, and realize how much we might see in London if we only had another day.

III

Windsor

WE buy third-class tickets to Windsor. We traveled third class all through England and Scotland and as far into Ireland as we could stand it. The third-class coaches in Ireland are not upholstered and would be still less desirable if they were.

At the crowded railway station a policeman stepped up to a man whose umbrella was sticking out at right angles and touched him gently on the shoulder, at the same time pointing to the offending article. The man instantly changed it to a position less dangerous to the innocent bystander. It was an example of the common-sense method of handling such matters in London.

The King's death put all of England into mourning, or at least into black. Somber colors rule everywhere in London. The shop windows display nothing in lighter shades, and dyeing establishments are working overtime to supply the needs of a dyeing nation.

One glove salesman sadly pointed to a pile of

gray and tan gloves which had been rendered temporarily unsalable and said that a South American buyer had picked them up at a bargain.

The railroad to Windsor passes within two miles of Stoke Pogis, the scene of Gray's Elegy. We do not stop, as we are satisfied there is nothing prettier in the old churchyard than the poem itself.

The poet is buried in the shadow of the ivy-mantled tower. Beside him lies his wife, whose epitaph was written by Gray. He spoke of her as the mother of several children, "only one of whom had the misfortune to survive her."

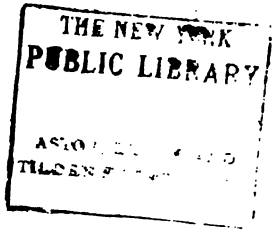
Gray was no name for such a man. His name should have been Black to suit such gloomy views.

The town of Windsor is just a neat little fringe on the border of Windsor Castle and its thirteen-thousand-acre park.

The castle was started by William the Conqueror, and was later extended by the first and second Henrys. Even prior to the Conquest the site was the residence of Saxon kings.

Henry VIII is buried here and so are Lady Jane Grey and Charles I. The latest royal tenant of the chapel tombs is Edward VII. Around the edifice are many mourning wreaths whose leaves have not yet withered. Huge floral pieces lean

THE MONUMENT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against its walls. One bears an inscription "From the Prince of Wales' own Norfolk Artillery." The others are anonymous.

George III is one of Windsor's illustrious dead. He was a much misunderstood monarch. We all now recognize him as a deeply disguised blessing to humanity. But for his monomania on the subject of prerogative there might never have been a United States of America or a New York custom house. He was kind and gentle in his domestic affairs and personal friendships. That sounds like defending a prisoner on the grounds that he "was good to his mother," but he has another defense not unusual in criminal trials. George III was insane.

His first mental breakdown was in 1765. From this he recovered. He felt the loss of the American colonies so keenly that in 1788 he declared he was going mad. He had suicidal mania and had to be guarded closely. His second recovery was the cause of great national celebration and rejoicing.

He was the father of fifteen children. In 1810 his favorite daughter, Amelia, died. Again he lost his mind. In 1812 he became blind and in 1820 died. These facts are not given in all of the histories studied in America and they do much to soften the rancor against a suffering old man,

largely the dupe of ambitious advisers. Surely he was punished for his own and others' sins.

We wander around under trees a thousand years old and trail along in the shadow of an English family in deep mourning. They boarded our train at a village called Slough. It is pronounced "slow," and no doubt it is. The pretty little boy is in knickers and his chubby little brown legs are a model of British sturdiness. He carries a diminutive cane. Children are put into canes young in England.

Slough was the home of the Herschels, Sir William and Sir John. Their observatory was the source of many famous astronomical discoveries and they died in time to avoid being mixed up in any wild guesses on Halley's comet.

Sentinels in blue trousers and red coats, surmounted by huge bearskin shakos, are traveling beats all around the grounds. Overhead the copper beeches seem to have put forth their somber foliage in larger quantity than usual, in keeping with the sad surroundings.

The Royal Apartments are open to visitors at a shilling each, children half price. You provide yourself with the exact change before approaching the turnstile. The children pass through a six-penny gate.

A person is in charge of the table where you procure change and there is an attendant at each

turnstile. The ability to make three jobs grow where only one is necessary is a qualification of royalty. The three divide one salary between them.

Over the change table is spread a cover bearing the initials V. R. They change everything at that table but the cloth.

The tourists are first led into the Rubens room. It is filled with them, on the walls and walking about. The exhibit of chased armor is the finest in the world. Some of it was chased with the owners in it.

In the Guest Chamber hangs a still-life painting by Heinz. There were at least fifty-seven varieties of objects grouped in the picture.

In the King's Closet is what the catalogue describes as "St. Peter Released from Prison by Steenwyck," which should set at rest any doubts as to the identity of St. Peter's outside assistant in that celebrated case.

In the Audience Chamber are tapestried chairs everywhere, but not a place to sit. Windsor is a sort of storehouse for old furniture from Buckingham and other palaces. There are beautiful tiger skins on the floor. Some exquisite designs are wrought out in tiger and panther skins.

A chair is shown that was carved from an almond tree that grew on the Field of Waterloo.

There is nothing on exhibition carved from the cherry tree that grew at Mt. Vernon.

Charles I's armorer was not such a flatterer as were his portrait painters. His armor shows him to be not so tall as he was painted.

In St. George's Hall the ceiling is adorned with portraits of Knights of the Garter from the reign of James I, including that of George IV.

The Grand Reception Room is furnished in Louis XV style with the slender legs and gilty appearance which characterized the furniture of that period.

The Throne Room is trimmed in blue. This is the installation room for the Knights of the Garter. Adjoining is the anteroom. In the cruder days of James I the knights anted and were installed in the same room. See Charter House, *ante*. There is a bust of Wilhelm of Germany in the Throne Room.

The Waterloo Chamber has a magnificent banquet table, one hundred and fifty feet long. The carpet is in one piece and weighs two tons. Sousa's band played in this room once. Statisticians have figured that if he had had a carpet-beater instead of a baton he could have beaten that carpet while the band played three marches.

Edward III was born in the building surrounding Dean's Cloister, and Anne Boleyn's window opened out on the small quadrangle. The oak

supports of the cloister roof are five hundred years old.

Our guide's statements have the ring of truthfulness. Judging from his general decrepitude, he was an eye-witness of most of the events which he describes.

Wearied with walking, we seek refreshment. The George is a neat little lunch room opposite the Henry VIII gate. You will enjoy its quaint arrangements if you are not too corpulent to ascend its stairway to the dining room. The building is about eight feet wide. As we sat at its window waiting for luncheon we peopled the streets in front of us with prominent figures in English history, and no doubt mixed our dates terribly.

Eton school is five minutes' drive from Windsor Palace. The towns are separated by the Thames and joined by a bridge. On the streets of Eton you encounter many little chaps from the school. Some of them have on silk hats and the majority wear bob-tailed jackets. The Thames here is much sweeter and prettier than it is after it gets a taste of metropolitan life.

The quadrangle is like velvet and the little lads complete a pretty picture. Most of them wear wide white collars, long trousers and the regulation Eton jacket, but a few are in knickers, with here and there a sailor's blouse.

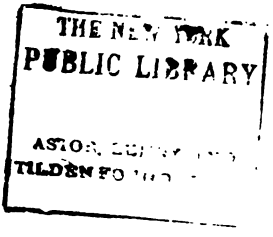
Between Windsor and London, every vacant field is utilized as cricket grounds. Where at home a crowd of boys would be running around a baseball diamond, in England they play cricket. Every player is in white. An Englishman will not attend to any of the affairs of life unless in proper regalia. Whether it is a cricketer a-cricketing or a verger a-verging, each must have his uniform on.

Imagine a London fireman. He has retired, leaving his garments in the next room. He is aroused by the smell of smoke. The partition between the two rooms is ablaze. A pitcher of water is at his elbow, but his uniform and helmet are on the other side of the flames. He cannot get to them through the fire. He cannot extinguish the fire while in undress costume. Conduct problem: What should he do? He perishes beside the water pitcher, a martyr to precedent.

In line with that, the guide at Windsor said that Anne Boleyn was beheaded standing up and said that was her "privilege" as a member of the royal family. Of all kingly prerogatives that would be the last one I would choose. But when you come to think of it, that was the last one Anne chose.

The man or the nation that loves flowers is possessed of a good streak somewhere. The English adore them. Nature responds to this adora-

WINDSOR PALACE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tion by sprinkling the vacant spaces with blooms of every shade. Rhododendrons grow wild in the country. Hillsides are red with valerian or purple with the rich hues of the foxglove.

The least pretentious restaurants decorate their tables with daisies and buttercups. The large stores in London fill their second floor ledges with window boxes running over with beautiful flowering plants. Flower venders are more numerous than newsboys, and for a penny you can decorate yourself with a *boutonnière* and be one of the majority. It is a splendid index to the national character, whose true charm often is hid beneath an impenetrable reserve.

IV

Winchester

WE take a train to Winchester from Waterloo Station. London has 568 railroad depots, most of them suburban. The greater part of the down town traffic is handled from half a dozen terminals.

The ride to Winchester takes a few minutes less than two hours. The price is printed on the ticket. If you can figure in pounds, shillings and pence there is no possibility of error. Third class costs a trifle more than half of first class.

When buying a railroad ticket be sure to tell the booking agent (ticket seller) your destination and class desired and add "single" unless you wish a return ticket.

A company of Highlanders shares our train for a part of the way. One of them with a taste for art has tattoo designs where his breeks ought to be. Another who looks as though he had encountered a barb-wire fence is illustrated with cuts.

London has miles of smoky, yellow suburbs

INTERIOR OF WINCHESTER CATHEDRAL

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with houses of deadly similarity. From two to six pipes protrude from each chimney. Even in the more remote and grassier regions houses stand in rows as if they had been run in molds, cut into proper lengths and carefully placed on the edge of the sidewalk.

The fields are bright with wild flowers, with here and there a patch of mustard in bloom. The use of mustard is almost universal in England.

Our Highlanders disembark at Woking, which town, in addition to a Highland regiment with pipers, has a lunatic asylum, and a two-thousand-acre cemetery—a study in cause and effect.

Bisley Common has been the meeting place of the National Rifle Association since 1889. A troop of cavalry is encamped there with funny little tents, above which tower big brown horses.

At Tarnborough there is little to see, but much to learn of the vanity of human ambition. Near the town the aged Empress Eugénie lives and mourns her dead. Her husband and son lie in a small chapel built under her direction near her home.

Charles Kingsley lived at Eversley for thirty-five years.

Old Basing looks peaceful enough now. It has had sufficient time to settle down and remove the marks of battle since the Saxons and Danes fought here in 871. Basing House is a scarcely

distinguishable ruin. It held out against the Parliamentarians for four years. Finally in 1645 Cromwell gave the matter his personal attention, and when he finished, the grand old hall looked like a stone quarry.

Basingstoke has a faultlessly neat depot buried in tin advertising signs. Do not waste your time and strain your eyes trying to learn the name of an English town by looking for it on a sign-board. It is there, but you will be hopelessly confused and utterly unable to choose between Colman's Mustard and Lipton's Tea. Look for the station lamps. Unless dimmed by smoke or rubbed off by too zealous cleaners, you will find the name of the town pasted on the glass.

England is a land of good roads, but the country around Winchester is not as faultlessly paved as rural France. It is marked up into small, neat farms by well-trimmed hedges. Everywhere are seen evidences of careful cultivation. Here and there a thatched roof shows through a clump of trees, completing the prettiest pastoral picture in the world.

Winchester is a thriving town of twenty-one thousand inhabitants. Its star attraction is its cathedral, dedicated to St. Paul, late Saul, and St. Peter, late Simon, and also the Trinity. Cathedrals set the fashion followed later by needy writers in the sixteenth century, of making dedi-

cations to some higher power, feeling that a little merit would be no worse for the assistance of a big pull. From this point of view, Winchester Cathedral is well represented on the Directory of the Universe, and had reason for confidence in its stability. Notwithstanding its strong moral support, the east end, physically speaking, is in a precarious condition and settling. The arches in that part of the building are badly out of plumb. The foundations are laid in the running water of a subterranean river and are being repaired by a diver, but the work progresses slowly and is very expensive. As the river runs almost under the high altar, they might sell the property to the Baptists. Our verger hinted that a donation from some American millionaire would be acceptable, but what avail would it be to carve your name in enduring stone so far underground and out of the sight of men?

St. Swithin is buried in this cathedral, and that is the cause of all the trouble.

There is probably no subject upon which the general public is less informed than the post-mortem performances of St. Swithin. That makes it desirable to insert a few facts right here —and also safe.

When the cathedral was built in 980 the bones of the Saint were transferred to the interior. St. Swithin was the tutor of Alfred the Great and

was in the habit of having his own way—was quite spoiled, in fact. For some reason or other he objected to the removal and from on high tried to thwart the scheme by sending a forty days' rain. Either he ran out of water or concluded to stay in out of the wet, for he turned off the tap at the end of forty days and the bones remained within the Cathedral.

He is now the pluvial saint of England. If it rains on St. Swithin's Day, it rains for forty days thereafter. If it does not rain on St. Swithin's Day (but it always does), it rains for forty days anyhow. You cannot beat that system.

So in exchange for the gratification of keeping the bones of a poor old gentleman in uncongenial surroundings, the British Isles have been given the dampest climate on earth.

The Cathedral was rebuilt in 1079-93 by Bishop Walkelyn, who was the lumber king of his time. He cut all of Hempage Wood in four days by royal grant, and this angered William the Conqueror very much. The church has the largest nave in England. William thought it was built by the largest one.

William Rufus, son of the Conqueror, was the last king buried here (1100). Canute's bones are also properly labeled and pigeon-holed in Winchester Cathedral. You remember Canute. He was the man for whom the tide would not turn.

Our search for the final resting place of Izaak Walton terminated here. The verger mentioned the fact that Walton was an officer of St. Dunstan's Church in London. We interrupted him by saying "Fished for souls on Sunday" and he seemed quite disappointed. It was wrong and thoughtless and we will not do it again. We grow careless and selfish on our vacation and forget how few are the joys of these good people past whom the world is whirling. Hereafter we will listen to the ancient jest, however oft repeated, and laugh merrily.

The first view of the Cathedral is disappointing. The tower is very much truncated. Its west windows are massive but somber. Its chief charm is due to the fact that it is rich with relics of English political and ecclesiastical history.

The chair in which Mary sat when she married Philip of Spain is in a small room. Royalty may stand to be beheaded or sit to be married. It is a complicated system.

Mary's life with Philip was short but not happy. He sailed home the day after the wedding and they met no more. This entitles both to hearty congratulations. The only thing you can say for such a marriage is that it keeps four people from being made unhappy.

The old doors in the vestry press are carved to resemble folded linen. The new window to

the Royal Rifles was dedicated, or opened, or whatever they do to a window, quite recently.

One of the last acts of the present King, as Prince of Wales, was to preside on this occasion.

Six oak chests contain the bones of Saxon kings packed together in a manner that is bound to cause confusion and argument on Resurrection Day. You cannot be too careful about these things. St. Swithin was quite right in his objections.

Queen Emma is boxed up with Canute, but this is not the first time Emma has been in a box. She was charged with infidelity once and walked down the slander by parading over twelve hot plowshares in the nave of this church. Emma may have been innocent, but she was no tenderfoot.

The verger said, "There was a 'eathen temple 'ere once, but it was converted." If they do not strengthen the eastern foundations it is in a fair way of being baptized.

The bishops of Winchester are *ex officio* prelates of the Order of the Garter. You cannot realize how important this fact is unless you hear it stated by the verger.

The Puritans took a hack at the mural decorations, but the beauty of the surrounding grounds was beyond their power permanently to deface.

The trees are heavy with foliage and the hawthorns redolent with bloom. Wild birds are singing all about as we drive over to the old palace.

Charles II planned to outdo Versailles at Winchester, but completed only the central part of the structure prior to his death.

King Arthur's Round Table is the principal exhibit. Its authenticity is questioned, but we follow our usual practice of believing all things and enduring all things.

The table looks glaringly new, but that is the fault of Henry VIII, who re-decorated it in 1522, when he entertained Charles V. It hangs against the wall like a target. Its diameter is eighteen feet and it is divided into sections radiating from the center like the spokes of a wheel. Each section has at its wide end the name of a knight. Sir Galahad sat at King Arthur's left hand.

Raleigh was tried in this hall in 1603 and condemned to death. He was beheaded fifteen years later. As an example of the law's delay, that holds the record. A modern lawyer could not have postponed sentence much longer than that.

Domesday Book was compiled in Winchester in 1086. This book is the basis of all land titles in the British Isles and fixed the valuation for taxation purposes until 1689, when there was a revaluation ordered by William and Mary.

Whether or not it is time for another readjust-

ment is one of the issues agitating England at present. It is a question upon which an outsider enters with caution. After the assistance given England in handling her colonial affairs, she has no right to expect advice from America upon her domestic policy.

You can obtain as many opinions as there are Englishmen interviewed. Each man is as emphatic and sincere as Americans are in their several attitudes on the tariff question.

Some things seem to be basic and authentic. The land in England is owned by a very few people. Of the seventy-seven million acres in the two islands, fifty-two million belong to large owners, people with more than one thousand acres each.

The Duke of Sutherland owns 1,358,000 acres. Twenty-eight dukes own four million acres, and so on down through marquises, earls, viscounts and barons.

These land owners sit in the House of Lords or are represented there by relatives. The five hundred and twenty-five peers in the upper house own fifteen million acres. They are staking their legislative existence on the taxation question. Without criticism or comment, one knows where their interest lies.

Domesday Book caused a wide diversion from Winchester. Let us return to the palace. One

QUEEN MARY'S CHAIR IN WINCHESTER CATHEDRAL

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of its curious features is an aperture in the end wall called "The Ear of the Castle." Henry III made a practice of eavesdropping when courtiers were assembled in the hall. The brickwork around the opening is modern, but the guide assures us that "the 'ole is the original 'ole."

There is much else of interest in the town. Winchester is one of the oldest settlements in England. Vespasian conquered it in the first century of the Christian era. It has an interesting connection with the two most quoted, if not most read, books in our language. It was the home of Shakespeare's Cymbeline, whose son Arviragus was adopted by Claudius and became Caractacus. His daughter Claudia married Senator Pudens, and Paul was acquainted with both of them. See II Timothy, iv, 21.

Winchester was the capital until the Normans removed it to London. William the Conqueror and Richard the Lion-Hearted were crowned here. Henry III was born in the old town and Henry IV was married here. It has been the center of many world-stirring events, but to-day it hardly makes a ripple in the stream of contemporaneous affairs.

V

Salisbury

THERE is a good restaurant at the Winchester station. Salisbury is an hour's ride away. Be sure you say "Solsbry," unless you want some one to ask, "And 'ow is heverything in H'America, sir?"

Change cars at Eastleigh. It requires increasing vigilance to keep track of the numerous changes of cars in England. The difficulties of a non-English speaking tourist must be considerable.

Bradshaw, the authorized time table, is the despair of travelers. The railroad employees venture no further than to guess at its meaning, and frequently the guess is wrong.

Salisbury was once peopled by the Belgæ, who came from Gaul and brought a good deal of it with them. They ousted the natives in the manner followed by stronger nations today.

The Duke of Buckingham headed an insurgent movement against Richard III and was beheaded here in 1484. Addison was educated here.

The local celebrity is John Fawcett. He was born in Salisbury in 1833. He lost his sight through an accident. He was elected to parliament, where he was the author of many important postal reforms. He invented the "next collection" slide for post boxes, or "pillar posts," as they are called in England.

The usual adjectives do not satisfy when applied to Salisbury Cathedral. It is graceful, delicate and chaste. The impression made by its single spire as it rises above the trees, over four hundred feet into the clear sky, is indescribable. Milan Cathedral seems ornate and overdecorated in comparison with this single needle-like spire, tremulous with beauty.

Just why Charles Dickens makes Pecksniff's pupils draw the *towers* of Salisbury Cathedral is a mystery. Its spire once seen can never be forgotten. So exactly is it constructed that its tip end is only twenty-two inches out of perpendicular.

Tom Pinch used to play the organ here on summer afternoons. Since his day it has been replaced by a larger instrument. We regret that we cannot visit St. Thomas' parish church, where the old organ is installed, so real is the grip of dear, loving, lovable old Tom Pinch on our hearts.

It is a long drive to Old Sarum and hardly

worth the time of the mere tourist. If you have technical training and imagination sufficient to re-garrison the old Roman fort at the top of the hill, you will be paid for your trouble. The cathedral once stood here, but was removed to Salisbury in the thirteenth century.

The drive takes you down Castle Street past a shabby little inn with the resounding name, The Rising Sun. Its sun appears to be setting.

We are not sure of the name of the street. The driver's reply to our inquiry is indistinct.

"How do you spell it?"

"It commences with a C, sir," he says, and refuses to commit himself further.

Many drivers do not know the names of streets over which they drive daily, and some can neither read nor spell.

The drive takes less time than we expected, so we return for another visit to the enchanting cathedral. It was built in forty years and has never been enlarged or made the beneficiary of any mediæval conscience fund, so there is a homogeneity in its design not often seen in English cathedrals. As a rule you can trace their growth through the centuries by patches of every school of architecture known. Each builder registers his preference or the prevailing mode of his day, and tears away enough of his predecessors' work to destroy its effect.

The Chapter Hóuse is the most attractive room in Salisbury Cathedral. Its roof is supported by a central fan column exquisitely designed. Its windows seem more beautiful in contrast with the uncolored glass of the main structure.

Many tattered old banners hang in the nave, some of which visited America in 1814 and were fortunate to get back safely.

The brass tablets over the graves were undisturbed by Cromwell for some mysterious reason.

A little diversion at this point may be of interest. It will help to explain the significance of England's many cathedrals and the insignificance of a few of the builders thereof.

The Romans came to England in 55 B. C., but stayed only a year. They did not like the climate, or returned home for their umbrellas. Julius Cæsar in his travel book speaks of the trip, but was not deeply impressed. In 43 A. D. Claudius sent over four legions. In 60, the Romans encountered the original suffragette, Boadicea, who gave them a hard fight but was finally conquered.

The Saxons came in the fifth century. This was the first German invasion and England has never overcome the nervous apprehension of its recurrence. Many names ending in *sex* trace back to the Saxon occupation, such as Essex and Sussex.

There was very little national feeling in England during the sixth and seventh centuries. She watched the Angles and Saxons fight each other in a "Go it, husband; go it, bear," mental attitude.

The country became Christian in the seventh century. The Danes made some trouble from 789 to 793. They would sail up and down the coast in dinky little boats, land when no one was looking and wipe out a town. The foreigner who visits the seashore resorts to-day finds conditions reversed. It is the invader who is relieved of his possessions.

In 851 the Danes stayed all winter. They found that the winter was no worse than the summer and either was milder than at home, so they became permanent residents.

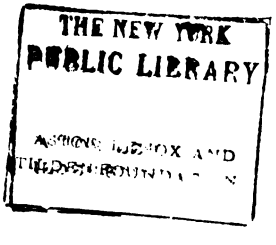
Alfred the Great ran them out of the country in 871-900.

The millennium was expected in 1000 and people ceased to build. Superstition and indolence joined hands and stopped progress for awhile with the notion that the world would end.

It did not, but the Danes returned and Canute was king from 1016 to 1035. The Battle of Hastings in 1066 gave England to the Conqueror and French supplanted Scandinavian in court circles.

England really became English under Henry II, and has been growing more so ever since.

SALISBURY CATHEDRAL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The Conqueror built most of the cathedrals. At least his cathedrals are at the bottom of most of those that are standing to-day.

Richard the Lion-Hearted was personally idolized but accomplished little for England.

John, by blunders, bad luck and vacillation, did more for England and influenced her future to a greater extent than many abler rulers. Magna Charta was wrung from him, not by the insurgents, but by "the interests" of his day. The barons had no idea of the scope of their work and cared as little for the common people as did John. Had they known how to make a door to freedom large enough for them, but too small for the little fellows, they would have done it. Rogues fell out and honest men received a payment on account.

Henry III was the Gothic architecture king. Most of the surcharging and superimposing of pointed arches on semi-circular ones was done during his reign. At the same time mendicant friars originated and superimposed themselves on the producers of the community.

Parliament was created by Edward I. A little later the House of Lancaster ruled for sixty-two years and was ousted by York.

Like some other feuds, the Wars of the Roses were ended by matrimony, Henry VII being the bridegroom. Henry VIII, whose portrait shows

him to have had the essential ugliness of the successful lady-killer, started in to exterminate the female population of England by marriage.

He rebelled against Pope Clement for divorce reasons. There was more politics than religion in the attitude of Rome. Another and a younger wife might mean an heir to the throne in place of Mary. Really, to study sixteenth century history makes modern politics seem almost decent. And what we know about Elizabeth—from people living right in her neighborhood, too—but this is a travel book.

After Henry VIII had reformed the cathedrals, Cromwell proceeded to protect England. He loved to smash pretty things. Stained glass windows were his pet aversion and carved wood or stone fairly made him rave. As for lead roofs and brass railings, he needed them for his projectiles. The cathedrals today show marks of his zeal, but gradually have been repaired and restored.

VI

Bath

IT takes about two hours to go to Bath. There is a change of cars at Westbury. The railroad passes through Wilton. where the carpets come from.

At Westbury they lock the passengers in the compartments. Although the train is there for half an hour a guard unlocks the door every time a passenger wants to walk up and down the platform and locks it after he gets out. Partly because we are hungry and partly because we believe that the best way to insure the repeal of an unwise law is to enforce it, we make several trips to the refreshment room for fruit, sandwiches and Banbury cakes. On each occasion the process is repeated of calling a guard, who unlocks the door and locks it carefully after us. When we get back, the key is again turned on us.

"Why do you lock us in?" we ask.

"We may shunt you about a bit," is his reply.

Despite the precautions our car is not moved until we pull out for Bath.

There is one less excusable vandal than Oliver Cromwell. The latter was animated by fanatic zeal in his defacements, but what possible palliation is there for the person who seeks to immortalize his idiocy by carving his initials in beautiful woodwork? One prize imbecile actually cut letters deeply into an alabaster monument at Salisbury. It must have taken the lunatic an hour to do it.

Bath has no cathedral. It has an abbey, but few of its visitors come here to visit the beautiful old church. The bathtub is the shrine at which all high class Britishers worship and the bathtub attains its apotheosis at Bath. The Romans located the springs on their first visit to England and built baths. The waters are iron and saline and very hot.

In 577 the Saxons captured the town. It was then known as Ace-mannes-ceaster, city (or camp) of invalids.

Beau Nash took it early in the eighteenth century and he kept it for the rest of his life—or it kept him. He made it the French Lick of England. Instead of bringing him before the grand jury, the citizens of Bath supported him in fine style during his life and built him a monument when he died.

John Wood, the architect, laid out the town, and Nash laid out the visitors and it was artistically done in both cases.

Bath is celebrated in the writings of Fielding, Smollet, Jane Austen, Thackeray and Dickens. It is now on the decline as a gambling resort and the only persons kept in hot water are invalids. Bath is no longer fashionable. It is merely healthful.

A great deal of space has been given in this book to disreputable kings and barons. A few words regarding a square gambler should be permissible.

Richard Nash was an Oxford student and an army officer before he matriculated at the Middle Temple.

William III offered him a knighthood, but Nash preferred a livelihood. He could not afford a title unless a pension accompanied it. William was too thrifty a Hollander to spend the people's taxes in that way, so Nash proceeded to collect his own pension.

He went to Bath in 1704 and was made Master of Ceremonies to the unceremonious.

Bath became a wide-open town, thronged by the fashion, beauty and debility of Europe. It prospered financially, but never were cleanliness and godliness so widely separated. After gambling was abolished, Nash was pensioned by

the town and when he died in 1761 he was buried in splendor. Oliver Goldsmith was his biographer.

The town itself is John Wood's best monument. It is beautiful with its streets in concentric rings rising one above the other to the tops of the surrounding hills.

The hotel rates at Bath are about the only relics of its former grandeur. Our hotel flanks the Avon and from a balcony we survey the beautiful scene. A triple arched bridge spans the river above the dam. Stores occupy both sides of the bridge. Mr. Banks has the end shop. He is associated with the oldest family in Bath, the river Banks. A piano dealer has a store on the quay. He boasts the aquatic name of Duck.

In the dining room of the Empire Hotel there is some splendor in the way of dress. A number of guests are in wheeled chairs. A concealed orchestra plays softly. The menu and waiters are French. There is an atmosphere of quietness and elegance about everything that is very restful. It is the one hotel in England where water is served without argument. Everyone comes here for the water, and you are not stared at as you sip the harmless but unusual beverage.

It is interesting to watch the town wake up. Few Americans avail themselves of the opportunity at home, for the home town usually wakes

up first. But you may sleep as long as possible in England, toss restlessly on your couch for an interminable time after you awaken, dress leisurely and still be on the streets before the shops open.

This morning the only merchant ready for business at eight o'clock is a dog vender, whose stock-in-trade is one diminutive puppy and its nervous mother. There is always a market for puppies at a health resort. Curs and cures seem to be subtly connected in some way.

The butcher is the next man to open his tiny shop. A policeman noticing a futile effort to get into a stationer's says, "It will open about the half-hour, sir, or as near as may be." His extreme caution in avoiding a positive statement recalls the Pullman porter's reply to the anxious passenger's query as to when the train would arrive in New York.

"It's due to arrive at ten, boss, but there is many a train that stahts, and nevah arrives."

The Angel is on Westgate Street. Local tradition says that this is the inn whose door blew shut on Mr. Winkle and left him shivering in his dilemma.

A sign on the street corner tells the public that "Through vehicular traffic will be suspended on this street on and after June 6, 1910, for about ten days."

The last line on the menu of our hotel reads "Empire Hotel Bath" without any punctuation. It may be a grandiloquent reference to the finger bowls, but it is probably the name and address of the hotel.

The book shops all carry heavy stocks of Pickwick Papers and Henry Esmond. The wise novelist or poet hitches his incident to a definite location, and the local authorities do the rest. But for Gray's Elegy, the simple beauty of the Stoke-Pogis churchyard would attract few visitors, and except for Moore the "Meeting of the Waters" would take its place with countless other river junctions.

A statue of Beau Nash is enshrined in a niche in the Great Pump Room. He was a dumpy little man with long curls and short trousers.

Drinks are dispensed from a pretty little alcove decorated with stained glass windows and a statue of the Angel of Bethesda. Both varieties of pool are thus commemorated, but Nash kept his stirred more constantly.

The Roman Baths built by Claudius in 43 A. D. were originally nine hundred feet long and three hundred and fifty feet wide. On one side is a diving stone worn smooth by countless bathers. The tank, which is still intact, is sixty-eight by one hundred and ten feet. It is filled with water and the bottom is covered with lead in sheets five

THE AVON AT BATH

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feet wide and ten feet long. This forty tons of lead would have been very useful to Cromwell and might have saved a church roof or two, but the baths had not been uncovered in his day.

The Roman pavement is now cleared of débris and visitors walk over it. The original pipe is just as much of a lead pipe as it ever was and conveys water to the tank. The lapped joints are exactly the same as those made today.

The Turkish bath of the Romans had all of the essentials. The Turkish bath, by the way, is more Irish than Turkish in its origin, and very little of either in its patronage.

They had hot rooms, tepidariums, cold rooms and cold shower-baths before the Christian era. Doubtless, Roman youths foregathered here eighteen centuries ago and sat on marble slabs telling their troubles to Ethiopian attendants and moaning "Never again."

One old arch is wedged together with no cement between the stones. It has stood for almost nineteen hundred years. Æsculapius had an altar beside the large tank.

In the tepid water of one pool, cooled just a little below one hundred and twenty degrees, fishes are swimming. They are of a peculiar type and can live in a temperature that would kill other fish. This pool is near the principal spring which discharges five hundred and seven

thousand gallons of hot water per day. Much of this water is wasted necessarily, but free baths for the poor are provided from the immense supply.

The King's Bath dates from the sixteenth century. The rings that are set in the walls were given by people who have been helped by the waters. Bathers hang on to them while resting in the tank. The oldest ring dates from 1612. In other parts of the wall are recesses and seats for patrons. The King's Bath was very popular in Nash's day.

The modern baths contain every imaginable device to soothe the suffering and provide rest for the lazy. There are small tubs and large ones and deep water plunges into which chairs may be lowered like ducking stools. There are mineral, sprudel and electric baths. There are douches for eye, ear and throat. There are "dry" baths for treating separate members of the body, providing a maximum of remedy with a minimum of moisture. Everything is complete and an army of men and women is in attendance. The women wear neat black costumes with snowy linen, and the men shuffle around in bath robes and slippers. Every courtesy is shown even the most robust sightseers.

Three-wheeled pushcarts may be hired in the court near the Pump Room. They, with their

aged attendants, make a melancholy sort of cab stand.

Bath Abbey was the third church to be built on this site. It has beautiful windows and an interesting roof. It is apparently well attended, as many pews bear cards reading, "Appropriated."

Lady Waller's tomb has an inscription that apparently covers the ground and certainly covers the tablet. It reads:

"Sole issue of a matchless paire
Both of their state & vertues heire
In graces great in stature small
As full of spirit as voyd of gall
Cherefully grave bounteously close
Holy without vain glorious showes
Happy and yet from envy free
Learn'd without pride, witty yet wise
Reader this riddle read with me
Here the good Lady Waller lyes."

If the good lady wrote that epitaph, she undoubtedly did.

Beside her tablet is a stone commemorating the virtues of her husband, Sir William. It is blank, not because Sir William lacked virtues, but because he is buried in London. The alabaster monument, however, includes the whole family, father, mother and two children, in a group. It

must feel queer to be sculptured in childh
gradually outgrow your little marble twi

There is a convent out Pulteney Road
displays a sign, "High School for Girls P
tory for Boys." Whoever heard of a sch
girls that was not?

Victoria Park and Botanical Gardens
scene of Bath's annual pageant. Most
land's historic cities have these pageant
memorating great events and daring d
their local history.

OLD ROMAN BATH

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VII

Oxford

WE take the 12:35 "up" train to Oxford, for know, O puzzled American, studying the mysteries of Bradshaw, that "down" means from London, and "up" means towards London, whether you are north, south, east or west of the metropolis, so long as you are in England, Scotland or Wales.

In Ireland, Dublin becomes the pole of the railroad system, from which city every direction is "down."

Occasionally a train porter who is in a hurry will rush away without a tip. This happened at Bath while we were looking for a sixpence. In some hotels we have had to search for servants to reward them for special courtesies. This is mentioned because it is at utter variance with the traditions and wholly unaccountable, unless June is the close season for tourists. Later in the year the servants may be more alert. We give the facts as we found them.

Oxford has fifty thousand inhabitants in addi-

tion to the students. It is at the junction of the Cherwell and the Thames, which latter, amid these classic surroundings, is called the Isis. The town is set in beautiful hills. The shallow crossing of the river for cattle at this point gave it its name.

The university is credited to Alfred the Great, but it was three centuries after his time before anything worthy the name of college was started here.

It had its first impetus in the quarrel between Henry II and Thomas à Becket. The King forbade English clerks to study in Paris, because Philip II and Becket were chummy.

Most of our modern blessings are the outgrowth of some feud, just as most of the cathedrals were paid for by mediæval robbers who were afraid to die rich.

Erasmus of Rotterdam studied at Oxford. Latimer, Ridley and Cranmer were burned in the town by order of Mary. This was the capital of England on two occasions, but not for long. King, parliament and courts fled here from the plague in 1625 and 1665.

Jerome says that it must have been worth a small plague to be rid of both legislators and lawyers.

The list of graduates of Oxford is like the roster of a hall of fame. It includes among hun-

dreds of others scarcely less known, the names of Wycliffe, John Wesley, Newman, Gladstone, Ruskin and William Penn. One of the best-loved names is that of the mathematician Charles Lutwidge Dodgson, who, as "Lewis Carroll," delighted countless young and old children with the adventures of Alice in Wonderland.

Last, but not least in his impress on history, should be mentioned that ruthless expander of British empire, Cecil John Rhodes, of whom Mark Twain wrote a satirical eulogy, concluding with the hope that when Cecil Rhodes died, he, Twain, might have a piece of the rope.

Rhodes died in bed suffering the inevitable punishment of those who measure achievement by gold or lands, voicing the regret that would still have been his had he lived a century, "So much to do, so little done."

Cecil Rhodes had two loves in life. One was the British Empire in Africa and the other his alma mater. When a student at Oxford his health broke down and he was ordered to go to South Africa. He went and became robust, but the general result of the prescription reminds one of the time the bagpipes were played outside the hospital window to soothe the dying Scotchman. Cheered and strengthened by the familiar noise, Sandy recovered, but every other patient in the hospital died.

Cecil Rhodes returned from South Africa after two years' residence, a nineteen-year-old millionaire, and matriculated at Balliol College in 1872. The next year he broke down again and went back to Africa. In 1876 he was again in Oxford and took his bachelor's and master's degrees. They might just as well have given them to him in the first place. He was sure to get them.

He loved money as a means and for the power it gave. The Jameson raid in 1895 destroyed Rhodes' personal standing. Jameson was a Scotch doctor whose bloodthirsty soul would not be satisfied with his ordinary practice, so he became one of a long line of physicians who have become soldiers.

Cecil Rhodes died in 1902 and left that remarkable will which may, under Providence, do much to heal the wounds made by his ambition. By its terms more than one hundred and fifty young men are provided with scholarships at Oxford, each worth fifteen hundred dollars a year. Each state in the United States is entitled to two scholarships, so that three-fifths of the beneficiaries come from this country. It was a grand, a beautiful plan, worthy of the big mind that conceived it, and the nearest he could hope to come to making restitution for the death and misery that trailed in the wake of his boundless ambition.

We enjoyed the sunshine in England very

much. It was warmer outdoors than within. Hotels are not heated and some of them felt like sixty, Fahrenheit. After walking about in the warm air you are chilled by the interiors of the buildings.

We had quite a time finding the Oxford train at Bath. There are several platforms, and one must cross the tracks either by a subway or a viaduct. We did not know whether to go up to the down train or down to the up train until a friendly porter led us all the way to our compartment.

When the train started there were ten adults and two infants in our compartment. One two-year-old child clamored for the window seat. The young woman who had the place naturally desired to keep it, so she offered to take the youngster on her lap and let him look out of the window. This was no sooner accomplished than, after one glance at the passing landscape, young Hercules curled up and went to sleep. The mother serenely continued her conversation with her neighbor and the perspiring maiden held the boy for more than two hours. Query: Will that young lady's philanthropy be sufficiently robust to survive the experience or will she apply for membership in the "Never Again" club?

Reaching Oxford, we take a carriage and ride

first to Christ Church and walk across the green velvet of Tom Quad to the Hall with its high oak ceilings and walls adorned and otherwise by portraits of students, John Locke, Canning, Gladstone and Morley. Among others, Elizabeth's picture is there, happy in its masculine surroundings, for she always had a warm spot in her heart for the boys. Henry VIII, looking as homely as most modern polygamists, gazes out from a frame by virtue of his having founded this college. Keen-eyed Wolsey profits by the contrast with the heavy-jowled master whom he controlled.

The kitchen in Christ College is busy to-day, for the annual dinner of the tenants is being prepared. After dinner tea will be served in the hall. They could not have a public execution in England without tea. The tenants will present a portrait of some one to the college. The picture is standing veiled on an easel at the upper end of the room.

The students dine here at seven-thirty every evening and the kitchen is amply equipped for handling a multitude of hungry youths. The big spits will roast forty legs of mutton or seventy fowls at a time. The old griddle of Wolsey's time hangs flat on the wall like King Arthur's Round Table at Winchester. There are immense stoves for cooking soup and others

for vegetables and a big oven for baking cakes and meat pies. They do not bake their own bread. During the regular college term a ton of meat a week is handled in this kitchen.

The Cathedral is the smallest cathedral with the oldest tower in England. It is used as a chapel by Christ Church. It has curious double arches sustaining the roof. The north window is beautiful. Bishop Berkeley, who said there was no matter, is buried here. Wolsey re-arranged a great deal of the nave. He was an adept at navery of this sort.

Brasenose College has within its hall the old brass-nosed knocker from which its name is derived. This college has on its list a doleful lot of graduates, including Fox, who wrote the Book of Martyrs, and Burton, that keen but uninteresting dissector of melancholy.

University College contains the famous Shelley memorial, a nude figure of the poet lying on his back. A glance at this tribute of well-meaning but misguided admirers should cause any poet to change his occupation or else take a course in physical culture.

St. Mary Magdalen College is called Maudlin, just as St. John College is Sinjin. To disregard these facts is to throw yourself outside the barriers of culture. There are other violations of the law of pronunciation in England. It is the

correct thing to pronounce proper names improperly. Here is a short list, very incomplete, but serving as a fearful example:

Beauchamp is pronounced Beacham.
Beauvoir is pronounced Beaver.
Cholmondeley is pronounced Chumley.
Seven Oaks is pronounced Sennocks.
Chaworth is pronounced Chorth.
Haworth is pronounced Horth.
Hawarden is pronounced Harden.
Wemyss is pronounced Weems.
Strachan is pronounced Strawn.
Mainwaring is pronounced Mannering.
Marjoribanks is pronounced Marshbanks.

Until finally we told a hotel clerk, a young lady, who was poring over our signature, "It is pronounced Hinnam," and she accepted it without a doubt.

Occasionally Americans become entangled in this labyrinth as did the young lady on the homecoming steamer. She said, "You English pronounce your proper names so queerly. For instance, there is the name you spell, B-e-a-u-c-h-a-m-p and pronounce Chumley."

However Maudlin the pronunciation, Magdalen is the most beautiful college in Oxford. It has a fine tower and a grassy quadrangle surrounded by grotesque images. Its cloisters are restful and impressive. Addison's Walk is a

TOM QUAD—CHRIST CHURCH

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very long one around the grounds and one which few sightseers care to take in its entirety. It is several miles in extent and densely shaded. The chapel has beautiful sepia windows, a most wonderful effect in glass. There is an outdoor chapel where the choir sings a Latin requiem every May Day at five o'clock in the morning.

New College has a circular green instead of the usual quadrangle. There is a pronounced rivalry between the colleges and at each one the person who showed us about was emphatic in pointing out the things in which his particular institution excelled.

Bodleian Library has an immense collection of manuscripts and coins in addition to its seven hundred thousand books.

Keble College exhibits a small painting in its Chapel, Hunt's Light of the World. You pay sixpence for admission to the room where the picture is hanging, but you have to stamp around and make a good deal of noise to attract the custodian. St. John's (Sinjin's) has a magnificent lawn and its gardens are beautiful.

There is a cross in Broad Street indicating the spot where Cranmer, Latimer and Ridley were burned. The marking is inconspicuous. The desire to perpetuate the fame of the martyrs is modified by the wish to forget the deed, so a simple brass cross is sunk into the pavement.

You cannot forget for a moment that you are in a college town, and yet only the best symptoms of college life are in evidence. Possibly the boys become more turbulent in term time, but even at their wildest they are not violent. Many are wandering around in flannel suits with cricket bats or tennis racquets, but there is very little expression of comradeship among them. We did not hear a single young man hail another across a street.

VIII

Kenilworth and Stratford

WE take the six-thirteen train for Warwick. While waiting at the station, B. sits on a truck with the usual result. It is getting so now that they follow B. around and re-oil the trucks when she is through wiping them with her skirts.

There is a disquieting difference of opinion as to whether or not we change cars at Leamington. At any rate we are told to take the "Leamington slip." Our train goes through to Birmingham, but they "slip" this car at Leamington and it either goes on to Warwick or it does not, and nobody seems to know.

A very gloomy old lady in black with purple trimmings sits opposite. She is mourning the King's death and looks as if she would never recover from the shock. Her face must have been years acquiring the lines of grief which have been deepened by recent events. Some of the mourning seems perfunctory, as is natural enough, but this old lady is like Moriah in Ruth

McEnery Stuart's inimitable story; when she mourns, she mourns.

At Leamington we conclude to take a chance and stay in our compartment. While waiting, a pretty sixteen-year-old girl is put into our car by a red-cheeked boy companion. He tipped his hat, but remained in view. She settled herself and arranged her skirts. Then she glanced at the disconsolate youth, sprang to her feet and went to the door. He stood on the step and they glanced shyly down the platform where their friends were. She murmured something and drew him into the car and kissed him lightly on the cheek. He blushed a deeper red. She said, "Buck up," and the train pulled out, leaving him bravely trying to whistle, but making a poor out at it. The cheeks of both were wet. It was a simple incident, but the others in the compartment knew that they had witnessed something more real than was ever put between book covers, and nobody smiled at the little scene.

We arrive at Warwick and register at the Warwick Arms. The lady clerk assigns us to a room and we plunge her into confusion by asking what floor it is on and asserting positively that we will not go above the second floor in a liftless hotel. She assures us that there is no cause for worry. There are only two floors.

Our room is on the top floor and is made imposing by a large mahogany four-poster.

Landor, the emphatic friend of Dickens, was born in this quiet town which often must have trembled with his roar. Two of England's truly great women, George Eliot and Ellen Terry, were natives of this shire. The Forest of Arden and Bosworth Field are near by.

The battle of Bosworth Field was fought in 1485, but the ground is less changed than at Waterloo. The spring where Richard III drank is still flowing. The spot where he was killed is unmarked, but it is at the junction of three roads to Shenton, Dodlington and Bosworth. His body was buried at Leicester in Greyfriar's Church where, later, Wolsey was entombed.

Richard III had the misfortune to be biographed by his opponents and successors, Henry VII and VIII, Mary and Elizabeth. These two charming half-sisters agreed on only one point, viz.: that the best way to make the Tudor family look respectable was to paint its predecessor, Richard III, in as black colors as possible. They had the paint and the artists and Shakespeare cast in adamant the material furnished by biased historians. The great dramatist was a creature of his day and age and dependent for his existence and livelihood on the patronage of the court, hence, as an historian he was about as

impartial as a fourth class postmaster is when discussing the administration.

Turning from the unreal creatures of history to the realities of fiction, Warwick was visited by Dombey, Mrs. Skewton and Edith.

This is a strong pro-Shakespeare country. With Stratford only a few miles away, we have a delicacy about ordering bacon with our eggs. Arriving on Saturday evening, the maid asked if we wanted anything special for breakfast, explaining that it would be impossible to procure fish or chops on Sunday.

The matter impressed us very lightly at the time, for we had yet to learn of the hermetical tightness of the Sabbath lid. If England was as rigid in Sunday observance three centuries ago as she is today, there must have been other grounds for the discontent of the Puritans.

This hotel is on the Warwick grounds, very near to the Castle, and is under the management of the Warwick family. Do not misunderstand me. The earl did not preside at the desk, nor receipt the bills. But, like some other noble landlords whom we later patronized, he sees to it that visitors to his realm are assured comfortable entertainment at the market price. This hotel has a history dating from 1591. I quote from its booklet: "It is a first-class hotel, catering specially for families, tourists, motorists and gentle-

men." That subtle distinction between the last named two appeals to us.

Warwick was a fortress prior to the Roman invasion. In Saxon times it was part of the Kingdom of Mercia. The Danes ravaged it repeatedly. In 915 Ethelfreda, daughter of Alfred the Great, built a castle here to protect the country against them. Canute demolished the castle in 1016. But did Canute escape unpunished? No, he is dead. We saw his bones in Salisbury Cathedral. At least, we saw the box which contained them.

There are incandescent lights in the Warwick arms, but there is no hot water. If these few lines meet the eyes of the Earl of Warwick, they will notify him that I shaved with cold water in his hotel and did not like it. The servant is summoned by pulling a bell-cord, just like the one the villain always cuts before braving the master of the house in the drawing-room. Wonder of wonders, it works. We can hear the jingle away down at the other end of the hall and footsteps approach, in answer to the summons.

A man by the name of Christmas owns the store across the street. England is so full of peculiar names that my admiration for Dickens' inventive genius has dwindled appreciably. He did not need to devise outlandish names. All that was necessary was to select them from the sign

boards, modify them sufficiently to make them probable, and use them.

The railroad service in England dwindles almost to the vanishing point on Sunday, so we drove to Kenilworth and Stratford.

We walked about Warwick awhile and almost circumnavigated the Castle, but found no break in its walls. Therefore we must refer you to more fortunate travelers for a description of its old towers and priceless curios. The only help we can give you is to warn you to seek some more nearly "wide-open" town or district for your Sunday visit.

We drove to Kenilworth across the Avon and had a beautiful view of the Castle from the bridge. The road turns north past Guy's Cliffe, now the home of Lord Algernon Percy. The family are in residence, but not "at home" to dusty tourists. Guy's Cave is along the river. Here he lived, the sworn enemy of sanitary plumbing and the safety razor, for several years after his return from the Holy Land. His Countess gave him alms from time to time, but never recognized him, and small wonder. At his death, however, he revealed his identity and was washed and given a decent burial. The relationship of cleanliness to godliness had not then been discovered.

Cedar Avenue, leading to the residence, is over-

grown, but beautiful. The gate is gone, but intruders are kept out by the tangle of weeds across the open space.

Although Guy's Cliffe spurns our sixpences, we are enthusiastically welcomed at the old mill-house and weir. The path leads between meadows golden with buttercups. A poetic old lodgekeeper tells all visitors about Guy and the dun cow. Most persons will be grieved to have proudly pointed out to them the name of "H. Irving" carved in the stone wall of the mill. We sincerely hope Henry did not do it. Maybe the lodgekeeper lied. He assured us that the mill was 1,700 years old and that beats Baedeker a thousand years, so, perhaps, he was lying about Sir Henry. There are some other names there, but we positively refuse to encourage such vandalism by giving publicity to them.

The drive leads past Wootton Court and the village of Leek Wootton and between fields of wild flowers, white, red and yellow. A variegated elm stands near a cottage. The driver says: "My brother is a 'ead-gardener an' 'e never see one an' h'I never did, but han h'American gentleman said as 'ow 'e 'ad two on 'is plice at 'ome." All honor to the American gentlemen who refuse to be awed by guides. But there was a note of skepticism in the driver's voice as though he were only half convinced.

The first thing that looks mediæval as you approach Kenilworth is the big moat around the Castle. This is dry and overgrown with grass. A few minutes later the grand exterior of the ruins bursts on our delighted eyes, but alas! it is Sunday and the gates are locked. The red stone walls are flecked with moss and overgrown with ivy. The fine oriel windows are plainly visible, but we are denied the privilege of pacing the great Presence Chamber or entering the room occupied by unhappy Amy Robsart. We insist on our right to weep over Scott's story and to disregard the prosy historians who give the date of poor Amy's death as 1560, eighteen years prior to the big blow-out at Kenilworth in Elizabeth's honor.

Even the elements conspire to make the trip a failure. A high wind makes the tripod tremble and photographic results are problematical.

Ugly tumble-down stores line the road opposite the entrance. These include a barber shop and the inevitable tea parlor. Bicyclists are numerous and many appeals are made for their patronage. Clarendon, who owns the property, has numerous signs up threatening trespassers with prosecution. We obtain a better view for our camera from the meadow, southeast of the castle, over a field of cloth of gold woven with buttercups.

KENILWORTH CASTLE

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We return to Warwick for the regulation mid-day lunch of cold meats, bread and marmalade or jam, concluding with rhubarb or gooseberry tarts.

In our honor they have christened something that they wanted to dispose of "American Ice Cream." It is a sort of custard, savoring neither of America, ice nor cream. Coffee is ordered, for which an extra sixpence per cup is added to our bill. It is poor coffee. Good coffee is rare in England, and served with blue milk. Cream is sixpence extra, so that a cup of potable coffee costs the devotee a shilling or twenty-four cents.

After lunch we drive to Stratford, although, being Sunday, the shops and Shakespeare's house are closed to all visitors, except Mr. Roosevelt and party, who are there to-day.

We have the same carriage and driver, but a new horse. This one has his mane roached until it resembles an English hedge. Shelburne Church is in the distance and the village of Barford, whose obscurity did not protect it from the Protector, as is evidenced by the scars on its old church tower. An occasional old pump rears its head high in air, as though the moisture about its roots had caused it to grow. These are reminders of coaching days.

Several fields are planted in winter beans, which are grown as forage for horses.

The road passes through Charlecote village and runs for miles along the boundaries of Charlecote Park, filled with deer, the descendants maybe of that happy beast who was so fortunate as to fall into Will Shakespeare's hands. We stop at the very spot where he crossed the road, and sit on the gate, whose complicated structure caused the fatal delay which gave Shakespeare into the gamekeeper's clutches.

We fool around that old gate for a long time. It has a fascination for us. We take photographs of each other sitting on it. We want to try carrying a deer over it, but they will not let strangers enter the property at all, since the Lucy family died out and Sir Henry Fairfax married the oldest Miss Lucy. Why are people who marry money so much more careful with it than those who inherit it?

The park has passed out of the possession of the Lucy family and now belongs to the Fairfaxes. We try to get some local traditions from the driver, but he is hazy, in sympathy with the weather, and grows more eloquent regarding Squire Phillips' monument over on the hillside than the immortal Shakespeare.

It is a remarkably bleak, cold day, with neither rain nor sun. Possibly June is too early for a visit to England, but the blooms are the thickest

and the tourists most scarce in June, so we chose it.

In Stratford everything is closed tightly and neither argument nor corruption availeth. Signs are *en rapport* with their surroundings, as in the case of the As You Like It Tea Rooms. A post-card store displays this: "Have I not here the best cards? King John."

We manage to coax the keeper of a tiny shop to violate the law and sell us some souvenirs as evidence of the fact that we have made the pilgrimage and are entitled to sit in any literary club with our legs crossed *à la* Crusader.

We stand and look at the long, low, rakish house on Henley Street, where was born the boy whom the world honors to-day, but who, in his youth, startled his placid neighbors with his escapades. The house is a museum filled with relics of its famous tenant.

The school where he was taught a very little is over the Guildhall. It was founded in 1482. His teachers were Walter Roche and Simon Hunt, who believed, according to William Winter, that learning, like other burdens, should be delivered in the rear. At the southeast corner of Bridge and High Streets is the house formerly occupied by Shakespeare's son-in-law, Thomas Quincey. It was once a prison and called The Cage.

Stratford has about twenty thousand visitors every year, of whom probably six thousand are Americans, always the most voracious, if not the most judicious, of readers.

In front of the Shakespeare Memorial Building are sculptured groups symbolizing Comedy and Tragedy. These were purchased with money realized from a benefit given by Mary Anderson in 1885, who then made her first appearance as Rosalind.

The library contains five thousand seven hundred and ninety volumes of Shakespeare, including two hundred and nine English editions, a Russian edition in nine volumes, and three complete editions in Dutch.

The Fountain was dedicated in 1887. It was the gift of G. W. Childs, of Philadelphia. In 1888 Winter wrote, "The inhabitants of Warwickshire, guarding and maintaining their Stratford Fountain, will not forget by whom it was given." We are anxious to verify this prophecy by actual inquiry of a few citizens, but the only Stratford person near the fountain was a female of uncertain age and less certain speech, who had not reached her then condition by drinking from its hospitable waters. She was busily engaged in waving away imaginary small boys and we did not address her.

However, we are satisfied that the inhabitants

GATE WHERE SHAKESPEARE WAS CAUGHT STEALING DEER

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will not forget, unless they forget how to read the inscription, which is carved deeply in the stone, setting forth the facts, with name and address of donor.

The Avon is legally navigable from its mouth at Tewkesbury, where it empties into the Severn at Warwick, but the laws of navigation are sometimes as hard to enforce as Sunday closing laws and the navigator who tries to go above Evesham will find some of those blessed barriers which river men hate so cordially. Annual races are rowed at Stratford. Above Charlecote the river becomes a marsh.

It is a long drive to Shottery, where stands Anne Hathaway's cottage. Of course it was closed, but it was very pretty, embosomed in trees and framed in flowers and hedges. Half a dozen children pulled wild flowers by the road-side and offered them for sale.

Back of the cottage stands the Cottswold Hills, covered with haze. The driver is more of a devotee of Marie Corelli than Shakespeare and points out her home half a dozen times. Truly a live authoress is better than a dead dramatist to a strict utilitarian.

A big crowd is massed about the entrance to the Church of the Holy Trinity. Service is over and we are pleased by the devotion which manifests itself in a reluctance to leave the sacred

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edifice. Later we learn that Mr. Roosevelt and family are the magnets which hold the populace.

There is an American flag flying from a house on High Street, once the home of the mother of John Harvard. A number of intoxicated yeomen are arguing as to the purpose of the decoration, but they soon disperse. They are the first crowd of drunken men we have seen since landing in England and we really saw very few intoxicated people anywhere on the whole trip.

We go to the Red Horse Inn, loaf awhile in Washington Irving's room, tea up and drive nine miles back to Warwick. The road winds along under the spreading branches of trees, centuries old, some with bronze-green trunks, and almost all with ivy climbing over them. Cyclists, male and female, pedal past us decorously, while occasionally a motor-cycle chugs by, disturbing four of our senses and making the fifth fairly itch to unhorse him. There is something about a motor-cyclist that jars on the sensitive soul. They undoubtedly cover the ground, but on the other hand the ground covers them. In appearance they are a mixture of Ku-Klux, Servite brother and deep sea diver. The honk of the occasional automobile is dignified in contrast with the splutter of the motor-cycle.

In walking about Warwick, we discovered a memorial of Queen Victoria's visit in 1858. It

stands in front of the Market Hall on a back street.

The newest post-cards on sale in these small towns depict the reading of the proclamation announcing the succession of George V.

Traveling in England is much more expensive than on the continent. One cannot escape the increased cost of living by going abroad. The only money we really saved was a few dollars on gloves in London, and seventeen cents on a hair cut in Cork.

Our seven hours' driving to-day cost us $6.50. Our room in Warwick, with no running water, is $2.16 per day. A decent dinner costs from $1.20 up. It is very much dearer than Holland and the accommodations are not so good. Perhaps a shilling would not look so large in the sunshine, but these gloomy days set you to counting your American Express orders and worrying over your expenses.

As before remarked; we are, in a way, the guests of the Earl of Warwick, and at much less expense than if he had taken us into the Castle. We should not have enjoyed being locked up all day Sunday, anyhow.

The Beauchamps acquired this property in the thirteenth century from some one who was away from home at the time or who belonged to the minority party. The Grevilles, Earls of Brooke

and Warwick, are descendants of the Beauchamps and have been in possession since James I. Queen Elizabeth, who had as many headquarters as George Washington, and really should have carried a line of samples, stayed here on her way to Kenilworth. Elizabeth was handicapped by inferior transportation facilities, but if she were living now she would probably be making speeches from the back end of railroad trains.

She stopped here over night in 1572. The book does not say why, but we suspect that she arrived on a Saturday night and had to wait until Monday for Kenilworth to open. According to Scott, Amy Robsart did not stop anywhere on her way to Kenilworth.

Inside the Castle are many relics of Guy, to whom the term "Main Guy" was originally applied. He was the Mark Hanna of his day. He did not care who wore the crown if he could fix the tariff schedules.

We told you of our near-visit to Lord Algernon Percy, who owns Guy's Cliffe. The name sounds like a light opera tenor, but he is the proprietor of several quarter sections of unimproved land in this neighborhood.

It cost us as much in tips to see the old mill and weir as to have seen the whole bluff—Cliffe, I mean.

ANNE HATHAWAY'S COTTAGE

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We are trying to maintain our practice of tipping for actual service rendered, but the English servant lacks the finesse of the continental menial and you have less of the comfortable feeling of scattering largesse. Still justice compels the statement that we have seen railway porters perform much gratuitous service for unattended old ladies and do it cheerfully.

We arise at five-thirty to get a train for Birmingham *en route* to Rowsley (pronounced Rosely). By the way, Stratford's distinguished visitor must have recognized the Warwick Coat of Arms, which appears frequently hereabouts. They call it the Bear and Ragged Staff, but to the American it looks like a Teddy Bear and a Big Stick.

This morning is cloudy and cold, like yesterday. There is an engraving in the hotel dining room, a snow scene representing an old woman trudging home with a bundle of fagots on her back. We christened it "A June Day in Warwick."

The noble peacocks in the back yard of the castle awoke us this morning. If peacocks, feathered and otherwise, would only realize how disillusioning they are when they open their mouths, they would be careful. Even more than children, they should be seen and not heard.

Our hotel has a typical old smoke room off

the office, which is also the bar. The whisky is contained in a big glass urn with a faucet and is drawn in liberal portions.

In some sections of England and Scotland they make and sell on the premises home brewed ale of a very low voltage, alcoholically speaking, but inexpensive. A stranger dropping into a small "pub" where a number of yokels were seated, drinking home brewed, asked the woman in charge if she was not afraid that her customers would become intoxicated and make a disturbance.

"Noo," she replied, "I never knew any on 'em to get droonk on the stuff. I had two men bust."

Our hotel displays the usual sign of a licensed inn, a bunch of grapes. Some saloons and bars have six days' license and some have seven and this is indicated on their signs.

IX

Haddon Hall and Chatsworth

WE are going to Rowsley to-day to visit Haddon Hall, and see the steps down which ran Dorothy Vernon, and afterwards view the splendors of Chatsworth, one of the six residences of the Duke of Devonshire. We will be all day in Derbyshire in the section known as the Peak.

Bakewell Church is interesting and well worth a visit if you have the time. Sir John Manners and Dorothy are buried therein beneath a stately monument. Sir John survived his wife twenty-seven years.

We change cars at Birmingham and also change railroads, leaving the Great Western at Snow Hill station and driving over to New St. Station of the Midland Railway. Our approach to Birmingham is through the usual smutty suburbs of a manufacturing town. We take a hansom to the other depot and drive up and down hill in a manner that suggests Kansas City. Our driver takes us to the wrong plat-

form for the Derby train and is upbraided by the station porter for his ignorance. It is a two blocks' ride to the proper doorway for platform four, but fortunately we have ample time.

Derby once belonged to Peveril of the Peak, a product of one of the unrecorded conquests of William the Conqueror. Derby is supposed to appear in "Adam Bede" as the town of Stoniton where Hetty Sorrell was tried.

We look about us for peaks and find none, but learn that The Peak was an ancient family name, not connected with the landscape in any way.

Our first stop is at Tamworth, which was the home of Robert Marmion, prototype of Scott's hero. Tamworth was also the residence of Peel.

Burton-on-Trent is on this ride. It is represented in parliament very amply, for it is the home of Bass & Co. and Allsopp & Co., brewers of ale. Bass & Co. is the larger concern, its plants covering two hundred acres and employing three or four thousand men. Its output is almost a million and a half barrels of ale and stout per year.

In Derby we transfer to the Rowsley train. Our compartment is shared by a dear little old lady, much flustered by the unwonted excitement of travel, and a young woman who tries to cheer her up.

The old lady, just to show that she has been about a bit, says, "My dear, I'd rawther go to Birmingham or London. They dodge you about so on this ride."

The young lady looks out the window and remarks that "they've taken off the front of the train, so that our coach is quite the beginning of it. My word! Hold tight! The engine is coming back and there'll be a bit of a bang." The "bit" was a very small one and she sinks back with a sigh of relief, exclaiming, "It was nothing much, after all."

All of the cars that we saw on our travels had photographs in them depicting attractive scenes, castles, cathedrals or ruins to be viewed along or near the railway.

From Derby to Rowsley we watch the gradual transition to the hilly landscape of the Peak country. The change from the placid flatness of southern England is very welcome. The streams have more current and the landscape is wilder.

At Rowsley we take a carriage to Haddon Hall. We are admitted to the chapel and await the appearance of the young woman who is to act as guide. The property belongs to the Duke of Rutland, who seems to have the correct point of view of himself as custodian of this rare old Hall.

Haddon Hall was given by the Conqueror to his son, William Peveril, "of the Peak." In Henry II's reign it passed to the Avenels by force, and in 1195 the Vernons obtained it by matrimony. The last of the Vernons lived here in great state with a retinue of eighty servants. Later, the Manners increased this number to one hundred and forty. The Vernons owned the property from 1195 to 1567, and the present owner, the Duke of Rutland, is a descendant of that family. It has not been used as a residence since about 1700, the Rutlands moving to Belvoir Castle in Leicestershire at that time.

The old chapel in which we are waiting is interesting. It contains a font, probably four hundred years old. The windows formerly were filled with stained glass of remarkable beauty, but some one succeeded in stealing it, and it has never been located, although a reward of one hundred guineas was offered at the time. The family pews are still intact and uncomfortable looking.

This chapel was restored in the seventeenth century, and the inscription, "G. M., 1624," on a rafter, gives the initials of the restorer and the date.

We are taken across the old courtyard and enter the fourteenth century kitchen. We descend a dark, sloping passage and see the immense fire-place, into which we stoop and look

up at a bit of blue sky, or cloud more probably, through the length of the high chimney. We see the old fuel box, chopping blocks and mincing bowls, in disuse now for centuries.

Most of the upper rooms are hung with tapestries, which one thoughtless tourist reaches for, with that uncontrollable impulse some people have to violate rules, but she is promptly but courteously warned by the guide not to touch it. The eye alone tells you of their great age and fragile condition.

The banquet hall is about thirty-five by twenty-five feet. At the upper end is a raised platform for the "speakers' table." The walls are decorated with graceful antlers. At one end of the room, a wristlet is chained for holding the arm of any refractory guest who refused to drink. The wine was poured down his sleeve. In those days, carpets were unknown and the floor of a banquet hall was bedded down with dried rushes. The smoke from the fire ascended through a hole in the roof known as the louvre or opening.

The motto of the Vernons appears everywhere, "Dread God and Honour the King." Their crest is the boar's head. The Rutland crest is a peacock.

You must remember that the windows of Haddon Hall were not glazed but shuttered for many centuries. Not until the time of Henry VIII was

glass fixed in windows. Prior thereto it was fitted in frames and carried about with the luggage when the family moved from place to place.

Our guide book says that great stone steps lead to the upper story. There may be a stone staircase, but the one which we ascended was of solid oak timbers, for our attention was called to the fact. The drawing-room is on this upper floor, and hung with Flemish tapestry, concealing the doors. There is a lovely view from the windows of the terraces, and of Dorothy Vernon's bridge. The deep ornamental frieze is fine, but has been whitewashed. An old harpsichord stands mute in one corner of the room.

We pass through the earl's dressing-room, which is hung with tapestry portraying hunting scenes, but omitting the one hunting scene that would be appropriate in such a room, viz.: the chase of the collar button. Off it is a smaller room, set aside for his page.

We return through the drawing-room and visit the ballroom, over one hundred feet long, eighteen feet wide and fifteen feet high. It is wainscoted with oak in beautiful panels. The peacock abounds in the decorations. This makes probable the theory that this room was built to celebrate the marriage of John Manners and Dorothy Vernon in 1570. The greenish tinted old panes in

CRADLE OF THE FIRST EARL OF RUTLAND IN HADDON HALL

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the windows contrast sharply with the clearer, newer glass.

In the state bedroom is a bed in which Queen Elizabeth slept. It did not surprise us. We were looking for it. There is in the same room the cradle of the first Earl of Rutland.

All of us but B. and the guide struggle up a narrow stairway to the top of Peveril Tower, just for a peek at the surrounding country. This is the highest part of the hall and dates from the thirteenth century. From it you can get an idea of the ground plan of the building.

Thence we descend and leave the Hall by the same short flight of steps down which ran Dorothy Vernon to meet her lover, John Manners, not Sir John Manners until after the death of Dorothy.

The books say that she crossed the little footbridge which spans the brook a distance from the door, but as there was a road within fifty feet of her, it seems more probable that John was waiting for her there. At any rate, she left the ballroom filled with laughing guests and rode away into Leicestershire with John, and they were married and lived happily ever after. There was some row on between the families, or more probably a difference in religious views, that made the elopement necessary.

B. sat on the stump of an old dead tree and

changed films, and then we had tea in the loft of the barn, which has been transformed into a very cosy tea room. With our chairs drawn up in front of the blazing fire, we vote it the most comfortable place in England. The smoke goes through a hole in the roof. The young artist who was painting a picture of the Hall comes in with wife and dog, and they take seats at an adjoining table. The dog sniffs a friendly aroma and trots over to B., who soon is making her usual exchange of cold meat for "what have you?"

When we left the Rowsley station for Haddon Hall we were told that Chatsworth would not be open to visitors to-day. We noticed two coaches standing near the depot and asked why they were there. We were informed that they were waiting for a party of London press men who were expected shortly.

"Will they go to Chatsworth?"

"Oh, yes, sir; by special invitation."

Now I had been treated with great courtesy in London by members of the London Press Club, thanks to my membership in the Press Club of Chicago.

By an unwritten but universally recognized law, a person who grants you a favor is bound to grant you another one. Therefore, I deter-

mined then and there to be a London newspaper man for the day.

After tea at Haddon Hall, while B. was photographing Dorothy's bridge, I heard the sound of wheels and other sounds and two coaches filled with men drove up. It did not require superior powers of divination to identify the jolly crowd as newspaper men on a lark.

I introduced myself, told them of my good treatment in London and of my present desire to invade Chatsworth.

"Affiliate yourself with us, old chap," came from half a dozen lips.

I explained that we had just been shown through Haddon Hall and were in somewhat of a hurry and suggested that we drive ahead, mention our connection with their party, without too many details and see what we could accomplish. That was agreeable to our friends and we left them and drove to Chatsworth.

We explain to the driver our recent affiliation and he says that if we can get into Chatsworth at all we can get in by the private drive. We return through Rowsley and cross the Smelter mill stream, which divides the estates of Rutland and Devonshire. No one else owns any ground hereabouts.

We drive up to the private gate of Chatsworth. A high-hatted lodgekeeper steps out and salutes.

We explain that we are members of the press party that is expected to-day. He swings the gate open and we enter the beautiful grounds.

We drive through a magnificent deer park to the grand mansion on the banks of the Derwent. It is of buff stone and free from the pollution of the city, it is as clean as the day it was built.

The greatest force in the Cavendish family, which is the family of the Duke of Devonshire, was "Bess of Hardwick," the imperious dame of the sixteenth century, who by four successive marriages laid the foundations of the great power and wealth of the Cavendishes. She had an arrogant temper, which may or may not have shortened the lives of her husbands. She was first married at fourteen and survived her fourth husband seventeen years, dying at eighty-seven.

At the gate to the courtyard we were again halted and once more gave the pass-word, "London press," and cleared the last barrier. The man at the gate telephoned somewhere for permission for us to take some photographs, and ruefully reported that the request had been refused, or rather that the only person authorized to issue a permit was off duty. Our share in his regret was modified by the fact that he permitted us to retain the camera.

We were shown through the house by a servant in livery, with a mourning badge for the King

on his left arm. He was evidently a new man on the job, as he took surreptitious glances at the catalogue he carried and tried to keep a few lines ahead of the exhibits.

Chatsworth is a combined residence, art gallery and museum. Perched away off in the country, an American is surprised by the wealth that has been lavished in furnishing it. But we admired the marvelously carved wood of many of the rooms even more than the statues and paintings with which they were filled. The sixth duke seems to have been the most active of the line in bringing the property to its present perfection.

It was the wife of the fifth duke whose portrait by Gainsborough was so mysteriously stolen and later recovered in the United States.

The brother of the seventh duke was Lord Frederick Cavendish, who, with Burke, was assassinated in Phœnix Park, Dublin, in 1882. The twenty-eighth memorial service commemorating the sad event was held a few days ago in the chapel at Chatsworth. The present Lord Cavendish now resides here. The Duke is at Devonshire House in London looking after his fences during the change of administration.

To attempt to tell you all that we saw within the house would require pages and read like a catalogue. The ceilings of the various rooms were painted by masters and the picture gallery is

larger than many public galleries. The sculpture gallery has works by such men as Canova and Thorwaldsen. There is a statue of Pauline Borghese, very lightly draped, as was her custom when being sculped. She was as daring in her way as her brother Napoleon in his. There is a gold bracelet on the marble wrist, which was given by her (to the sixth duke, of course) to be placed there. "Aha," we thought, "she did relent and cover up part of the statue," but we were mistaken. It was intended to conceal a flaw in the marble.

We go out through the Orangerie into the garden. Here we are taken under the fatherly wing of a canny old Scotchman, who knew Andrew Carnegie fifty years ago, and who has been in the Duke's employ forty-three years. His pet exhibit is a "weeping willow." This is a fountain built in the form of a tree. Standing where it does, it would never be detected as a fraud, it is so like the trees around it. But our old guide turns a water tap, and leaves and twigs commence to spout water. Farther on is Wellington's Cascade, flowing over a rocky declivity forty or fifty feet high. Our path is blocked by a huge rock weighing tons. The old man chuckles, and laying one hand on it, swings it open like a gate. There is another rock about the same size which a child can tilt with his hand. All of these phe-

CHATSWORTH HOUSE

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nomena, cascade and turning rocks, were brought here and built on the grounds, and even the water of the falls is piped to the top.

The trees are beautiful and include beech, lime, sycamore and other forest trees. Rhododendrons grow wild.

There is a magnificent fountain near the house which discharges one thousand gallons per minute, and the main jet goes two hundred and sixty-five feet into the air.

A haze is over the surrounding hills, beautiful to the eye, but baffling to the camera. We have had some sun to-day, but it is cool and windy. Natives agree that this has been a remarkable June, but bad weather always is unprecedented, if you believe the natives.

We have a laughable time getting to York. That is, we laugh about it now, but it took us a long time to see the joke. It is all the fault of Bradshaw, that cryptogrammatic railroad guide.

We plan to leave Rowsley at four-forty for Ambergate. We will not gain any time by doing so, but we will have an hour at Ambergate for dinner. Then we will go to Sheffield and be there long enough to buy some cutlery and take the eight thirty-three train to York. It is all simple enough on the time table, and so we plan it.

We almost forgot to say that near Rowsley is

a quarry, where they dig out grindstones and mill stones. We passed several being hauled into the town. Most of the carting was with horses, but one load was being pulled along by a traction engine. The quarry is on the Duke of Devonshire's land, of course. Some of the stones were labeled for Norway, which we always supposed was the home of hard rocks.

Well, *revenons à notre* Bradshaw. We found at Ambergate that by going to Derby we can get a fast train at five thirty-five. At least, we thought we could and were encouraged in our delusion by the station master at Ambergate, who doubtless wanted to be rid of two such inquisitive people.

X

York

SO we started on our zigzag journey to York. We lived from station to station. We were hauled out of one train and jammed into another by a lot of patient porters who pitied our plight and criticized all the other porters and station masters who had displayed such amazing ignorance. We kept our Bradshaw before us and occasionally looked up with a cry of joy only to discover that the station which we had finally found in the time table was miles behind us. The guards do not call out, "Change cars for Nottingham," but "Kee‚ your seats for Nottingham," adding to the general confusion. We had not mentioned Nottingham, had we? Well, we are there and find there is no six thirty for York. The next train for York leaves at seven twenty and arrives at ten five. We knock wood as the time is mentioned, for we are now in a sort of delirious doubt as to the existence of any such town. Never was so much misinformation handed out

so blandly and so positively as we have had given to us in the last two hours. Apparently, we could change cars and ride all night on these two tickets, providing that sort of dissipation appealed to us and we avoided York.

We have an hour at Nottingham, the home of much lace and hosiery manufacture. General Booth of the Salvation Army was born here.

An American is immediately recognized by his shoes. In the same way, the average Briton is marked by three or four unfailing signs. He wears a cap, smokes a pipe, carries a cane and displays corrugated hosiery. From experience in buying neckwear, you have an instinctive feeling that his cravat terminates at the second button of his vest and costs from twelve to eighteen cents.

We have good chops and potatoes at the railway refreshment room at Nottingham, but that does not surprise us. Good chops are as inevitable on the British Isles as is bad coffee.

A dining car is on our train, which we do not need. We tack again at Sheffield. This town has been fortified by the captains of industry. Its hills are scarred and entrenched by mining operations.

At Sheffield we take the train which left Ambergate at six twenty. All of our wanderings since five six have been superfluous. Our

hour at Sheffield was used up on the train. We will buy our cutlery at York.

It grows dark about nine. Apparently none of the villages we pass through has a street lamp. There are lights at the station and here and there a gleam from a window shoots across the road, but otherwise all is darkness.

We are in Yorkshire, a county which has cost England a lot of money. Guy Fawkes was born here. George Washington's ancestors were Yorkshire men. Governor Winthrop, who introduced apples into New England and made possible cider and apple pie, came from Yorkshire.

Cromwell chased the Washingtons out for being royalists. Wouldn't that cause you to smile? Lord Derby was captured here and executed, but John Washington escaped. Clearly the Washingtons were always "agin the government." The name was Wessington or Weseyngton, but in America they adopted the custom of spelling it as it was pronounced.

Eugene Aram was imprisoned in York Castle. The celebrated murder was committed in Knaresborough, sixteen and a half miles away.

A sort of parliament was held here in 1160 by Henry II, but York's history is much older, for it antedates the Christian era. The Minster is its leading attraction.

The cathedrals, minsters and abbeys of Eng-

land are the grand but inadequate residuum of five centuries of Roman domination. They are beautiful, but are not worth what they cost. They were built during a period of stagnation from the eleventh to the fifteenth centuries. In that time the population of England increased but ten per cent a century. There were deficient food, shelter and clothing and continuous disease, want and war. One-fourth of the adults were priests, monks, nuns or attendants. The church took what the military left of the life and energies of the people.

Constantine visited York. Edward IV and Richard III were crowned in the Minster.

Marston Moor, where the cause of Charles I nearly met its doom, is in sight of York.

We stop at the Station Hotel. The railroads have been wise enough to build and manage good hotels throughout Great Britain and Ireland in places where they are needed. Our room is over the garden and is very quiet. The Minster is within a few minutes' walk and looks beautiful from our window.

We first visit the Guild Hall, which dates from 1433. One of its prized relics is a bell from an Indian temple. The roof of the hall is supported by fine oak pillars. We are shown the Council Room where Cromwell paid two hundred thousand pounds for the capture of Charles

I. There are two secret staircases leading to the floor above. The chairs are three hundred years old.

The council meets in the council chamber on the first Monday of each month. There are six wards in the town and each ward elects one councilman and two aldermen. There is a chair in the room for the wife of the Lord Mayor, who is known as the lady mayoress. He loses his title when his term expires, but she is lady mayoress for life.

There is a Cap of Maintenance of which York is very proud. It is worn in processions by the sword-bearer who, our informant states, "'as the privilege of carrying the sword by the pint with the 'ilt h'up in the h'air." Other cities have to carry their swords by the hilts with points down. There is something involved in this concession, we are sure, from the emphatic and impressive way that the information was given us, but we could not solve it. We thought that it would be easier to carry it by the hilt, but the man looked so pained by our suggestion that we did not press the point.

York is proud of the fact that she never surrendered to Cromwell. It is true that she surrendered to Sir Thomas Fairfax, one of Cromwell's generals, but he was a native of York and that took away some of the sting, and

then terms of surrender were made which saved the town from the destruction which usually followed a Roundhead victory. That is why York Minster is about the only church in England whose glass was not broken by order of Cromwell.

The battle of Marston Moor was started by the accidental discharge of a loyalist's gun. Both sides were awaiting a move on the other's part.

Fairfax did good service for Cromwell, but refused to sit on the jury that condemned the king.

You can buy any amount of Roman coins in York, but we were warned to be careful or we would "be 'ad with some of it," meaning we would be cheated.

We went down to the basement of the Guild Hall, on a level with the waters of the Ouse (pronounced ooze), and stood on the ancient city pavement where vessels formerly discharged their cargoes. Motor boats were numerous, covering the surface of the Ouse with oil.

As we again passed through the main hall our attention was called to the fact that some of the big oak pillars had moved an inch or more from the centers of their bases. That reads as if they moved while we were in the basement. As a matter of fact it required centuries.

In York Minster we listen to the organ as

PORTION OF OLD CITY WALL—YORK

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service concludes. The choir marches out, followed by a large congregation. Our attendant at the Guild Hall followed us across to the Minster and dug up various old coins from different parts of his person, removed the wrapping and admitted that he would part with them for a consideration. He received no consideration at our hands.

We climb two hundred and twenty steps to the tower, in company with a laughing crowd of Yorkshire lads and lasses. Their fun was hearty but broad. One jest that never failed to receive roars of laughter was the warning from the leading cut-up, "Look out below. Ahm goan to spit out."

After a delightful view of the roofs of York we return to earth and make two of a party which is being shown through by a verger. Some objection being made to our taking notes, we must depend upon memory for what we saw. There is no danger of our forgetting the beautiful glass and graceful outlines of the Five Sisters Window, fifty-three and a half feet in length and containing more glass than a good many large churches. York Minster is the highest and next to the longest cathedral in England. Winchester is thirty feet longer.

In the crypt below the church are the remains of two previous foundations and a pagan temple.

It is a beautiful church inside and out, and well worth a longer visit than we gave it.

The town is full of monuments to British soldiers in many wars. There is a large South African monument and many memorials to those who were killed in the Indian Mutiny.

The Manor House is now a school for blind children. It was a palace of the Stuart kings, but it was built by Henry VIII as a residence for the Lords President of the North. In the old wall there was a gateway made in 1503, through which Princess Margaret went out to wed James IV of Scotland. One hundred years later her great grandson, James VI of Scotland, came in at the doorway of the palace as James I of England. He set a bad example for future tourists by carving his initials on the stone by the door. There they are as near as he could come to it, "I. R." He was the great I. R. for twenty-two years, but, like T. R., handed over to his successor several unsolvable problems, and his successor lost his head trying to solve them.

It is quite appropriate that a palace of the Stuarts should become an asylum for the blind. We saw seventy-five youngsters at dinner, all stone blind, but being taught and made as happy as their condition would permit.

The school was founded by Wilberforce.

Near it are very interesting sections of the old wall and moat.

St. Anthony's Hall is now a Blue Coat School for Boys. The Black Swan is a famous old inn, the headquarters of Dick Turpin, when in York. I asked the driver if Turpin was a native of York. He replied proudly:

"No, sir, 'e was 'ung 'ere."

They find Roman antiquities every time they dig up anything in York, and if a tourist digs up enough, he can procure them by the dozen.

The best preserved old gate is Monk Bar. One of the city's policemen has his residence over it. The association did not strike us as novel.

Cromwell used the chapter house of the Minster for his horses. He had a habit of doing this, showing that he regarded catholicism as a stable religion.

We drove past St. Williams's College. In all such possessives as St. Williams's, St. James's, etc., the accent is strong on the "zuz." This, according to our driver, had been "recently restored hup to make a conversation for clergymen."

The Church of Holy Trinity dates from 1236. It is in very bad condition. Services are held in it once a year, just often enough to hold its franchise.

All Saints' Church has a fine old lantern tower.

Sir Thomas Herbert's birthplace is pointed out. He was born in 1606. That was all that the driver could tell us. At home, one encyclopedia after another was investigated in trying to locate him and learn the reason for his having been born, and then the cause of his subsequent obscurity. At last, in a dusty old tome we found the answer to the latter half of the question. He wrote travel books.

Near the shambles, where slaughtering of cattle is carried on to-day, is the Eagle and Child Inn, one of many quaint names.

Seeing our interest in unusual nomenclature, the driver said:

"If ye loike, sir, Oi'll show ye a name," and drove us around near the Old George Hotel and pointed out "Whip-ma-Whop-ma Gate," but offered no solution of the problem of its origin.

Near it a barber shop displays a sign, "Shave, Sir."

The Hall of the Merchant Adventurers of York is eight hundred years old. The chapel dates from 1411. Services are held there once a year. Formerly a service was held before each sailing and after the return voyage. The wood in this chapel is fastened together by pegs.

The cattle market is a large one and the scene of great activity.

In York Castle we visit Clifford's Tower. The

cells are covered with the initials, not of prisoners, but of tourists, who should be locked up. The place of execution was outside the walls. The modern prison is large and apparently well supported. There is a section for men, one for women and one for debtors, imprisonment for debt being another privilege denied woman in England.

The mound on which we stand was raised by the Romans. The tower was built by the Conqueror in 1069. This section of the city was the scene of the infamous massacre of the Jews.

The old custodian had a playful puppy which interfered with our close attention to his narrative. His narrative was longer than the pup's and not so interesting. Now and then, when we could do so without seeming to neglect the canine, who barked constantly and brought sticks and laid them in front of us and said, "Be a sport. Throw it for me," we caught fragments of gruesome stories that probably grew some with each repetition, but our most unfading memory is of that shaggy cur trying his best to enjoy himself amid most depressing surroundings.

XI

The Lake Country

WE take the four-thirty train on the London & North Eastern for Leeds, where we will change to the London & North Western for Windermere and the Lake Country. Leeds is the center of the woolen cloth industry. After leaving Leeds we pass Skipton with its castle, which was for five hundred years the home of the Cliffords. It was also the traditional birthplace of Fair Rosamond, mistress of Henry II.

We change cars at Hellifield and again at Carnforth. There are heavy clouds in the northeast, but a clear sunset marks our first evening in the Lake District. Three railroads divide the $2.06 which it costs to travel third class from York to Windermere. At Carnforth we have almost an hour to study English transportation. Two freight trains pass us with bandbox cars and spoked wheels. Contrasted with the government-owned roads of Holland, England's independent systems make a poor showing. The long lines

THE BLACK SWAN INN

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in the United States would be ashamed of the delays and transfers which you encounter on the British Isles. Great Britain is at the unhappy middle point where the government does not own the railroads, and the railroads do not own the government, and has none of the advantages of either plan.

At Windermere we take the 'bus for a mile-and-a-half drive to Bowness, on the shore of the lake, and stay all night at Old England Hotel. Our bus driver is a genial soul and friends hail him at every corner and jump on and off the vehicle ad libitum. One party includes a shaggy dog, which is ejected with much difficulty, but is not discouraged. His young mistress is inside and he tries to get aboard at every stop. Our ride is all down hill and over good roads.

When we reach our room in the hotel we ring for the bellboy and ask for particulars regarding the ride to Keswick. The first thing we learn is that it is pronounced Kessick. B. and the boy have a long argument regarding outside seats on the Keswick coach. The boy says "They h'are h'all h'outside, miss," while B., with both hands, is sketching an aerial diagram of the Lake District, showing that she means the seats on the side of the coach next to the Lake—which are really inside seats after all, aren't they?

We passed a house agent's establishment on

our way from Windermere. The *h* in his celluloid sign had given up the unequal struggle and disappeared from the glass, and now he is just what he is pronounced to be, a 'ouse agent.

The coach will start at eight fifty-five in the morning. We could boat to Ambleside, four miles, and take the coach there, but we are assured that the view is as good from the coach, and we dread any extra handling of the luggage, so we book for the coach all the way.

At seven the next morning the guests are awakened by scores of song birds and the chambermaid. Lake Windermere is spread out beneath our window and a few early risers are rowing upon its placid surface. It has not the rugged frame of the lakes of Switzerland and northern Italy, but nestles among green hills of moderate height, thickly covered with forest. It is ten miles long and at places widens to a mile. Its only point of superiority over similar lakes in Wisconsin is in the villas and beautiful grounds along its shores. Bowness is about midway on the eastern bank. Farther north in our ride to-day we will see higher hills, which are called mountains by courtesy.

Our coach, with four handsome horses, dashes up. We are quite proud of our outfit, but our feeling of elation is brief. After loading the Bowness passengers, we drive to Windermere,

gallop up to Riggs' Hotel with a blast of our trumpet, pick up some more tourists and exchange our showy horses for a quartette which may have more endurance, but certainly possess less style.

However, they cover ground pretty well and we soon reach Waterhead, the end of Lake Windermere, and draw up at Ambleside. We win a short race with a rival coach. Our driver is not very talkative, except to his horses. If his "Coom on my lady noo" fails to produce the desired effect, he has a peculiar little chirpy whistle which always sets them cantering. The country is getting wilder and the hills higher. A thunderstorm is brewing ahead of us, but our driver figures that we will skirt it without a wetting.

At Grasmere we smile at the signs of Read, a bookseller, and Chew, a butcher, and recall that in York there is a printer named Coward.

Out into the country again, past plodding horses with drivers walking beside the heavily laden wagons. Here and there a road mender is breaking rock. These are always very old men. Neat piles of rock are placed at intervals along the way, a reserve against future erosion.

We stop at Wythburn Church, the smallest in England, within which is proudly displayed a poem by Wordsworth regarding its modest self.

It is down-hill into Keswick. We travel with

the brake set for the last mile or so. The horses are soft and panting. Later in the year they can stand more.

"See the reek arisin' from that 'un. She's that 'ot she could cook a steak," said the driver, pointing to one of the leaders. We are traveling among hill-like clouds and cloud-like hills. They are the source of much argument. Just as we are sure that something is a hill, its edges fray out and it floats away before the breeze.

We laugh at our rain, for we have only had a drop or two, as we draw up at Keswick Hotel.

Skiddaw and the other hills are beautiful in the mist. The poets Wordsworth, Coleridge and Shelley have left landmarks at convenient intervals all through the Lake District. As a rule their former homes are well back from the roadway and sheltered by trees. De Quincey and Shelley lived at Keswick. So did Southey.

The Lake Country is all scenery, and of a mild type, but with no actors on the stage. It has no history and few traditions. It may be a splendid place to rest for a few weeks, but there is nothing to attract the sightseer. If the poetry of Wordsworth and Shelley appeals to you—mind you, I am not disparaging their poetry—but if you like it, you will undoubtedly like the scenes that inspired a great deal of it. And, of course, you will want to linger there. If, on

the other hand, you want to see places associated with the making of Great Britain, you can safely omit the Lake District from your itinerary. It is a waste of time to ride in a coach over its uninteresting hills.

Wordsworth wrote a guide book of this region, but it was not a success. In fact, most of his first writings were criticized by the reviewers.

Robert Southey had a dreary life at Keswick. His wife Edith went crazy, as well she might, living in such a quiet spot and having only one diversion, listening to her husband's poetry. She died and he married again. His second wife was Caroline Bowles. She wrote poetry herself and Southey undoubtedly received some of his own medicine. At any rate, he lost his mind before he died.

Grasmere disputes the claim of Keswick to De Quincey. One or the other revived in him his appetite for opium, and after visiting both you wonder how any narcotic could have been more deadening than continued residence in the neighborhood.

Most of the fields which we pass display the swaying corpses of defunct crows. These flapping bodies frighten the living marauders from the grain. This is an adaptation of the ancient practice of leaving criminals swinging in chains

from roadside gibbets as a warning to the predatory.

There are countless gray rocks on the hillsides which on our nearer approach develop legs, become sheep and scamper off.

THE SMALLEST CHURCH IN ENGLAND

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XII

Melrose and Abbotsford

WE want to take the train to Penrith from Keswick at one forty-five. Melrose is our destination, but they will not book us to that town. They are willing to book us to Edinburgh with stop-over privileges at Melrose, or, as they say, "You can break at Melrose if you wish."

In order to facilitate (!) matters, it is the rule at some stations to close the ticket windows five minutes before the time for the departure of the train. This gives the last purchaser five minutes in which to board the train. But it gives the man who arrives four minutes before train time no chance.

En route to Penrith we cross and re-cross the Greta, a pretty little tousy, tumbling stream. The sides of the hills are marked by irregular sutures of stone fence until they resemble skulls. These crazy subdivisions indicate various plots of ground leased to as many tenants. Sometimes a jog is made to save a tree, but whatever the

cause, the result is frequent litigation between holders.

We leave Penrith for Carlisle at two forty-five. This will give an undesired three hours at Carlisle, but as it is raining we may as well be there as anywhere. We have almost reached Scotland.

Like most border towns, Carlisle has seen its share of fighting. It has a Roman wall. We walk through a drizzling rain to the Cathedral where Walter Scott was married. It has been restored many times. The fine Norman arches in the nave have been crushed out of shape by the settling of the piers. Some other things as old as Domesday Book are threatened with the same fate should the peers be forced to settle. A cursory glance at the political situation and a few scattered interviews make us willing, however, to insure the House of Lords against demolition for several generations. There is a widespread pessimism, some fear of Germany and a good deal of despondency over the extent of emigration, but no one seems to want to start repairs by dynamiting what they regard as the foundation of the empire.

Service starts in the Cathedral at four, so we take a trolley ride to the suburbs. The car is a double decker. The fare is two cents. There are only two advertisements in the car. One is

a hand bill of a bazaar for the benefit of a bowling club, and the other is a transparency pasted on the glass ventilator, setting forth the merits of a "photographic artist." There are no rules or notices posted. The front door is locked.

In Carlisle we saw our first pair of "clogs," which are shoes with wooden soles, leather uppers, and brass tips to the toes.

On our coach ride to-day we noticed that the pretty little lake of Thirlmere was fenced in and the borders bristled with Warnings and Notice Boards, all signed by the corporation of Manchester. Inquiry developed the fact that the city of Manchester, one hundred miles away, draws its water supply from this source.

We eat dinner at the station and notice a cart labeled, "Rugs or pillows on hire." These are for night travelers and with only two people in the compartment very comfortable berths can be made up.

We get into a Melrose train and for the first time encounter a dirty compartment. We transfer our baggage to a cleaner car and take up our journey. At last we are nearing Scotland! We are in the country of sheep and heather.

Melrose is a town of fifteen hundred inhabitants and was founded in the twelfth century. It is very small for its age. We cannot wait until morning, but go at once to Melrose Abbey to

view the sunset through its western portal. The glow of the dying day fills the beautiful old window frames with a color richer than any devised by the glazier's art.

We wander out into the church yard and study its tombstones, new and old. One epitaph seeks to console the survivors with these lines:

"O think that while you're weeping here
Her hand a golden harp is stringing."

As dusk settles around us, scores of wild birds circle over our heads and remonstrate loudly with us for calling so late. We are so impressed with the rich grandeur of the ruin and the solemn association of the place that it jars upon our sensibilities to see signs forbidding picnics in the Abbey or church yard. Although it is after half-past eight we try for a picture of the walls. This and Salisbury Cathedral are the most beautiful sights on our trip thus far.

We are stopping at The George, a clean and comfortable inn, up-to-date in nothing except the tariff, which is nine shillings per day for the room alone. When you consider the lack of modern conveniences, the rate is very high. Our four hours' drive to-morrow will cost us $3.36. These figures are given because they may interest the reader and show him that travel in

England and Scotland is much more expensive than on the continent.

We are going to drive to Abbotsford and Dryburgh (Drybury, please), returning for lunch and the two fifty-three train to Edinburgh. The people who use the coaches to Abbotsford will not pay so much for their ride as we did, but will spend an extra day in Melrose, so it is as broad as it is long.

Life is full of paradoxes. Our quietest room on the trip thus far was the one in the Station Hotel at York. Our noisiest one is in this sleepy village of Melrose. The town is so dead still that when a man starts to walk down one end of our street, we can hear him all the way and the crescendo of his footsteps becomes positively fascinating until he reaches a point beneath our window and the sound commences to fade away like The Turkish Patrol.

A musical party went past at some hour of the night. It should be no trouble to locate the exact time, for there are two striking clocks just outside our door, both distinct and each one distinctive. They raced all night and I heard them every time they struck. The one with the slow, clear bell would deliberately sound the hour, followed at varying intervals by the business-like staccato of the other, seeming to confirm the statement made by its brother. Upon inquiry we

find that clocks are a fad of this hotel, there being eleven in operation.

The manageress reports that "the glass is rising" when we go down to breakfast. This refers to the barometer and should indicate fair weather, but it does not. For straight-out-look-you-in-the-face prevarication regarding the weather, the English barometer has but one rival, the Irish jaunting-car driver.

Nevertheless, we start out for Dryburgh. Our driver points out the Cheviot Hills, marking the boundary between England and Scotland. A tower belonging to Scott's grandfather is visible in the distance. Farmers are sowing turnips, which are raised for stock feed. It seems rather late for sowing.

"Oh, they come up in no time," explains the driver. "If you sow them too early, they shoot."

Being in favor of a safe and sane turnip, we offer no further objection.

We pass a flock of sheep in charge of a sleepy man and a wide-awake collie. Our ride terminates at a suspension footbridge across the Tweed. Not over ten people are allowed on the swaying, feeble bridge at one time.

A man is filling a road sprinkler from the river. He drives into mid-stream and uses a ladle.

It is ten minutes' walk to Dryburgh Abbey, where Sir Walter Scott is buried. Much of the

stately ruin has been carried away. It was used as a quarry for one hundred and thirteen years. Not only Scott, but his wife, son, daughter, daughter-in-law and son-in-law are buried here. The last named, Lockhart, was his biographer.

Dryburgh is a Druid term. It dates from the days when the Druids practiced rites (and wrongs) on this very ground. Here is an urn fourteen hundred years old which once held the ashes of their victims. Beside it is a sarcophagus much older than the church itself which was exhumed in the neighborhood.

There were several tablets erected to members of the Harg family. According to the guide they traced back for eight hundred years. I said, "That is better than King Edward himself could have done."

"Aye, he was a gude mon, but he was no much for family," was the rejoinder.

One can get an excellent idea of abbey architecture at Dryburgh. The ruin is almost leveled to a ground plan, but the foundations are complete. The old cloister is there with a venerable yew tree in the center, planted in 1150 and still alive and flourishing. The walls around it are in a fair state of preservation. The old cloister door has been restored. There is a doorway leading up to the dormitory, where there were fifty beds. An outline of refectory still shows with

kitchen and five wine cellars. The scriptorium can be seen where the beautiful illuminated work on the Scriptures and other holy writings was done. In the Chapter House are the graves of the founder of the abbey and his wife.

We register with a pen which might have belonged to either of them, so carefully is it wiped and put away when we are through with it. The chair in which we sit is hollowed from a tree trunk.

Out into the sunlight we go again and walk past an old juniper tree five hundred years old, whose feeble limbs are supported by crutches.

Before we re-cross the bridge we clamber up a hill to look at a memorial to James Thompson, the poet, whose odes to the various seasons were wondrous creations, not only because of their undoubted merit, but because of the difficulty of writing about Scotch weather without swearing.

A rough hewn and weather-worn statue to William Wallace is barely visible from the roadway as we drive back to Melrose.

It rains on our way to Abbotsford, and we are forced to put up the carriage top. It clears a little as we drive up to Sir Walter Scott's residence. We leave the carriage and follow a walk to what looks suspiciously like a rear entrance. The garden is much more beautiful than in

SIR WALTER SCOTT'S TOMB IN DRYBURGH ABBEY

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Scott's day, for the trees are older and the lawn more velvety.

Walter Scott was born in Edinburgh. He was not distinguished as a scholar, but was by no means as stupid as some would have us believe. His massive head proves that, not only in portraits, which might be made to lie, but in the pitiless death mask in his study at Abbotsford. He was a voracious reader. He turned from writing poetry to prose because he thought he saw signs of deterioration in his verse, and fancied that Byron overshadowed him. No one more thoroughly pooh-poohed this idea than Byron.

With Scotch caution he published Waverley anonymously for fear of failure.

His ambition was to be a landed proprietor more than to be a writer. He worked to enlarge Abbotsford rather than his fame.

He also wrote a travel book, "Paul's Letters to His Kinsfolk," as a result of a visit to Waterloo. It is the painful duty of a chronicler to give all of the facts.

He kept extravagant state at Abbotsford. His tastes were military, but a shortened limb kept him out of the army. A pair of his slippers is shown at Abbotsford, one with a higher heel than the other, and these tell the story of his lameness.

When Constable & Co., his publishers, failed, he owed them three hundred and fifty thousand

dollars on account of advanced royalties. Their experience has made publishers more careful from that day to this. He was also liable as partner with his printers, J. Ballantyne Co., so that he faced a total indebtedness of nearly three-quarters of a million dollars, an enormous sum for those days.

For the first time he then threw off his tattered mantle of disguise and wrote over his own name.

Scott was made a baronet in 1820. In 1826 came the financial crash. In the same year his wife died. In the ensuing five years he earned and paid over to his creditors half a million dollars, and the remainder was advanced by Robert Cadell, his publisher. In 1830 he had a paralytic stroke and died in 1832.

Scott was the father of the historical novel and of the practice of paying your debts. He has more literary than financial descendants. The present century mourns the death of a brave man who had all of Scott's rugged honesty and stern pride; whose last years were darkened by monetary difficulties and saddened by bereavement, but who, like Scott, knew no rest until he had paid every dollar. That man was our own—nay, the world's—Mark Twain.

The public has been taught, by writers, that Scott's publishers were to blame for his reverses. The poor publisher is a robber if he succeeds,

and a criminal if he fails. Scott was equally responsible with his publishers and printers in the management and neglect of his business. It was mismanagement, not fraud, that caused the disaster, and Scott paid his share in full. He had a Scotchman's stubborn sense of integrity and he died in following it.

In his journal he wrote, "I shall never see the three score and ten, and shall be summed up at a discount. No help for it, and no matter, either."

His study is very much as he left it, except that it is probably in better order. It has a gallery and a double-decker bookcase all the way around the walls. A small staircase leads direct from the study to his bedroom.

In his large library there are twenty thousand volumes. There is no doubt regarding the figures, as the old man who showed us through repeated them many times.

The large window gives an excellent view of the Tweed. In the center of the room is a table of curios, including much gear once belonging to the redoubtable Rob Roy.

The entrance hall is fitted up as an armory. There are many rare and costly articles there which were given by his admirers. Some are connected with heroes and heroines of his romances. the old lock of the Tolbooth jail of Edinburgh

is there, and in the garden a rockery built from stones taken from its walls.

His clothing is shown in a separate case, and somehow or other you wish it was not. It is hard to associate a halo with a corded black and white vest and shepherd's plaid trousers and a tall white hat. You feel that Scott, like Dickens, was a trifle turbulent in his tastes.

There are some quaint drawings of Scott's ancestors on the walls. One represents a progenitor caught in some crime and given his choice between the gallows and marrying Muckle Mouth Mary. He chose the more lingering punishment, and to that union Scott traces.

Abbotsford was enlarged by the father of the present Mrs. Scott. That portion associated with Sir Walter is as he lived in it. The remainder is modern and at present occupied by tenants.

The gas fixtures in the old house date from Scott's time. He had a gas plant on the premises and was a backer and director of the first gas company in Edinburgh.

We return to Melrose and loaf around the Abbey. The heart of Robert Bruce is buried under the high altar and the entire remains of several other people. Bruce rebuilt the abbey in the fourteenth century. It cost him a lot of money, so his heart is probably in the right place. It was destroyed and rebuilt a century

later. It is again a ruin, but such a ruin! It could not have been more beautiful in its palmiest days than it is now in decay. Its east window is magnificent and the crown of thorns window in the north transept is a sculptor's dream. But the pebbles under foot are a tourist's nightmare. Just why we should all be made to do penance by walking on rough, rolly things is not clear.

Time has softened every angle and blended all the colors and here and there has thrown a drapery of ivy over a scarred place. Our last impression confirms our first one. It is the most beautiful ruin we have ever seen.

XIII

Edinburgh

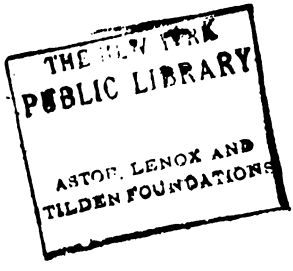
WE go to Edinburgh in an uncarpeted compartment, but are still sticking to third class. In Ireland we stuck to third class until it stuck to us, and then we changed. The suburbs of Edinburgh are like those of any other metropolis and are an argument in favor of subways or chloroform for incoming travelers.

We stop at the North British Station Hotel and do not regret our choice. Our window looks straight down Princes Street to the pinnacle of the Scott Monument. Along the same street are monuments to Livingstone, Adam Black and Christopher North, but Scott's is larger than them all, for Scott is the literary patron saint of Edinburgh.

He was born here, for which, of course, he is entitled to no credit, but he lived here many years and immortalized Edinburgh in song and story.

The old house at Thirty-nine Castle Street was his home for twenty-six years. Try to com-

ABBOTSFORD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pare that with a modern writer's biography. "John Jones (1882-1950) lived in the third flat in this building for nine months and left because of an argument with the janitor, moved to a down-town hotel, which was demolished to make room for a department store," etc. John Jones would never be in any locality for twenty-six years until he moved to the cemetery.

The window catch in Scott's study on Castle Street was his invention.

We drive over to the Castle. It is after five o'clock and the rooms are closed, but we are shown through the premises. There are seven gates which would have to be stormed before a besieger could reach the real castle. All of these are on the east. The other three sides of the castle are sheer rock, four hundred and thirty feet high and almost perpendicular.

We walk past the state prison where Argyle was confined in 1685 and beheaded for his stubborn loyalty to his king. The ninth duke was the son-in-law of Victoria and as Marquis of Lorne was governor-general of Canada. These were all of the Campbell clan.

The Castle was taken in 1312 by climbing the western rock, but this is not likely ever to occur again. The Royal Scots are in garrison now. Their kilts have been made into plaid trousers.

St. Margaret's Chapel in the Castle is the

oldest building in Edinburgh (1100). In front of it is Mons Meg, a huge cannon once supposed to have come from the foundries of Mons, but now admitted to be of Scotch origin.

From the Half Moon Battery a gun is fired at one o'clock each afternoon by electrical connection with Calton Hill Observatory.

Near the battery is a burial ground for regimental dogs. A large number of these faithful animals are buried there, each with a gravestone at its head.

We cannot get into the death chamber of Mary of Guise, mother of Mary, Queen of Scots, to-day. We will return to-morrow to visit it and the room where James VI of Scotland, afterwards James I of England, was born in 1566.

A shower drives us to our carriage and we are in turn driven to the shopping district. We made little progress in our efforts to buy some engravings of Scott. We completely failed to interest one old shop-keeper in our wants. He was evasive and inattentive. Finally when B. insisted on a direct answer he asked us to call to-morrow, as it was closing time. In the meanwhile he would think over what he had. One of his shelves was marked "Cheap Theology." The serious predominates in Edinburgh. There is a Bible in our hotel room. It is an excellent

atmosphere for the visiting missionaries who are here from all over the world this week.

Moving pictures of the King's funeral are being shown in Queen's Hall by Viscount Mountmorres. That moves the cinematograph up a peg in the social system, what?

At Melrose we found that the Thursday half holiday is almost as complete a barrier to sight seeing as the Sabbath observance. Fortunately, we required nothing at Melrose; but our informant, albeit he was carrying golf sticks and on his way to a game, said that if we wanted anything in the drug line he would open up.

The old streets of Edinburgh resemble those of Naples in the prodigality of laundry displayed from the windows of the tenements. Just who wears the laundered clothes is not evident.

In line with these scattering dissertations we find a memorandum, "No fruit in England," to which broad assertion please note one delightful exception, strawberries. The apples come from Australia and the apricots, to judge from the price, from Golconda. The grapes are sour and out of reach of the ordinary pocketbook. The pastry course at dinner is some sort of tart or stewed fruit, usually rhubarb or gooseberry. Tarts probably caused the Pilgrim Fathers to leave home and invent pie.

Although it is the middle of June our hotel

room is so cold that we ask to be transferred to another floor.

There are many statues in Edinburgh, almost as many as in Dublin. There are statues of statesmen, kings, and princes. There is a very large monument to Melville, one time chancellor of the exchequer, who was accused of grafting and acquitted. His friends took this means, our driver informed us, pointing to the towering statue, to raise him above suspicion.

In the Grassmarket was the scene of the Porteous Riots in 1736 and right in the center thereof Jack Porteous was hanged by a mob after having been reprieved by the king. Scott's "Heart of Midlothian" will give you all the details and you can find local color for the scene right in the same spot to-day, for it is a sullen, hungry looking crowd that is hanging about the central watering trough.

In Greyfriars' churchyard the National Covenant was signed in 1638 and many covenanters lie buried there. The Martyrs' Monument commemorates eighteen thousand dead between 1661 and 1688, of whom "an hundred were execute at Edinburgh." The most of them lie here.

We pass the University, founded by James VI in 1582. It is now one of the world's great schools and enrolls more than three thousand students annually.

AN OLD BOOKSELLER

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Lord Darnley was an alumnus of this institution. He married Mary, Queen of Scots. Finding that she had married beneath her, Mary tried to raise Darnley to a higher station. Unfortunately she used gunpowder. The actual deed was attributed to the Earl of Bothwell. Mary rebuked this idle gossip by marrying the Earl three months after the explosion.

Darnley was the father of James I and the tendency of that monarch to "go to pieces" when excited may be attributed to heredity.

The site of Scott's birthplace is on Chambers Street. Near it on High Street is a statue to the first Duke of Buccleugh.

We go into St. Giles' Cathedral, rich in its somber coloring. The most-sought-for and hardest-to-find memorial in the church is the one to Robert Louis Stevenson, showing him in a reclining position and with his beautiful prayer printed above.

In front of Parliament House is an equestrian statue of Charles II. Near it is a stone supposed to mark the grave of John Knox.

We enter the Parliament House and smile inwardly at the bewigged solicitors pacing up and down the large hall. Some are quite youthful and their faces contrast strikingly with their gray headgear.

Passing across this room, we descend to the

library. Here are half a million volumes and many rare manuscripts. A sitting figure of Sir Walter Scott adorns the end of the room. We look through the glass at the manuscript of Waverley and the first printed Bible.

We are interested in a very human document, a letter written by Robert Burns in 1790 to square himself for an alleged failure in the discharge of his duty as exciseman. It reads:

"I never found anybody but the lady who I know is not mistress of Keys. . . . . And one of the times it would have rejoiced all Hell to have seen her so drunk. . . . . I know the gentleman's ways are like the grace of G—— past all comprehension. . . . . I shall be peculiarly unfortunate if my character shall fall a sacrifice to the dark maneovres of a smuggler.

I am, Sir,
Your obliged and obedient humble serv
Robt. Burns."

Sunday even.

"I send you some rhymes I have just finished which tickle my fancy a little."

Crafty Bobby doubtless knew that the charm of his poetry would be more effective than the eloquence of his plea.

Burns may have been a ploughman and a bar-room frequenter, but no trace of the clodhopper and no palsy of the tippler shows in his pen-

manship. It is remarkably beautiful and legible.

In contrast thereto is a letter from Elizabeth, dated June 7, 1571, with a signature like a half dozen whip lashes.

In the same case is a child's letter, written by the boy Duke of York, afterwards the ill-fated Charles I, to James VI, his father.

"Sweete Father: i learned to decline substantiatives and adjectives give me your blessing i thank you for my best man.

your loving sone
York."

There was also a commission from Bonnie Prince Charlie, dated 1745, signed C. P. R. (Prince Regent).

We bought a few old prints in a bookshop which occupies the ground floor of John Knox's residence and drove from the Canongate past Adam Smith's house. A small boy near by turned our hair gray by making cart-wheels directly under our horse's nose and then demanded payment. In order to stop the performance we tossed him a penny, which some less acrobatic but more alert youngster captured and we left them arguing the matter.

There are many "Closes" in the old town, blind alleys or courtyards. Within White Horse Close

was the hotel patronized by Bonnie Prince Charlie.

Holyrood Palace is in the hands of the house cleaners, so we are unable to visit the rooms of Mary, Queen of Scots.

In front of us is King's Park. It is as bare of trees as a roof garden. Within it is King Arthur's Seat, eight hundred feet above the city.

Edward VII went to school at the Royal High School in Edinburgh.

In the Old Calton Burial Ground is a statue of Abraham Lincoln and a memorial to the Scots who fell in the American Civil War.

Mourning garb has practically disappeared since we reached Scotland. Some who are apparently of the higher classes are in black, but the practice is not so universal as in London. The Scotch are loyal but thrifty.

We have made a culinary discovery. The dark green stuff that looks like spinach and tastes like maple leaves, is kale, a species of cabbage. The wafer which was served with the sherbet surprised me by having a distinct flavor. I commented thereon to B. and she said, "Why, you have eaten one of my prettiest post cards."

We make another visit to the Castle, and this time penetrate to some of the rooms. We stand in the tiny room where James VI was born and look out of the narrow window, down more than

four hundred feet, where the baby was lowered in a basket to be hustled over to a church and baptized into the Roman Catholic faith.

In another room the crown jewels of Scotland repose in a glass case guarded by one sleepy sentinel.

We drive to the top of Calton Hill, where stands "the disgrace of Edinburgh." It was started as a Waterloo memorial. It ended as a memorial Waterloo. Twelve columns were erected at a cost of five thousand dollars each, and then the thrifty Scot quit putting up and there it stands.

The Nelson monument is surmounted by a time ball, and in a manner pays its way, for the ball drops every day at one o'clock.

There is a good view of Leith, the Firth of Forth, and the island of Inchkeith from the top of Calton Hill.

Returning to the hotel we dismiss the carriage and go *via* tram to Dean Street Bridge, over the sides of which we have a beautiful view of the Waters of Leith, one hundred and five feet below us in a deep gorge.

A pathetic figure in stone stands at the north end of the bridge a little below the street level. It represents a bare-footed sailor gazing at the setting sun. There is a rugged faithfulness in the sculpture that is thoroughly Scotch. We do

not know its message, but it is like a Bonnie Brier Bush story carved in stone.

We shop awhile for cairngorm jewelry. Cairngorm makes ideal souvenirs for friends. It is thoroughly characteristic of Scotland, and at the same time you surrender it so cheerfully when you reach home. For personal adornment we prefer something which has sufficient intrinsic beauty to be its own warrant for wearing and does not need explanation. Like bagpipe music, cairngorm is not pretty, but is hallowed by associations. The Scotchman is proud of his bravery and independence, but there are several things, like thistles, cairngorm and bagpipes, that he bravely defends and that could be left out all night with safety in Naples.

We went to the Royal Lyceum Theater in the evening and saw a dramatization of Scott's "Rob Roy." It was a most fortunate impulse that made us choose the drama rather than the sort of vaudeville they have in Scotland. It is hard to describe the added interest it gives to a play when you see it on its native heath. To-morrow we will drive over much of the country made unsafe by Rob Roy during his lifetime, and that lends a thrill to incidents in the play, which did not lack for thrills before.

All praise must be given to the sincerity of the acting. The term "reverent" may seem un-

STATUE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN—EDINBURGH

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usual in this application, but that is the only word which will describe the attitude of the actors to the incidents of the play and to the Scottish tongue. As was to be expected, the audience caught many bits of humor that were too much in the vernacular for our untutored ears.

The part of Bailie Nicol Jarvie was made the leading comedy rôle, but Rob Roy and his faithful Dugal were magnificently acted. The latter, as a more than half-savage Highlander, was a faithful portrayal. There was no mincing matters in the way of breekless kilts and the bagpipes were genuine to the point of distraction. A sword dance was given with the technique and finish that such an audience demanded.

The one laughable thing to us, though we were careful not to laugh, was the introduction of ballads on the slightest provocation. The leading man, lost in the woods between Aberfoyle and Glasgow, and urged by the imperative necessity for speed, stopped long enough to render a tenor solo and respond to an encore. The lovers, torn from each other's arms by fate and Scotch politics, did a very neat duet as the stage was darkened. Our sense of propriety, fortified by our sense of self-protection, kept us from showing any amusement.

XIV

The Trossachs

WE will reach Oban Saturday evening. That means that we will remain there until Monday morning, for not a wheel turns in Scotland on Sunday, either of locomotive or steamboat. Our long-cherished dream of a visit to the islands of Iona and Staffa will not be realized this trip. Fingal's Cave is on the latter island and is as wonderful in its formation as the Giant's Causeway. So we have checked our adjectives through to Portrush and will use them in describing the Causeway.

We will have wasted two days thus far in our trip and those who follow in our footsteps can profitably omit the English Lake District and Oban, going direct from Inversnaid to Glasgow.

As stated before, there is nothing in the Cumberland lakes to *see* and nothing historical to hallow it. Its scenery will not cost you a gasp. It is good sheep pasture, every foot of it. To the readers of the lake poets and Mrs.

Hemans it is hallowed ground, with a hill apiece for each surviving devotee.

The Scotch are distressingly honest. I had an old handkerchief which had been laundered artfully with its best side out. When I had unfolded its secret nature, I tried to leave it at Melrose. I threw it under the washstand. After breakfast I found it re-folded as neatly as its tattered condition would permit and gracefully draping the towel rack. I concealed it in a dresser drawer. At noon when we returned from Dryburgh Abbey it greeted me from the top of a suit case. I took it to the bath room, but by this time the maid knew it so well that when we returned from Abbotsford it was hanging on a hook on the door. I waited until our bill was paid, slipped back to the room and threw it under the bed and fled. Unless they trace us and mail it, I believe we are rid of it.

English cookery is absolutely unseasoned. You can take that statement as we have been taking our food, without a grain of salt.

We leave by the seven forty-five train for Stirling on our way to the Trossachs. The word means rough, wild country. We will reach Aberfoyle at nine forty-six and take a coach from there. It was at the clachan of Aberfoyle that Rob Roy met Francis Osbaldistone in Scott's book.

Our hotel is splendidly located both as regards the city of Edinburgh and the railroad. We would urge every one to patronize these station hotels, especially in Scotland and Ireland. But be sure that it *is* a railway hotel. Occasionally an inferior inn a mile from the depot will call itself "Railway Hotel."

Our hotel in the large city of Edinburgh was locked when we returned from the theater at ten forty-five last night. We rang the bell and were admitted by the porter.

We change cars for Stirling at Dunfermline. After we have all done so, the guard and the station master have a heated argument on the subject, which finally results in their both running the full length of the train, shouting, "Change for Stirling." You cannot expect a stranger to be certain on transportation matters when they are a subject of debate among the railroad employees.

Stirling Castle stands on a high rock and commands the narrow stretch of Scotland between Edinburgh and Glasgow. The Firths of Forth and Clyde are scarcely forty miles apart at this point. The castle was built by James V, father of Mary, Queen of Scots. She was crowned here when nine months old, in 1543. Mary's son, James VI, he who was lowered in a basket, was crowned at thirteen months. John

Knox preached the latter's coronation sermon. It is to be hoped that the infant was duly impressed, but judging by later events he was not. After James VI became James I of England, he moved to Windsor, since which time Stirling has housed no big guns except cannon.

The old church is occupied by rival Presbyterian congregations, which meet at the same hour and worship on a sort of party line to heaven.

James II of Scotland assassinated Douglas in the castle in 1452 after a dinner to which he had invited the earl. Many Scotchmen criticize the king for wasting a good dinner, holding that the killing might just as well have been done before the eating.

We change cars at Stirling for Aberfoyle. The Aberfoyle train is due to leave at nine ten, and although it is made up and ready it does not pull out until nine fifty-five. The sun comes out as much as it ever does in Scotland and matters look real hopeful as we clamber up the ladder to our seats on the coach at Aberfoyle.

The old clachan of Rob Roy's days is a mass of ruins. The country is beautiful and the yellow broom colors every field. Below is the river Forth. This is not the river Rob swam in escaping from his captors. He could have jumped this river. Near here is the scene of

Rob Roy's fight and the cave where he concealed himself.

All of this country through which we will drive to-day was familiar to the Highland chieftain. Rob Roy was either a robber or a very much wronged man, depending on the point of view. He inherited a lot of wrongs and was not of a temperament to arbitrate his troubles. Still his side of the story has a good deal of the same tenor as the life of the James Boys, by one of them. There was undoubtedly the cruelty of frightened tyranny on one hand and the reckless reprisal of desperate bravery on the other.

At any rate the Duke of Montrose owns the property now, and he is so determined to wipe out useless slaughter in his domains that he has forbidden automobiles the right to enter therein. This ruling followed a fatal accident about a year ago, when a horse became frightened at a motor car.

Scott's house is at Aberfoyle, where he lived while writing "Rob Roy." The hills hereabout are full of slate. We passed several quarries.

We have not seen a fly since leaving New York. A flock of gnats has accompanied us since quitting Aberfoyle like sea-gulls hovering about an ocean liner. They are very well mannered insects and leave the passenger alone to perch all

over our perspiring driver. Evidently, hot Scotch is their favorite tipple.

We get an intoxicating view of Loch Drunkie and Ben Venue as we drive along. The trees grow out of mossy rocks, where there is not a sign of soil.

The telephone and telegraph wires in this wild country have small pieces of wood dangling from them. So many grouse were injured by flying against the wires that the tender-hearted sportsmen hung up these warning boards. Now the grouse live until they die a natural death. The natural death for grouse in this region is a gunshot wound.

At the foot of Ben Venue we embark on the little steamer, "Sir Walter Scott," on the placid waters of Loch Katrine. Once afloat, Baedeker is put away and "The Lady of the Lake" is hauled out. The steamer paddles past Ellen's Isle, a very small isle for such a large story. Ben Venue is behind us on the receding shore. Ben Lomond looms large on our right.

As we try to study Scott's poem several people shove little tin arks under our noses. These are labeled Royal National Life Boat Institution. We drop in our largest and least valuable coin to get rid of the solicitors and investigate afterwards. We find it is a mission for sailors and other ne'er-do-weels, who, having expended their substance,

are taken care of by these good ladies between sprees. Poor Jack is commiserated for a lot of practices and habits that would put a mere landlubber in the lock-up.

Coach drivers and steamboat captains roll out Scott by the yard as they point out the crag where perished the gallant gray horse of James V—

"Woe worth the chase, woe worth the day
That cost thy life, my gallant gray,"

but our sympathies and admiration are all with the stag as we murmur

"Vain was the chase and lost the day,
God bless the stag that got away."

The poem is better than a guide book.

"High on the south, huge Ben Venue
Down on the lake in masses threw
Crags, knolls and mounds, confusedly hurl'd
The fragments of an earlier world.
. . . . . .
While on the north, through middle air
Ben An heaved high his forehead bare."

You feel sure that Sir Walter, with all of his fondness for detail, if writing to-day, would certainly add

"And if your boat be not delayed,
You'll catch the coach for Inversnaid."

There are patches of snow on the mountain tops, not very numerous nor very large, and they lend a tang to the air.

At Stronachlachar, coaches meet the boat and convey its passengers five and a half miles to Inversnaid. Americans are warned against attempting to pronounce the name of Stronachlachar. To give proper clucks and gutturals you must have an ancestry that has slept in "plaidies" and dusted the hoarfrost from its neck and throat through many generations.

The trip is made realistic by pipers planted at regular intervals along the line of march and blowing lustily. With Scotch canniness, these musicians are placed at the bottom of steep grades, and the struggle the poor horses make in endeavoring to get away from the pipers would excite the pity of anyone.

Loch Lomond is beautifully framed in green hills, topped by fleecy clouds and delicately veiled in a soft haze.

The lunch at Inversnaid is badly handled both from the standpoint of the furious hotel manager and the famished tourist. It is advisable to eat on the boat, except for the fact that you thereby miss the scenery.

We are hustled to the steamer, with our food unmasticated in a manner that would have scandalized Horace Fletcher, and put aboard, without

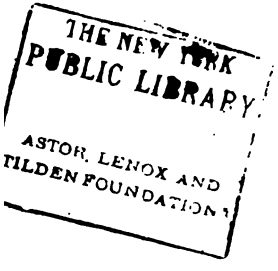
being asked any questions as to our destination, which is Ardlui. After riding much longer than the schedule provides for, we awake to the fact that the boat is going in the wrong direction. The purser chides us for our mistake, and sells us return tickets for seventy-two cents each. The first stop is Luss, where we wait for the next steamer to Ardlui. There is a charge of three cents each for pier dues while waiting for the boat. Tiring of the planks, we go up into the town. There is another charge of two cents each to get back to the pier. Shades of Rob Roy!

Always inquire at every opportunity regarding boats or trains. Your information will be wrong three times out of ten, but if you try to guess, you will miss it five times in the same number; so the odds are in favor of making the inquiry.

The above wisdom cost us about ninety cents each to acquire. You may have it for nothing and probably will not use it.

Luss is a popular place for picnics, and most of the steamers from the direction of Glasgow are filled with working people on a holiday. Many parties are spreading tablecloths on the pebbly beach of Loch Lomond, but there is no adult bathing and only a few children wading. There are no bathhouses, so evidently the clear, placid waters of the lake are used only for floating boats.

ELLEN'S ISLE, LOCH KATRINE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The return steamer to Ardlui has two or three hundred passengers in the usual divided state of mind as to the question of enjoyment. There are a great many children, and the parents are too tired to check them in their freedom. In fact, at the landing places the children are the last items looked after in discharging cargo.

Father and mother assemble their heavy luggage first, then collect parcels, shawls and umbrellas, and finally ask each other, "Where's John?" or "Where's Mary?" They usually sort out their own offspring just as the boat ties up.

Each landing witnesses an exchange of twenty or more passengers.

There is something rather trying about their petty fees, pier charges and the like. The aggregate sum is small, but the repetition is irksome. They amputate a shilling one penny at a time, like the merciful surgeon who cut off the man's arm a little at each operation.

But all of these human ingredients cannot alter the fact that Loch Lomond is beautiful. The air is tonic, the sun shines brightly, and the dark water ripples away from our bow in placid splendor.

The boat touches at Inversnaid, which we left an hour and a half before, but we feel that the time has been spent more pleasantly afloat than ashore. We move across the lake, this time in

the proper direction, and shortly disembark at Ardlui.

The walk to the hotel is through half a mile of heather and gorse. The heather is not yet in bloom in Scotland, with the exception of the small bell heather.

When we reach the hotel we order a six o'clock tea, and take a five-minute walk down the road and lie on the grass for nearly an hour. It is our only day of summer weather during the trip.

The supper is excellent at the little hotel at the foot of a big mountain and on the shore of Loch Lomond. We make the acquaintance of a charming French couple who understand every word we speak, except when we talk French.

XV

Oban

LEAVING Ardlui in the evening, the train soon rises above the sunset, after which it threads the sun's rays in and out between and behind mountains all the way to Crianlarigh. It rises several hundred feet above the valley, and there is a hint of Switzerland in the scene, but only a hint.

At Crianlarigh there is a change of railroads, and, there being no porters in sight, we struggle along for a quarter of a mile with our luggage. We commence to feel that possibly we have not been as generous as we should have been with the overworked porters, and each succeeding step deepens the impression.

The ride to Oban takes an hour and a half. We pass through beautiful but uncultivated moorland. There is a lack of sheep, although we are among the Grampian Hills, where Norval's father fed his flocks.

The sun is setting clear, but there is that perpetual mist in the valleys. Our companion

is an old Scotch woman who evidently is not an experienced traveler. She sits up very straight and studies the sign-boards at the stations. Finally she gets her packages in her lap twenty minutes before we reach her destination, and waits, anxious for the train to stop.

The road skirts the north end of Loch Awe and we are treated to a gorgeous Oban sunset. These sunsets are one of the advertised features of the place, but we are so fortunate as not to have read the press notices, and the grandeur has all of the added force of the unexpected.

Our hotel room at Oban overlooks the Firth of Lorne. The sun is setting behind the islands of Kerrera, which land-lock this beautiful bay, making it one of the finest harbors in the world. A British battleship, the "Cumberland," is anchored in the offing. As we sit and watch old Sol with his paint brush touching up the sunset here and there, the soft twang of a zither floats in on the breeze. If we must loaf a whole day, surely we have landed at the right spot.

Letters are written and books are read until ten fifteen without the aid of artificial light.

There was one pleasant little incident in our trip, which showed so plainly the universal human nature that we must relate it, however tame it may prove in the telling.

At Dalmally, a rather rough-looking working-

THE GLEN AT ARDLUI, LOCH LOMOND

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man, pipe in mouth, put his head in at the car window. There were two couples besides ourselves in the compartment, which was a smoker. A look of dismay crossed the faces of the ladies. The man opened the door and, stooping over, picked up the dearest little red-cheeked, blue-eyed lassie, about two years old, and placed her in one of the vacant seats. He left her there alone while he conversed with some companions on the platform. He could not have selected a better bearer for his flag of truce, although I am sure that he had no idea of being diplomatic nor of any necessity for diplomacy. The little one changed the whole situation. She smiled at each of us confidently. One lady handed her a post-card. B. hauled out some chocolate from our suit case, and by the time the father entered we were all friends. He knocked the ashes from his pipe and we visited together until the train reached Oban.

There are some odd "ruins" back of the town that probably will not be here when you come to Oban. One is a circular structure whose erection was begun by an eccentric banking agent who died before completing it, and left nothing in his will to indicate his purpose or wherewith to finish it.

Another ruin is the unfinished wall of a hydro

hotel which ran out of funds. The latter is now being demolished and carted away.

Our hotel has a lift, and as it was only a little after ten and not dark, I concluded to walk about the streets before retiring. I patiently pushed the button and waited at the lift door. No response. A passing maid said: "I am going down stairs. I will tell him." Presently the car ascended. I said to the boy, "Is the bell out of order?" He replied, "Naw, sir; it's bruck," with a rich roll of the "r" that marks the briefest speech of the Highlander.

The shops are open, and after making a few purchases I return to the room and write for awhile. The lights are lit on the ships in the harbor. The new moon gives the water that heavenly, silvery tint which is really opalescent, although we dislike the hackneyed phrase. Objects a block away are clearly discernible, but writing grows difficult. We have that disagreeable sleepy feeling that is in ill accord with the twilight outside. We finally give up the fight with the sand man, pull down the double shades, close the inside shutters, and retire.

In the morning we look out of our window and discover a man in kilties. He is a guest of the hotel, and it is evident from the consideration shown him that he is a man of wealth and position. So his lack of trousers is not a matter

of necessity, but taste—perhaps we should say form. At any rate, he walks about the town, bare-headed and bare-legged, and comes to breakfast that way and unashamed. He even has a dirk handle protruding from his stocking, but we are assured that it is bladeless and worn only as jewelry.

There is some quaint pottery on sale in Oban. The mottoes thereon are so expressive of Scotch hospitality and taciturnity that we quote a few:

"Tak yer wull o' the tea."
"Dinna let yer modesty wrang ye."
"Keep yer braith ta cule yer parritch."

The mist is condensing and retreating before the advance of day. The hilltops of dark purple gradually emerge from their cotton wrappings, and these melt into the waters of the Firth. The more distant mountains of Mull appear back of Kerrera. These did not exist to our eyes last night. The nearer heights are swept clean of clouds and stand out in rugged green. The tide is receding and uncovering wide stretches of pebble.

We investigate the billiard table. It is six by twelve, and has six pockets. The balls are smaller than we are accustomed to. There are emergency cues and bridges ten feet in length.

You use either three balls or sixteen. You count by making "cannons" (caroms) or by "potting" the balls. The marker is an ingenious mechanism, a cross between an adding machine, a bell punch and a gas meter. There is no charge for the use of the table by guests. We find that we may play on Sunday if we desire, but infer that "it is not done."

The black patches in the heather show that they still burn the old plants, as they have for centuries, to give the sheep access to the younger and more tender shoots.

We drive out past the ivy-covered ruins of Dunolly Castle to the sands of Glenavan. This is a very pretty bathing beach. Only one bather is braving the chill waters. Back of the beach is the Oban golf course, an excellent one, which visitors may play over for twenty-four cents a day or eighty-four cents a week.

Our drive lasts an hour, after which we come in; the sun comes out, and we read "The Lady of the Lake." The drive showed us what a labyrinth of islands we will pick our way through on our boat ride to Glasgow to-morrow.

Oban's single business street is filled with sailors and marines from the Cumberland, and they are as orderly and fine looking a set of men as one could desire.

The women of Scotland, so far as observed,

are not pretty, shapely or well dressed. They look healthy, and are of the severest Presbyterian morality; but if "virtue alone is happiness below," it is happiness below the surface, for it certainly does not show in their sad countenances. The children are preternaturally solemn. If you inquire as to their bodily welfare, they will say "Fine" as seriously as a bunch of little owlets. If you merely smile at them, they make no response, oral or facial, but look puzzled.

Room doors are left unlocked in Oban, but that is not an unusual custom in England and Scotland. We asked the maid for a key, but she said, "You should na lock yer door, or we canna get in."

Dinner is at eight, and the sun stays up nearly an hour longer, and then comes that interminable twilight. The boats in the harbor are like stage settings, so smooth is the water. The islands are at varying distances, and each interval of space marks a difference in the density of the mist, a delicate shading and a grandeur of plan not transferable to canvas and not to be described in words.

It looks just now as if the component parts of that wondrous blend, an Oban sunset, were being assembled. Sea gulls by the hundred make the only motion in the picture. Even the smoke

from our to-morrow's steamer hangs like a black drape from the funnel top.

Made nervous by the unwonted calm of a Scotch Sabbath, I go down to look at the silent street. Three attendants rise noiselessly to a standing position from dark corners of the hall, summoned by my presence from the shadows like the clansmen of Roderick Dhu. A few people walk slowly and quietly up and down the street. I thrust both hands into my trousers' pockets and start to whistle. Weak as was the note produced, it brought a glare from a man sitting on a bench half a block away. I tiptoe back to our room and resume my reading.

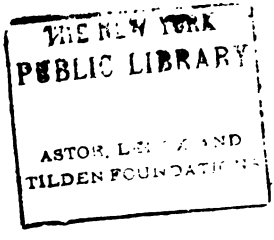
How did Burns manage to be such a cut-up; or were his pranks like my whistle, only tumultuous because of the contrasting surroundings?

At any rate, forced to read, I glean this morsel of wisdom from a letter of Scott, dated November 3, 1812, to his printer, James Ballantyne:

"Be interesting; do the thing well and the only difference will be, that people will like what they never liked before and will like it so much the better for the novelty of their feelings toward it. Dulness and tameness are the only irreparable faults."

Apparently, in making the mixture for to-night's sunset, too much thickening in the way

THE FIRTH OF LORNE AND THE KERRERA ISLANDS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of cloud was added, for the beautiful heliorama of last night was not repeated. B. attributes the gray evening and the total absence of color to the fact that it is Sunday. Perhaps she is right, and if the Sabbath were entirely in Scotch hands there would be no doubt of it. There are those to whom the bright coloring of His flowers are at irreconcilable variance with their conception of His nature.

But there, we must not let the local atmosphere start us to preaching.

We are up at six thirty and take the eight twenty boat for Glasgow. This means another day of rest, for it will be six o'clock when we tie up in the Clyde River this evening.

Our boat is the "Grenadier," and she has a convoy of gulls ample enough for an ocean liner. Hundreds of them are screaming about our head or fighting for the morsels of food thrown into the water.

We move off slowly, as must needs be in this group of islands, piled up in hills all around us. They are carpeted with green, with here and there a scar of rock which has not yet been covered with a new skin of turf.

The little town of Easdale dozes at the base of a castle-like rock. The breakwater which protects the point of the tiny island is of uncemented stones standing on edge. We pick up two or

three passengers and move on. You could throw a stone from one island to another, and if you are a woman and missed the island aimed at, the chances are that you would hit a neighboring one.

It is so cold that we go below and watch through the windows the fishermen putting out long nets. Islands a mile away are invisible in the mist. Occasionally a ray from the hidden sun strikes a white village like a spotlight and it becomes the center of the stage for a minute or two.

At Luing (do not look in Baedeker for it) we drop a passenger and pick up two, a diminution in the population of Luing of probably two per cent. The group of buildings is on a green little island whose black edges have mildewed in the mist. Six or eight houses divide the solitude between them, but they mark "home" to some one.

We make another stop before reaching Crinan, where we transfer to the "Linnet" and move away on the narrow surface of the Crinan Canal. This modest little ditch is only nine miles long, but it saves the weary mariner a seventy-five mile trip. The difference is greater in mileage than in time, however. It has a dozen locks and the passage requires two hours. Even when we are moving at top speed, small boys trot along the

path and solicit pennies. Wooded hills are on our right and a gradually widening sea wall is on our left.

The passengers' luggage is not carried on the boat, but is loaded into carts, which we promptly outspeed but which catch us at the first or second lock.

The little boat noses its way through lock after lock. The gates close behind us, the sluices in front are opened, we rise to the new level and push open the barrier with our steamer's prow. Many passengers leave the boat and walk the mile or so of locks, but as it is raining we stick to the ship.

At Neil Smith's postoffice we commence our downward career. Our passengers come aboard again and there is nothing of interest save to watch the reverse process of lowering the boat lock by lock. At the last lock two large women are late and have to be lowered six feet by man power, but they get safely aboard.

We reach Ardrishaig about twelve forty and with the assistance of a small boy who scrambled aboard at the preceding lock, our luggage is conveyed about five minutes' walk to the docks, where we await the arrival of the "Ionia." There is a cloud of dust blowing and everyone is glad when the "Ionia" is sighted. She is due at one o'clock and ties up on time. The dock is crowded

with waiting passengers, and we wonder where we will all find room, but an equal number come ashore and there is no difficulty in finding places.

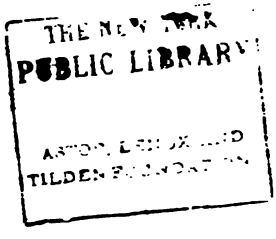
We descend promptly to the dining saloon and eat a good lunch at the universal price for lunches, except when they are higher, viz.: half a crown or sixty cents.

We ascertain that we can go all the way to Glasgow without changing to the railroad. Had the "Ionia" been a larger boat we would have been transferred to the railway at Dunoon. As it is we will have the advantage of approaching Glasgow through her avenue of wealth, the Clyde.

It is very windy, but we enjoy the brief sun and the surrounding scenery. Our way lies through the Kyles of Bute. For some reason or other, our imagination is stirred by the unusual name and we expect something new in the way of island scenery, and are correspondingly disappointed.

We tie up at Rothesay, the capital of Bute, and a very fashionable resort, but the season is too early for the town to be at its best. There are not many people at the dock. A few week-enders get aboard, returning to Glasgow.

CONVOY OF GULLS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XVI

Glasgow

IT is raw and windy in spite of the sunshine. We sit in the cabin eating chocolate and watching both banks of the Clyde, which gradually narrows above Greenock. Before reaching Glasgow, we pass Elderslie, the birthplace of William Wallace, who made things very troublesome for England in the last eight years of his short life.

James Watt was born at Greenock. Some guide books give Glasgow as his birthplace, but in this they are mistaken. Glasgow has built the biggest monument to Watt in the world, for her shipyards are a living testimonial to his genius. His improvements of the steam engine made possible the modern proficiency of transportation on land and sea.

Our path up the Clyde is between miles of shipyards and past steamers flying the flags of every nation. The way is marked with buoys. Here comes a big Portuguese merchantman on her first trip. There goes an old freighter, appar-

ently on her last voyage. We see ships in every condition of life; ships incubating with naked ribs and ships shining in copper and brass; ships with the paint rubbed off and ships with the final coat not dry; forests of masts and acres of hulls.

We land at the quay and hail a porter. We are assured that it is only five minutes' walk to St. Enoch's Hotel. We have not yet learned that five minutes is the positive outside limit of distance on the British Isles, so we suffer the man to trot off with us at his heels. Our hotel is conducted by the railroad and is a part of the station from which we will take the train to Ayr.

Cabs in Glasgow are three shillings an hour for sightseeing and two shillings for shopping. This legalizes the discrimination which is generally made between the tourist and the citizen.

We drive past George Square, a fine open space decorated with statues of men who have made the history of Great Britain the stirring narrative it is. The Municipal Buildings face the Square.

The Cathedral is a beautiful building with terraced grounds. The monument to John Knox is its most prominent feature. Within the church we pass down into the beautiful old crypt. The floor is uneven and the light is uncertain. It is a crippling crypt to the careless, but well worth the visit.

The glass in the Cathedral is modern and comes from Munich, where they stain so many glasses.

We take a long drive through interesting streets to the Art Galleries in West End Park. There is a fine gallery of statuary and an excellent collection of Flemish, Italian and Dutch paintings. Each school has a separate room. "A Man in Armor" by Rembrandt is a wonderful example of that artist's mastery of light and shade.

There is an excellent exhibit of glass and porcelain ware and a very complete museum of Greek and Roman relics. The institution has been the beneficiary of many bequests of large private collections.

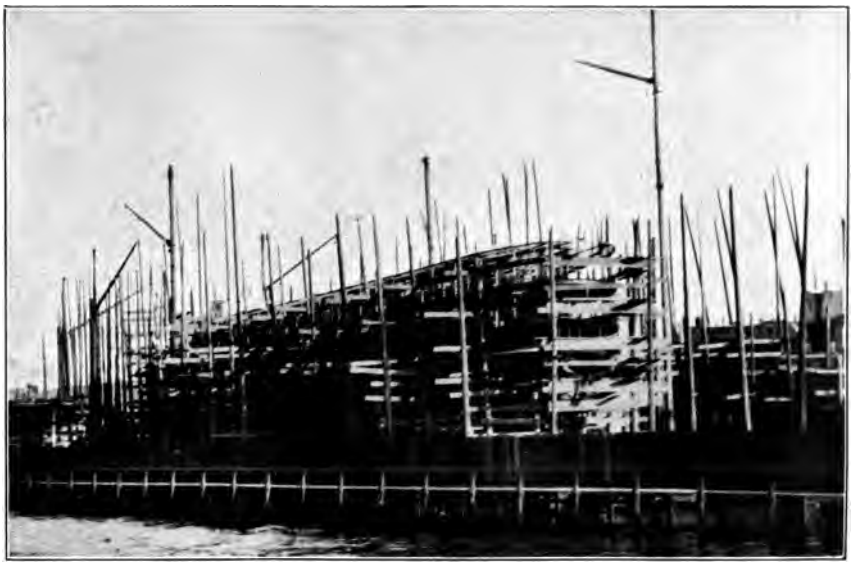
The Scotchman is exceedingly conservative and has answered the cry "Votes for Women" by chalking on the walls "No votes for women who smoke." That must be discouraging to those of the fair sex who are training for masculine privileges by acquiring masculine habits.

Glasgow has little to show the sightseer except the usual scenes of a busy, well governed, commercial city. There is much poverty in evidence, even in her best shopping districts, and some beggary. Matches are the chief merchandise of her street gamins. The plea "Buy a box, mester, so I can get me breakfast," is frequently heard. If

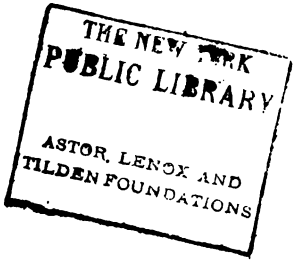
you should ask for a distinguishing characteristic between the laboring and the loafing poor of Glasgow and those of an American metropolis, we would say it was in the absence of vim, enthusiasm, or what you will, in the eye of the middle or lower class man, woman and child in the former city. This is true of every old world metropolis that we have visited, and while political economists may differ as to the cause, honest observers from the United States cannot differ as to the fact. The stay-at-home Briton will deny or possibly resent it, but that is because he has never seen any other expression of countenance on a working man and has no conception of anything different.

We would not for the world discourage the American working man from going after more rights, but if he thinks he has not accumulated a few, let him take a short trip to Europe and study the men in his walk of life as they appear abroad. And taking a trip abroad is easily within the reach of any American laboring man, while we have talked with sober, hard-working Irishmen who had put in a lifetime trying to get together the money to go to America and had not succeeded. The hundreds of thousands who do go are many of them assisted by friends or relatives already in America.

There is one fairly well paid department of



SHIP BUILDING ON THE CLYDE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work that is practically monopolized by foreigners in England, and that is waiting on table. Just why a country which is looking everywhere for a solution of its unemployed labor problem should neglect this open door is a mystery. The Scotch are wiser and your waiter in Scotland is usually Scotch. About half of the waiters in Ireland are Irish, but in England you will, as a rule, be served in the dining room by French, Italian or German waiters.

XVII

Ayr

WE had planned to go to Dumfries and visit the grave of Robert Burns, but Scotch railways have decreed otherwise. It would take us another day, and we prefer to spend our extra time in Ayr, his birthplace.

We catch the one two train and are taking the usual inventory of our belongings, when B. asks, "Where is your rain coat?" and I reply, "Hanging in our hotel room in Glasgow."

That requires quick decision and rapid action on our part. The train stops at a suburb. We unload our goods on the platform, make hurried inquiries and find we can catch a late train back to Glasgow if we hustle. We toil up the stairs and over the viaduct and down the other side just as the train pulls in. We pay two cents each for our return trip and pop in on our surprised hotel friends in less than an hour after we thought we had bid them farewell forever.

We found them in a turmoil, not only because I

had been permitted to depart without my coat, but also because I had hurried away without taking a dollar and eighty cents change which was due me.

I am stating these facts with all humility, realizing the perfectly true light it puts me in, because I want publicly to make my acknowledgments and bear testimony to Scotch honesty. Further, and in order to make this confession complete, I draw my pencil through a paragraph of denunciation based on an overcharge of two shillings in a previous hotel bill, believing it more than offset by our later experience.

Travelers are very apt to pillory a whole country for a mistake on the part of a hotel bookkeeper, forgetting that they may have caused the error by clamoring for an accounting during the last five minutes of their stay.

Another pan of coals was heaped on us by the station master who witnessed our hasty departure and quick return and who viséd our tickets, which, of course, had been punched.

And while we are affixing floral decorations to our hosts, let us add that the British Isles are free from two prominent features of our own United States. We saw no flies in our travels, and no screens. Furthermore, we saw no gum chewing.

On our way to Ayr we passed through Paisley.

In our grandmothers' day, a Paisley shawl was a passport into the circle of the well-to-do. Paisley is also the home of Coats and Clark's thread.

This part of Scotland is as closely cultivated as the best portion of England. The day is bright (else the rain coat would not have been forgotten) and our road runs along beside a winding river and past a pretty lake with a picnic party on its bank and a lone fisherman on its surface in a rowboat.

Our compartment is shared by two women and a dog, the latter being provided with a ticket by his mistress. We pass many golf links, and players with golf bags and clubs alight at every station.

At Ayr we drive through the neat village. There is an atmosphere of gladness not usual in Scotch villages. We remark on the cheerful faces of the laughing children returning from school.

It is less than an hour's ride in a carriage to Burns' Cottage. As usual, our six-shilling carriage is passed by a threepenny tram before we cover half the distance, but no one told us all of these things that we are telling you.

The Burns Cottage is flush with the road. You pass through a turnstile into a large and well-kept yard. The cottage is as it was when Burns was born, except that it is undoubtedly far neater.

At right angles to it is another building stocked with souvenirs suitable to all purses and some tastes. Both buildings are of whitewashed clay with thatched roofs.

The cottage in which the poet first saw the light of a turf fire was built by his father's own hands. It has two rooms. One is the kitchen, the other is not. Burns was born in the kitchen and the bed is still there. In a sort of a closet in the wall, is a shelf where the children slept. This was probably built in later, as Robert was the first-born of seven. His early life was one of premature toil and drudgery. His later years and habits have been painted in the blackest colors. How much of this was due to local prejudice cannot be determined. At any rate, we to whom have been given the broad humanity of his poetry and its expression of an all-embracing love for his kind, can well afford to be thankful for the gift and forget the faults of the giver. There may be a rebuke to pharisaism in the media through which some of the best thoughts are given to mankind. While quaffing the wine, do not abuse the vessel.

The cottage was sold in 1781 and used as a public house known as "Burns' Cottage." Later a picture of Robert Burns was used as a sign and is one of the relics on exhibition. The beds were

all built into the walls, and hence were not taken away when the family moved.

In 1903 about fifty thousand visitors passed through the turnstile, and the number increases yearly.

Practically all of the furniture used by the poet and his father has been assembled here, including chairs, tables, dresser, chest of drawers and milking stool. There are other articles from the inn at Ayr frequented by Tam O'Shanter and Souter Johnnie.

In the Museum are countless manuscripts and engravings and many personal belongings, including a lock of Burns' hair.

A little farther on, at Alloway, are the ruins of the tiny old kirk, where Burns' father is buried. The churchyard was so small and its contents so clearly labeled that we simply saluted the one-legged guide at the gate and asked him no questions.

Seeing that other tourists followed our ill-mannered example, we paused on our way out, made a remark about the weather and tendered the old man a sixpence. Would you believe it, that sturdy Scotch veteran refused our siller. He said, "I have nae earned it." We explained to him that our object in hurrying past him was to save time, not money. We might have added, but did not, that we knew from experience that

there was no checking the tide of loquacity when one of these local guides commenced to leak poetry and statistics. Still he spurned our offer. I respected his pride and pocketed the insult. Then B. tried her hand. She consulted him as to the best point for a picture. He told her to take her choice. She scrambled on a wall and tried a snapshot. The old man smiled commiseratingly.

"Ye've lost a plate there, miss," he said.

We remarked that it was difficult to get a good picture in such a small place.

"Small, do ye call it?" and his old bristles arose again.

We amended by saying that the space was small but crowded with big events.

"Aye," he said, "and noo I'll show ye where to tak yer picter."

He stumped ahead of us to a corner from which B. made another attempt. We then said, "Now you are entitled to the sixpence," but still he would not take it, but only said, "If ye'd gi'en me a chance, I'd ha' earned it."

So when you visit old Alloway Kirk, we trust you will meet this great natural curiosity and lay your plans carefully to force a tip upon him. He is worthy of it.

Alloway Kirk is well described in "Tam O'Shanter." We leave it and go on to the Brig

(bridge) over the Doon, the scene of part of Tam's terrible ride. The Burns Monument is near the bridge. An entrance fee of four cents is charged. The banks of the Doon are inclosed by a tea garden from which excellent views may be had of the river and both bridges. Admission, four cents.

We drive back to Ayr and resume our journey to Stranraer, from where we are to take the steamer to Ireland. At Girvan we would have changed cars for Dumfries, but do not. Consequently we are unmoved when the guard sticks his head into our compartment window and makes a noise like a snare drum.

It is hard to describe the Scotch pronunciation. Except in the matter of *r* they are very thrifty in the volume given their consonants. They mute the final *m, n* and *c* very much like a drummer who strikes a sharp note and then places his hand on the vibrating instrument. Maude Adams does it to perfection, and to hear her say "John" in "What Every Woman Knows" is to get the key to the whole method.

THE "BRIG O' DOON"

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XVIII

Ireland-Belfast

WE choose the crossing from Stranraer to Larne because it is the shortest one. Usually that means the roughest as well, but to-day the North Channel is like a pond. The "Princess May" rides as smoothly as a ferry boat.

We make some pleasant acquaintances in the two hours and a quarter on board. An old clergyman and his daughter tell us much about Ireland and say that we will be disappointed if we are looking for "brogue." Their assurances are couched in the broadest Irish possible. They ask us if we know much about Ireland. We say no, but we are going to Larne. This gets neither the smile we expected nor the frown we deserve, but merely the assurance that Larne is not a typical Irish town.

Shortly after sunset the coast of Ireland is sighted. The sunset provokes a discussion. A young Scotchman insists that the sun sets in the west. It requires the assistance of a com-

pass to prove to him that it is going down alm
due north.

It is a thirty-five minute ride to Belfast fr
Larne. Most travelers stay all night in the f
mer city, as it has better hotels. The lights acr
Belfast Lough look very pretty as we near
end of our ride.

After a good night's rest in Belfast we sl
until noon. Our eyes are caught by a typ
Irish bull on a playbill, typical because unint
tional. It reads:

"May Henderson
The Dusky Comedy Queen
Neville Delmar
Light Comedian"

The increased cost of living beat us to Belf
There are no extraordinary bargains in linen.
bought a modest supply of handkerchiefs an
few pieces of lace because of the quality.
world is so small commercially, and expert buy
from America enable our large retail stores
sell almost as cheaply as the foreigner. I
great many cases tourists are cajoled into buy
grotesque fashions in a foreign shop that t
will never wear twice at home. These biza
things are generally the high priced ones.

Just to cite one masculine example, take ne
ties. The attractive patterns range about

same in price as at home, but the quality seems better. You select a dozen or so. You keep them immaculate until you get back to Cincinnati or Chicago. When you tie them, behold, the ends hardly reach below the top button of your vest. The Englishman invariably wears a waistcoat, hence the scantiness is not revealed. The American, flaunting his curtailed adornment on his uncovered shirt front, feels partly disrobed. And that vest reminds us that we saw an establishment in London that displayed a sign offering a sort of circulating waistcoat scheme. For so much per week this Tabardashery would bring you a clean vest every morning, taking up the previous day's issue.

Belfast is a modern commercial city where linen and many other things are manufactured. It has a good harbor and is well lighted, paved and drained. But it is not a place in which to see things that are different.

Nevertheless, we felt that we had a duty to perform, so we started out to find Carlisle Memorial Church. The tram conductors were cordial but uninformed. In fact, the small boy's rendering of the advertisement "uninformed guides" would have fitted them perfectly.

Finally our car was stopped and four churches were in sight.

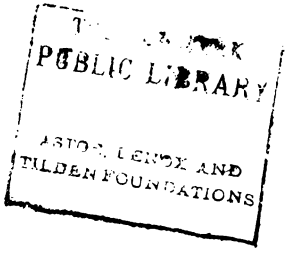
"One of these must be Carlisle, sir. Take your choice."

One of them was Carlisle, but it was so much like a hundred churches that we could have seen without leaving home that we were disappointed.

And this is true of all Belfast. The things that mean prosperity and growth, that represent its modern up-to-date spirit, are not the things that a tourist wants to see. He can dodge trolley cars at home. It is the moss and ivy of decay that is attractive to us, and we show our love for it at home by tearing down every twenty-year-old building in town and building a higher and uglier one.

The train for Portrush and the Giant's Causeway leaves at twelve twenty-five. Knowing that it will carry a diner or restaurant coach, we plan to eat *en route*. That is not so simple a matter as at home. We cannot walk from one car to another until we reach the diner. We must wait until the train stops, leave our luggage in our compartment and rush along the station platform. The waiter is disquietingly non-committal as to the probability of our luggage being side-tracked before we reach Portrush. We recall that one of our fellow passengers in the compartment was a villainous looking individual. We ask when the first stop will be made and at the earliest opportunity go tearing back to our car, whose number

SUNSET ON THE NORTH CHANNEL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we have forgotten, having eaten less than half our *table d'hôte* luncheon.

The luggage is safe, we give a sigh of relief and fall back on our reserve of chocolate. We are more than ever confirmed in our resolve to move up a peg in the social world and travel second class in Ireland.

We change cars at Coleraine, so it is just as well that we returned to our compartment. Anyone who wants change should travel in the British Isles. We have not had an uninterrupted ride of fifty miles since landing.

We are striking some more cinematograph weather. A morning like we had in Belfast would have caused us to give the day up for lost at home. It has alternated rain and shine at brief intervals very much as in Holland.

The hawthorn hedges are filled with white bloom. Much peat is lying and drying on top of the ground. It is called "turf" in Ireland. In spite of their flowers, the hedges are unkempt and contrast very decidedly with the neatly trimmed rows in England. The lanes are weedy and there is an air of indolence over everything. The landscape is no greener than in England thus far, but our Irish friends say, "Wait until you see Killarney."

We have a good deal of fun inquiring of Irishmen as to the prettiest spot in Ireland. Each one

invariably names his own section of the country. It is a commendable spirit of partisanship, but it shows why Ireland as a nation has accomplished so little.

We nearly missed our change of cars at Coleraine because of the bad phrasing of the announcer. This fault is not restricted to Ireland but is world-wide. If a traveler knows in advance the facts that are being given, he can trace a family resemblance thereto, but the stranger, the one who needs the information, is simply dazed, even if he is familiar with the language. The helplessness and hopelessness of the foreigner is apparent.

Let these employees be taught that they are hired to convey information to the uninformed, the nervous and the hurried passengers and need to be more careful than are ordinary mortals in their utterances.

At Coleraine we simply stood still, and that proved to be our salvation. Our train pulled out and the Portrush train backed in on the same track.

XIX

The Giant's Causeway

AT Portrush, the trolley car for the Giant's Causeway is clanging its gong as we come into the station. We hand our luggage to a hotel porter, climb into the car, pay thirty-six cents each for a round-trip ticket, and start on an eight-mile ride. The train consists of an open motor car and two trailers, an open and a closed one. We choose the closed one, as the road looks dusty. The ride takes forty-five minutes. You see practically nothing of the beautiful coast scenery from the car. You have a look at Dunluce Castle as you ride past. It stands a hundred feet above the sea, on a steep rock. It is in absolute ruin to-day, but must have been impregnable from assault before the days of artillery. Its only connection with the mainland is over a walk eighteen inches wide.

We are hardly off the car at the Causeway until we are surrounded by guides. We pick

number seven, Archie Fall, as the most energetic and intelligent, and do not regret our choice.

We are assured that we are fortunate in finding the Atlantic Ocean so smooth, and are easily persuaded to take the long boat ride from Runkerry Cave past the northernmost point of the Causeway.

With our guide and another man at the oars, we are soon out on the ocean. In a little while we round our way into Portcoon Cave. The entrance is forty-five feet high and the cave extends back four hundred and fifty feet. When you have penetrated about fifty yards, a signal is given to a young man, who fires a pistol to awaken the echoes. The effect is tremendous and you feel as though a heavy field piece had been discharged close to you.

The red rocks that form the base of the cave are in striking contrast to the dark walls and yellowish green fringe around the ceiling.

All of this color scheme is repeated on a grander scale in Runkerry Cave, a short row westward. The two walls are of different geological formation, and there is a distinct seam where these monster masses have met and fused, forming the roof of the cavern. The Gothic entrance is ninety-six feet high, and the cave runs back under the cliff for six hundred and

sixty-six feet. A silent but watchful cormorant peers at us from her nest under the roof.

We return to the open sea and are assured that you could make a straight line from our boat to New York City without touching land. This is true, allowing for a detour around Malin Head. Here we are, three thousand miles out from New York, on the Atlantic Ocean, in an open boat. If Ireland had not been so near we would have been nervous.

The guide said, "If this weather would hold, sir, I could take you all the way to America."

As we have not had any weather, good or bad, "hold" for two hours since leaving Oban, we decline the offer.

We row until we reach the tip end of the coast. It sticks up as straight and as bold from water as the North Cape, but, brave as it is, it is fighting a losing battle with the Atlantic and has been retreating throughout the ages.

To attempt to describe the panorama before which our boat is passing is futile, and yet so magnificently is it all fitted, each part into the other, that only when an insect called man waves an antenna from a cliff do we realize that these massive columns of the Giant's Organ are sixty feet high and form the ribs of cliffs four or five hundred feet in altitude.

Still we have not seen what we came to see, the Giant's Causeway.

The Organ Pipes, forty-five feet high, stand detached from the other rocks. These were shot at by the Spanish Armada, who mistook them for the walls of Dunluce Castle miles away. How do we know they shot at them? Because they missed them.

The guide says that the pipes play but two tunes, "The Wearing of the Green" and "The Battle of the Boyne," in order to suit all parties.

As late as 1844 a wreck was pointed out in Spanish Bay as having been one of the Armada, but this has disappeared, having marked a mere moment of time to the ages-old basaltic sentinels that watch the bay.

On our way to these scenes, the real Giant's Causeway was pointed out. From our boat, a quarter of a mile away, the celebrated path of Fin MacCoul resembled a deserted dock which had been gradually pounded to pieces by the waves. It certainly does not look worth the trip. But wait!

We row around Lion's Rock, on which countless sea gulls are nesting, and we see little baby gulls with yawning mouths stretching from crannies and crying for more.

We look through the Giant's Eye Glass, and while we gaze the guide hands his oar to the

boatman and carefully unwraps a fossil snake curled in the center of a pebble. He says that during the long winter months he hunts among the rocks for these encasing pebbles to sell in the summer to tourists. Of course, we buy it. We cannot resist his final argument, "At laste, sir, they can niver say it was made in Germany, like most of the soovyneers."

There is a superb setting for the foreground of ocean all about here. Some of the massive columns have curved in cooling under the weight of a world above them. Some stand up as straight as pine trees.

Lion's Rock has three distinct strata. On a base of iron ore is superimposed a layer of as good lava as Vesuvius ever belched forth. On top of this is the same basaltic rock that forms the Causeway.

This is the junk shop of antediluvian forces, the scrap heap of a finished planet.

Still we have not touched the Giant's Causeway! All that we have so far seen has been preparatory and educational. To walk from the trolley to the Causeway would be to risk disappointment. The boat ride enables you to appreciate the *pièce de resistance* by giving you an idea of how it is made and a glimpse of the materials.

Almost before we realize its proximity, our

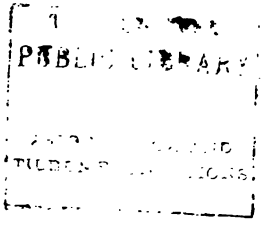
boat's keel scrapes a rock, we look down many feet through the transparent water to the waving palm garden beneath us, and are handed gently ashore by Archie.

The boatman is now dismissed and we proceed on foot over the Great Causeway, the eastern of the three groups. The others are known as the Middle and the Little Causeway, the three forming the Giant's Causeway.

It only rises a few feet above water, even at low tide, but it is the most whimsical of Nature's many pranks. It resembles a box of gigantic crayons crushed by having been dropped a mile or so. Every geometrical figure is represented, from a triangle to an octagon. An eight-sided keystone forms the exact center of the Great Causeway. One diamond-shaped surface attracts the eye. The guide points out the Lady's Fan spread at your feet and formed by the tops of pillars. No matter how many-sided a column is, it joins its neighbors perfectly. The joints of each column form perfect bearings, a concave surface resting on a convex one.

All these are interesting, but you are looking for the Wishing Chair. You pick your way over limpet-covered rocks to a seat formed by a group of pillars, and make your allotted three wishes. If you have a camera, your photograph is taken,

THE GIANT'S EYEGLASS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and one wish is expended in hoping that the picture will come out all right.

We were just leaving the consecrated spot when we met a breathless Scotchman. He was seeing the Causeway without a guide, for good Scotch reasons. He had been looking for the Wishing Chair for half an hour, he said. We pointed it out and left him sitting in it, pouring forth an oblation of perspiration to the Goddess of Chance. It was then five forty-five, and if we thought of him at all, we assumed that he caught the six o'clock car to Portrush.

Picture our surprise on our way to town on the seven fifteen tram when a hand touched us, and, looking around, we saw our Scotchman.

He said in a hoarse voice, "I did na get ma wish."

I asked, "What was your wish?"

He disregarded my question.

"I missed ma train lukin' fer the wishin' spot. The last train for Derby has gone, an' ma luggage has gone wi' it, an' I'm in Portrush for the nicht with what I've got on ma back."

"Hard luck," I said, but I was still interested in the main issue.

"What was your wish?" I persisted.

"Oh, mon, I've clean forgot the wish," he said, despondently.

Well, that incident put us a little ahead of our

story. We clamber over the other sections of the Causeway, always finding natural steps for our feet. We are quite ready to patronize the old woman who presides over the Giant's Well, a spring of clear, cold water. She rinses the glasses carefully and is grateful for a penny or two.

The Giant's Causeway is another of those instances where God proposes and man disposes—of tickets of admission. There are people who would supplant the pearly gates with a turnstile if they could.

Mr. Hugh Lecky owns the Causeway, but has leased it to a syndicate. The syndicate has put a wire fence around it. The only money it has expended is for ground rent and the fence. It has had the grace not to try to improve the Causeway.

The admission is only twelve cents, but the surrounding populace are very much opposed to the principle of the thing and will not patronize it. They will row all around it and make faces at it, but will not set foot on it. They tried litigation for a while, but the courts were strong for "vested rights" (I wonder who first knocked the "in" off that "vested") and the people were beaten.

One who has paid twenty-five cents for riding up South Cheyenne Canyon cannot consistently criticize the Irish syndicate, but he sympathizes

with the Ohio tourist in Colorado who remarked when he handed over his quarter: "Well, I call this a pretty good joke on God Almighty."

We leave the trolley at its nearest point to the North Counties Hotel, to which our luggage was sent, and walk several blocks, while we wonder what sort of an inn we have drawn in the lottery. All Irish hotels are not prizes. Of course, we walk in the street. To use the sidewalk would brand you as a tourist at once.

We find ourselves very comfortably housed, with a room on the ocean side, out of which we can watch the setting sun. We refrain from eulogizing the dinner, as we have an inward feeling that we could eat anything with relish after our boat ride and scramble over the rocks.

Archie turned the laugh on us as we were leaving him. A large flock of sheep was grazing on the hillside. "I suppose you know, sir, bein' from Ameriky, why it is the white sheep bleat oftener than the black ones." We did not. "Because there's more of 'em, sir."

XX

Londonderry

THE people at the Causeway were lamenting the disappearance of turf. "We are gettin' down to the clay, sir, and ye know what that manes."

It means no more peat. At present this fuel costs them a dollar a cartload, and they have no idea of the size of the load. Generally it is sold by the "kish" or basketful. It makes a good fire and burns without waste to a fine ash. The Irish say that the smoke is sanitary, but they claim that of other things which they permit to accumulate around their dooryards.

To-day we go to Londonderry, but do not let an Ulster man hear you call it anything but "Derry."

Derry is one of the pretty little cities of Ireland. It is neat and clean, with a stirring history and well preserved landmarks. It has forty thousand people and they all look well fed and well washed. This latter characteristic is not universal on the west coast.

THE GIANT'S CAUSEWAY

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The siege of Londonderry, in 1689, was one of the heroic events of Irish history. It lasted from April until August, and was marked by much stubborn courage and great suffering on the part of the defenders.

George Walker, a preacher, took command in the town after the treacherous Governor Lundy had made his escape to join the forces of James II.

December 18th is celebrated annually in commemoration of the act of thirteen apprentice boys who closed the gates in the face of the besieging army. One of their regular practices is to burn Lundy in effigy on these occasions.

Walker's memory is perpetuated by a heroic statue on the old walls.

In going to Derry, we change again at Coleraine and wait eleven minutes for a train. Then we ride past miles of beautiful beach, with long combers of surf rolling in and breaking on the sand. The water shades from yellow near the shore, through all the greens imaginable into a deep blue that is almost black. On we go, past the boggy banks of Lough Foyle, with flocks of disconsolate-looking gulls waiting for the tide to turn.

At Londonderry we stop at the Northern Counties Hotel, right under the old walls. These walls are in an excellent state of preservation.

It is only a mile around them, and they form the most popular promenade in the town.

The Cathedral of St. Colomb's was the citadel during the great siege. In it Walker held the fort. Every foot of lead was stripped from its roof and melted into bullets. Into its graveyard was fired the bomb which bore an invitation to surrender and an outline of terms. This brought the terse reply from the besieged, "No surrender."

The bombshell is one of the most cherished relics within the church to-day. The building was only fifty-six years old at the time of the siege, and is not beautiful except to one who knows its history.

The scenes of the siege were similar to those at Leyden in the preceding century. Every quadruped in and under the city was killed and eaten. Starvation and disease claimed over two thousand victims, while food was only a few miles away. The fleet of Kirke was just across the Foyle. Finally the "Mountjoy" broke through the obstructing boom, and with the "Phœnix" sailed up to the city walls with an abundant supply of rations.

All this is history and not travel, but it may lead some to visit the scene of such heroism, and to stand uncovered before the statue of George Walker. The city seal contains the figure of a

tottering skeleton. It commemorates the starving inhabitants.

The Bishop's Throne, with Archbishop Bramhall's chair, is at the end of the nave. The pulpit is elaborately carved, and the seats of the chair bear individual designs, one hundred and sixty-eight in number.

The old organ was a delight to antiquarians and a torment to musicians. A new one was installed in 1886. We could appreciate the wisdom of replacing the organ, but our sense of the fitness of things was jarred when we learned that at the same time they had replaced the old banners which had hung there since the siege.

One incident in the church will illustrate the simplicity of these people. The first name in the register of St. Colomb's Cathedral is that of George, now King of England, written when he was Prince of Wales; the second is that of his wife. The register is in use to-day and has been in daily use ever since. Ours were the last names entered up to noon. The book looks like a grocer's day-book, and is wearing out. It is handled by dozens every week. No steps have been taken to preserve the royal autographs, and apparently it has never occurred to anyone to abstract the page. At least it has never occurred to anyone before to-day, and I did not do it.

It was not mere honesty that stayed my hand.

It was too much like removing candy from the sticky fingers of a slumbering infant. But I hope some safeguard will be thrown around that page before I visit Londonderry again.

Within the Cathedral is a tablet dated 1633. Under it a newer one reproduces this verse from the old stone:

"If stones covld speake
Then London's prayse
Shovld sovnde who
Bvilt this chvrch and
Cittie from the grovnde"

And it might be added, "and kept the grovnde" and collected rent on it ever since.

Outside the walls near the Cathedral are the tenements of the poor. For smiling poverty, Ireland beats Naples. Bare-footed women visit back and forth, and half-clad children play in the gutter with the kittens and puppies. We observed no intoxication. Thus far the record for drunks is small and evenly divided between Scotland and Ireland. We saw one man under the influence of liquor in Edinburgh and one in Derry.

The hotel waiters are Irish, a step in advance over England and a great portion of Scotland. There are other evidences of thrift that are not so commendable from the standpoint of the

guest. It is necessary to examine your napkin to see whether you are its first user. They have a way of folding it with the soiled portion within. Frequently you unfold several before you find one that is not h'all marked. (English joke.)

Dinner is not to be taken for granted in Derry. You order it if you wish it, and specify the hour. Unless you give notice you get no dinner. There being no dinner on the fire at our hotel at five thirty, we went to a neighboring restaurant with stained glass windows and stainless napery, and were told that they served luncheon only. We said, "What do people do who wish to eat dinner in this town?" They asked where we were stopping, and said, "Go back there and order dinner. They will get it for you." Sure enough, they did. In half an hour after stating our wants, we sat down to a complete dinner.

We took a long drive to-day to see the Grianan of Aileach. This was a ruin when Ptolemy was writing travel books in 120 A. D. It was probably once a pagan temple, and its site was selected more for its proximity to heaven than for the convenience of the congregation.

You drive five or six miles in a jaunting car, and then if you are an Irishman you follow your nose, for it is an uphill walk of two miles at an angle of forty-five degrees. After walking this distance you fall into a stone quarry. That is

the Grianan. Unless you are an archæologist, you can fall into a stone quarry nearer town and have just as good a time.

Our drive was absolutely without a shade tree the whole distance, and as jaunting cars have no protection from the weather, we sat in the sun all the way. Many of the fields were planted in flax, with here and there a man or woman sowing a turnip patch. We passed one lone schoolhouse and could see the children at their desks. Our driver said that there was ample opportunity for anyone who wanted to obtain a common school education. He knew whereof he spoke, for he was the father of twelve children.

There were many of the old type of laborers' houses, with a door and two windows, the latter frequently plastered immovably into the wall. Farther south in Ireland we saw many huts without chimney or window.

Around Londonderry are a number of new houses built by the government at a cost of six or seven hundred dollars each and sold to the farmers on fifty years' time, with small payments. A half acre of ground surrounds each of these neat, comfortable-looking dwellings. They are two stories high, and are well lighted and ventilated. The payments are thirty-six cents a week.

Our driver informs us that some of his cus-

tomers told him that Grianan was a fort. Its location is better for repelling invaders than for attracting worshipers.

An eleven-mile ride in a jaunting car caused me to ask our jarvie why this form of torture had not disappeared with other early Christian practices. He said, "Oh, there are a good many covered machines, and some inside cars, but none of 'em are so comfortable as the jaunting car. Ye see, sor, they take all the motion from the horse."

They undoubtedly do—and transfer it to the cart.

An "inside car" is a jaunting car with ingrowing seats, like the pony carts that you see in the parks at home.

My pedestrian excursion to the Grianan gave me several views of farmyards. I passed through some in which the filth and stench were unspeakable. Pools of stagnant water stand at the very doors, flanked with heaps of manure. This section of Ireland should appeal to a literary man. Most of the inhabitants live by their pens.

Nearer town we saw several handsome villas and inquired their history. They were built "on speculation" and are not doing very well. Cross-examination elicited the fact that some two or three land owners several years ago instituted an innovation. They built houses, not to live in, but

to rent, an unusual procedure hereabouts. Years ago city real estate in Londonderry was so inactive that a bonus of twelve acres in the country was given to each purchaser of a city lot. These suburban tracts are known as "Derry Dozens," and it is on some of these that villas were constructed, in the hope of securing a return on the investment.

One thing that grates on the American is absentee ownership of thousands of acres and whole cities. This is strongly accented in Londonderry, which is almost entirely owned in London by certain companies, survivors of the guilds of olden days.

Most of Portrush belongs to the Earl of Antrim, together with a great deal of the surrounding country. The Marquis of Donegal owns thousands of acres in Counties Londonderry and Donegal, next on the west.

There is a hopeful tone about the people under the new land act, and the Boer War did a great deal to unify the "three kingdoms," as they call them in Ireland.

The Irish car driver is a glib talker and unhampered by facts. You can get any opinion you want on politics, religion or weather. Take, for example, the siege of Derry. The driver says it lasted six weeks. The verger of St. Colomb's thinks it must have been six or more

A LABORER'S HUT

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months. The guide book gives one hundred and five days, which is the correct time.

George Walker, the hero of the siege, was killed in less than a year afterward at the Battle of the Boyne, July 1, 1690. He should have gone back to preaching.

XXI

Westport and the Connemara Country

WE arise early and take the seven thirty train to Westport. It will consume eight and a half hours, going a little over one hundred miles. We skirt County Donegal and go through Tyrone, Fermanagh, Sligo and Mayo.

That represents considerable travel to these people. At least you would think so to hear our car driver enumerate the towns he has visited in his lifetime, all within twenty miles of Derry. He winds up with, "An' I've been to Donegal twicet, but that was thirty year ago, afore they put the railroad in."

Up at the Giant's Causeway the old woman who is barmaid at the Giant's Well said that the hills around her measured the boundaries of her travels. Archie Fall, our guide, had been a winter in Glasgow, but the crowds worried him and he came back to County Antrim and its beautiful scenes. He said that there are people within five

miles of the Causeway who have never seen it nor the tramway leading to it.

Whether that sort of lassitude is a cause or an effect of landlordism I leave to political economists to decide. Certainly it is not the spirit that throws off the yoke of the oppressor.

Ireland, if developed, could support twice its present population, and with a higher average of comfort. It has done so in the past. There are untouched iron and coal mines in Antrim. In Londonderry a big ship yard is closed and rotting to pieces because they have to bring wood, coal and iron across the water. With as good a harbor as that of Glasgow, Derry sits among her empty shipyards and weeps.

Even the linen industry is dwindling. Why? Because "they make linen everywhere nowadays." How is that for a supine sigh from the country which made it first and best?

But things look brighter in this section. If I could have closed my travels at Derry, I would quote the notes I made there and let them stand. I will quote them anyhow, and withdraw them when we get farther south.

"Ireland is slowly rising from the despondency into which she has been plunged by a mixture of antagonistic religion and alien ownership combined with carpet-bag politics. The folly of killing the goose so full of potential golden eggs

and of driving into other countries the brains and brawn of Ireland, while spending millions on far-off India, South Africa and Egypt, is dawning on Great Britain. Charity after girdling the globe is approaching home."

You do not blame me for not wanting to blue pencil that, do you? But it must be done later, for around Galway and other points we found them rejecting all advances and looking askance at every offer of relief.

You cannot understand Ireland until you have talked to Irishmen all over their native land, and then you know that you can never understand it.

One of the things you must come abroad to hear is a whole town leaving the streets at nine thirty P. M. We had to get up early this morning in Londonderry, so we beat the town to bed about half an hour. You can put your head on a pillow, but you can't make it sleep, so I listened to the noises of the street. One lone automobile honked its way among the strolling citizens. Then the solitary two-horse, double-decked tram jogged peacefully towards the Lough Swilly station. Some boys were playing a game which involved a good deal of yelling under our window with responses from other sections of the town. We call it "Wake the traveler" or something like that. There is nothing articulate about it. It is simply an audible expression of a boy's innate

horror of silence. Hundreds of people walked by. You could hear their voices and laughter.

At nine thirty the big chimes in a neighboring steeple rang out. Instantly the tone dropped and you could almost hear the feet point homeward. The noises died in every direction. We were the center of a receding ripple of sound. Even the tram car faded away. Silence reigned. The ghost of the automobile which had yielded up its honk at nine thirty glided by. A small party of revelers could be heard as the clock chimed the quarter, but there was an air of recklessness and bravado in the sound. Their steps grew fainter and stopped. There was a giggle a block away. A door slammed. Derry had gone to bed, and then, miracle of considerateness! the chimes are stilled at ten thirty each night until six the next morning.

The advantages of early retiring are apparent the following morning, for although we leave the hotel at seven o'clock, our bus is followed for several blocks of healthy, well dressed boys begging for pennies. There is something radically lacking in Irish self-respect or this almost universal begging would be done away with. In Italy you are not solicited for alms by the same class of people who bother you in Ireland. The Italian beggar can generally "show cause" if you care to look at it, but the Irish children and

women ask simply because you are an American and they are Irish.

We miss the rosy cheeks of England and Scotland. There is a pallor about the Irish countenance in great contrast with the other natives of the British Isles. They are not quite as colorless as the town-bred Americans, however.

This part of Ireland is full of turf. We pass miles of it stacked up by the pits. Each spade full is a unit of almost uniform size. Men, women and children are engaged in the work, the men digging, the women and children piling it up.

At Enniskillen we change cars for Collooney. The Sixth Dragoons take their name Inniskillings from this town, for they were formerly recruited here. Now they get most of the Inniskillings in London.

It takes over two hours to travel the thirty-five miles from Enniskillen to Collooney. Our train consists of a locomotive, five goods vans, a cattle car and two coaches. The track is exceedingly rough and the delays at stations are considerable.

Ireland is insufficiently provided with railroads. Many farmers bring their produce fifteen or twenty miles to a railroad town. Our train leaves freight at every station for three or four adjacent villages. That is what takes so much time.

We are getting among hills and loughs again. Our train runs the entire length of Lower Lough

Macneane. Patient burros laden with turf stand beside the track. The people in this part of Ireland are the least prepossessing. A bare-footed, ragged woman is at the Balcos station. Throughout rural Ireland whitewash is used as a mural cosmetic, easier to apply than soap and water.

Ours is a single-track road, so we lie at Manor Hamilton for a long time waiting for a train from the other direction. This adds half an hour to our already too long ride. Hedge fences have disappeared; stone fences are now the only kind. They are built from the stones in the fields and do not exhaust the supply.

Two Irishmen share our compartment. One is a salesman for a Canadian agricultural implement house. The other is a local tradesman. Both are of about the same station in life and the same degree of intelligence. We four get into conversation. The two men argue every bit of information which they give us.

We ask if turf is giving out. One says it is, the other says it is not. They agree on its making a fine fire. We want to know if it is dearer than coal. One says yes, the other says no. The first one insists that turf at one and six (thirty-six cents) the kish (basketful) is dearer than coal at a sovereign a ton. The other says, "Yes; but ye can't get coal at a sovereign a ton," and his antagonist says, "That's thrue fer ye," and they

fall to discussing the prettiest spot in Ireland, each clinging to his home county.

That allegiance to county strikes us as a probable source of Ireland's political weakness. A County Mayo man would quit fighting an Englishman to hand a good smash to a County Antrim man. One says of the other, "He's not Irish. He's Scotch." But you insist that the man in question was born in Ireland. "Sure if he was born in a stable, wud that make him a calf?" is the reply.

From the beginning of history Ireland's enemies have enlisted one faction against another.

Our Irish traveling salesman has lived in Canada two years and has acquired a taste for clean linen. The other man is soiled as to every garment in sight. When the latter leaves the car, the Canadian-Irishman says, "You will notice one thing in the west of Ireland. The people are not clean." No reference is made to our late companion, but he is an excellent proof of the truth of the statement. We have more proofs later.

At Collooney we change cars for a two-mile transfer. We enter a "Ladies Only" compartment. There is an inch of dried mud on the floor and no cushions on the seats. We stand up for the short ride.

At Charlestown the guard wires to Claremorris

for two tea baskets. The baskets are handed to us at that station after we have boarded the Westport train. They cost a shilling each and contain a pot of tea, milk, sugar, two slices of buttered bread, and six sweet cakes.

Westport, our destination, is just an over-night stop to enable us to take the celebrated coach ride to Leenane and Clifden. Lest we overlook it, we want to say now that the trip is not worth the while. Go as direct as you can from Londonderry to Galway and you will save time and money and miss nothing worth seeing.

In the first place, the best hotel in Westport is not clean. Its bed linen, towels and napkins had been used by other guests. You will have to take a jaunting car or an open coach for a thirty-mile ride with liberal chances in favor of rain.

We choose the car because the expense is not much greater and the time saved is considerable. Besides, it is not at all certain that the coach will start.

We are advised to take a preliminary ride to the beach. We assent and drive for miles along a weedy, rock-strewn shore which is called a beach. We drive back to the hotel, eat dinner and retire. Our appetite gave zest to the dinner. Except the contents of the tea baskets, we had eaten nothing since our seven o'clock breakfast.

We experience difficulty in fixing a price for everything connected with the hotel. A sort of head waiter hands us the register. We ask him the price of the room. He says he will see. He disappears for five minutes and, returning, gives us the rate. It is satisfactory. Then we ask him what a jaunting car to Leenane will cost us. Again he leaves the room and comes back with a figure. We accept.

This process is repeated whenever any information is needed, and the joke of it is that the timid head waiter is the proprietor of the hotel and dodges in and out simply to shift the responsibility for exorbitant rates to the shoulders of an imaginary employer. All this we learn later.

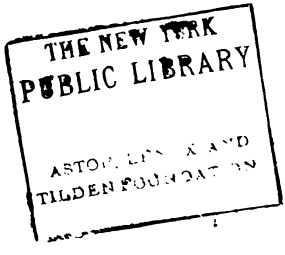
Our room is a joke, but not a funny one. We take turns sitting in the only chair that will bear our weight. We commence to make demands and have the apartment fairly well furnished by bedtime. There is no lock on the door when we arrive, but we are promised that one will be put on later.

A bulletin board at the end of the street reads:

"A schedule specifying the toll, custom and duty claimed by the Marquis of Sligo on the several articles sold in the town of Westport according to the statute in that case provided."

Then follows a list from which we quote, translating the money into cents:

STREET SCENE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Peddler's stand,	18 cents to	24 cents.
Baker's stand,		24 cents.
Hardware stand,		24 cents.
Herring stand,	18 cents to	24 cents.
Hatter's stand,		24 cents.

and so on through all the trades and sorts of merchandise.

Milch cows, per head,	12 cents.
Dry cows and bullocks,	8 cents.
Horse,	12 cents.
Calf, ass or mule,	8 cents.
Cabbage per cwt.,	24 cents.

and so on.

This may not be operative now, but it was operative once and so recently that the sign is clear and distinct, and it makes the blood boil. This was the tribute exacted, not by the King, but by the Marquis of Sligo.

Court sits to-morrow, and a factor and ten or a dozen tenants are grouped around the hotel entrance arguing the terms of renewal for some expiring leases. There seems to be an irreconcilable difference of five shillings to the pound. The factor offers to reduce the old rate four shillings to the pound. The tenants are holding out for a nine-shilling reduction. Formerly the tenants would have had to pay any price demanded. Now they have a right to appeal to the

courts and, next to a ruction, an Irishman loves a lawsuit. One of the tenants frequently says with great unction, "Mebbe so; but our solicitor informs us different, sorr."

It is hard for an outsider to make head or tail of the matter, but in their earnestness, their finality of statement and their frequent return to the conflict, they remind one of some of McLaren's inimitable descriptions of similar bickerings in Scotland.

Later we draw one of the disputants aside and obtain an *ex parte* statement, which, of course, is biased and not to be accepted *in toto*. He tells us that the old leases expired two years ago, having run for thirty-five years. The old rentals were exorbitant, but the fathers of the present tenants had no option in those days. They must sign or leave, and to leave meant to leave Ireland, so they signed. Now, under the new law their sons can have their day in court. We did not hear the outcome.

We return to our room, where we turn on the electric-light switch. It produces no effect. We ring for our smiling chambermaid. She was the one balm in Westport. Nothing could depress her. She informs us that the electric light does not "come on" until eight thirty. It never came on at all. But we did leave one permanent improvement in that hotel. We refused to retire

until the bolt was put on the door. They found one somewhere and the smiling maid and the boots put it on.

We did not see a clean-faced child in Westport. A beautiful river flows through the center of the town, and you would think an occasional boy or girl would fall in and lose some of his or her dirt. If they ever fall in, they must be washed over the dam. They are never washed over the face. There is some palliation for poverty and disease, and we have even excused some cases of drunkenness, but accumulated and premeditated dirt has no reason for existence under the conditions at Westport. Dirt in a city may be unavoidable, but here we have everything making it difficult to avoid water, and ninety per cent of the population, male and female, juvenile and adult, are unwashed.

Our drive to Leenane might have been pretty under more favorable circumstances, but the weather was hazy and the horse was slow. We plodded along in an "inside" car past miles of rocky scenery. The driver sat in the back of the cart. The reins passed over my arms and I received more of the force of the blow when the reins were slapped down than the horse did. The fields by which we rode were so covered with stones as to seem irreclaimable. We passed many

kishes of turf being carried into Westport, where it sells for twelve cents the kish.

One couple were going to town riding the same pony. The man was astride in front and the woman, sitting sidewise, clung to her jolting lord.

"They go that way to funerals," said our driver, "and race home ten miles an hour."

We passed some new red-roofed brick houses. These are put up for policemen. Five constables live in each house. They were made necessary by the prevalence of "cattle driving" in this part of Ireland. Outlaws stole stock to such an extent that no man could take a cow and calf to market in safety. The newspapers are full of accounts of the prosecution of this form of criminals. Since the patrol was established things are more secure.

The mountains hereabouts are beautiful, but too misty for photographing. We had just settled back for an eventless ride, our horse was ambling along down a slight incline, when there was a scrambling of hoofs, we and the luggage were piled in the front of the car, the horse was down and the driver was in the middle of the road. We joined him promptly. Our horse had stepped on a pebble and stumbled. The driver was panic stricken. He started to wave his arms and yell at something a half mile down the road, which proved to be a sheep, which offered us no

assistance. I was as ignorant of the proper procedure as was the driver. I had fleeting recollections of mounted policemen dismounting and sitting on horses' heads while other people unbuttoned their harness, but I did not want either end of that contract. We both tried to loosen the harness at the least exposed points and finally stepped back to take breath. Relieved of our attentions, the horse scrambled to his feet apparently uninjured. I was disposed to congratulate all of us on the outcome, but the driver said tearfully:

"His knees is destroyed, sorr."

I told him they were cast down, but not destroyed, and pointed out the trivial nature of the abrasions. The horse stepped off at his usual gait, which was never a fast one, but the driver kept moaning out his dread of what "the boss" would do to him, largely for the purpose of increasing his tip, as we afterward ascertained.

We stopped at the first farm house and bathed the injured member, and the farmer gave the driver some salve which he applied.

If we had been slow before the accident, we were positively glacial in our progress thereafter.

About the time we would have reached Leenane had we gone afoot, we drove into a rain, which was also driving, and our last fifty minutes was through one of those cold little non-

descript weather performances which the Scotch and Irish call a "mist."

We had anticipated something of the sort before starting and had stated our fears to the driver. He assured us that the clouds which we pointed out were "only the Spring tide, sorr. If it had intinded to rain, it wud be at it before now, sorr."

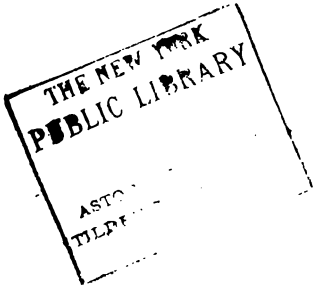
Leenane is beautifully situated on the shores of Killery Bay, with high hills all around, cutting the landscape into fjords, mildly suggestive of Norway. Its hotel is better than the one at Westport, but parsimonious in the matter of towels.

We will go on to Galway to-night to avoid being held in the Connemara country over Sunday. The weather is threatening and we want to be nearer a railroad and "covered cars" before another storm breaks. We are now in County Galway, having crossed from Mayo in our jaunting car.

The veins of turf hereabouts are four or five feet thick and of good quality, as evidenced by the darker color.

There is a small tweed factory in Leenane where the entire process of weaving can be studied. Edward VII visited this place in his "Seeing Ireland" trip and had a button on his coat tightened. Now they call themselves "Tweed makers to the Royal Household."

AN OLD WOMAN AND HER FAMILY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The hotel property is inclosed by a hedge of fuchsias, five or six feet high, drenched with red bloom and so thick-set that a cat could not crawl through.

On our way to Leenane we drove for a mile or more along the side of a mountain stream. The driver said that during a recent freshet the water covered the road and salmon were caught where we were driving. No action could be taken against anyone fishing in the public highway, but woe betide the unlicensed sportsman who caught a fish in the brook. If he was caught catching it, he would surely catch it.

We spend the afternoon returning the scowl of a frowning mountain and order a six o'clock car for Maams Cross, where we will catch the eight twenty-two train for Galway. The prettier drive is to Clifton, but under present weather conditions it would be impossible.

Leenane is a popular resort, fairly well patronized even in June. It is twelve miles from the nearest railway station. The other inmates of the hotel seem to be provided with bicycles and with the excellent roads hereabouts doubtless find the freedom from the noise and dirt of steam cars an added attraction.

For a people whose principal food is the potato, the Irish are singularly unskilled in the art of cooking it. It is usually mashed and not well

mashed, but full of lumps. The other vegetable is kale, dark green and coarser than at home.

Our ride to Maams Cross took over two hours, mostly mist. We had rain coats, rugs and umbrellas and escaped a serious wetting, but we did not see much of "lovely Connemara."

Our small luggage was placed in the "well" of the car, its only dry portion, and the suit cases were held on by straps and us. We had the mail cart for pacemaker all the way, so were sure of being on time for our train.

It was beautiful to see the clouds forming about the mountain tops and slowly sinking into the valleys, but not so pleasant when they sank into our valley and condensed into "mist."

XXII

Galway

IT is almost eleven o'clock at night when we reach Galway. We follow our customary practice of stopping at the Railways Hotel. As usual, the clerk is a woman. The hotel is comfortable, and abounds in wide halls and light shafts. There is enough waste space in the building to duplicate its sleeping rooms.

Galway is the most picturesque town in Ireland. It is also the most depressing if you have a weakness for worrying over other people's troubles and mismanagement. It has all the possibilities of a prosperous commercial city, being the nearest seaport to America, only sixteen hundred and thirty-six miles from St. John's, twenty-three hundred and eighty-five miles from Boston and twenty-seven hundred miles from New York. It "almost" takes advantage of these natural conditions. Its harbor is "nearly" deep enough for the accommodations of large steamers. To-day a ship laden with wheat from Australia is lying

in the roadstead waiting to be lightered of enough of her cargo to dock.

There is fine salmon fishing on Lough Garrib. A canal connects the lough with the harbor. In the spawning season the waters are crowded with salmon. The "rights" were sold a generation ago to a Scotchman, Mr. Hallott, who receives twenty or twenty-five thousand dollars a year income from sportsmen. It costs a sovereign a day and two-thirds of your catch for a fishing license.

We walk through the town and see an empty jaunting car.

"What will you charge for a drive about town?"

"I'll lave that to yer honor. If it was some, I'd make a bargain."

"How would tuppence strike you?"

"Yer honor's jokin', but I'd rather have the half crown ye'd be givin' me than the two shillins I'd be askin' ye."

Finally we agree on a two shilling per hour rate, and climb up on opposite sides of the car. By this time we are adepts and scorn to hold on to the seat, no matter how rough the road.

We soon discover that our driver is a stranger in Galway. He has brought in a fare from another town, and does not know Galway as well as we do. He cannot even take us to the post-office.

By stopping several good-natured citizens we find our way about. Knowing that there are some sections of the old city wall standing, we ask to see them. He locates a weedy-looking ruin that he thinks "must be the old wall, sorr; it's been here a long while."

After half an hour's drive, during which we pass the same corner four times, a more practical view supplants the humorous one, and we conclude that if we really desire to see Galway there must be a change of drivers.

We dismount at the hotel and give him two shillings.

"An' sixpence for the driver," he pleads.

I convince him that one and sixpence is all he will turn in to his employer, and he goes away, grumbling but satisfied.

The oldest ruin in Galway is the Lion's Tower. It was built in 1278, and rebuilt in 1835 by Joseph Henry Bath. The surrounding wall was built in 1646.

Galway not only has defaulted on her harbor and sold her salmon birthright for a mess of Scotch oats, but she has enough wasted water power to grind wheat for half of Ireland. There are twenty-one mills here with water power directly under their noses. Twenty of them are shut down.

We stand on the bridge and look at the hun-

dreds of spawning salmon. They are perfectly motionless, with their noses pointed upstream, and show beautifully in the clear water. They seem pretty numerous, but we are assured that this is an off-year. Some years they lie so close together that their sides do not get wet and it is hard to pull them out because they are wedged in so tightly.

We hire another car and drive around the "ring" of the Claddagh. The Claddagh is an ancient fishing village adjoining the harbor. Formerly it was a distinct community, having its own mayor, called the "King of the Claddagh." Its people did not intermarry with the outer world, but, judging from their present appearance, the outer world had little cause to mourn.

The Claddagh wedding ring is of gold and represents a heart supported by two hands. These are sold as souvenirs in the Galway shops. Like most fishermen, and sailors, the populace are superstitious. They are jealous regarding their fishing rights and tenacious in maintaining them.

The women are usually barefooted and wear shawls and red petticoats. They lean over the half-doors of their shanties and gossip. These half-doors are characteristic of Irish cottages of the poorer class.

There are no streets in the Claddagh. The houses face in every direction and look as though

AN IRISH COLLEEN

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they had been deposited by a flood or glacier.

The "ring" is a semicircular sidewalk which incloses this haphazard group of buildings, and it is in turn inclosed by the driveway.

Franciscan's Church and the Kew Bridge are as hard to find as the Holy Grail. No one in town ever heard of them, and yet they are prominently mentioned in the guide book. Some day we will organize an expedition and find these two hidden spots and, after burying proofs in the neighborhood, announce the discovery to the world.

In the meanwhile, Galway grows on us and twines little tendrils around our hearts. Its people are typically Irish, although there is a world of pathos in the eyes of the children.

Patriotism sometimes takes a form that calls for more stubborn courage than following your country's flag into battle. The soldier is bolstered up by the approval and admiration of thousands. He is in the center of the stage, with an orchestra of artillery and spotlights of exploding bombs.

The man who persists in living in his native land from pure love of the soil and in spite of all odds is your true patriot. He wins no one's approval, hardly his own. He does not know just why he stays, but he knows that to leave would mean a lingering heart-break.

The tenants, sweating under exorbitant rack rents (now happily being done away with), say in defense of their fathers, who signed the leases: "What cud they do, sorr? They had to sign or lave Ireland."

Many of the hustling younger generation are leaving, but there is an eloquent love of country expressed by those who stay and starve.

The land-buying by the government has not yet reached Mayo and Galway, but they expect relief in a few years and are fighting in the courts for lower rents.

Formerly it was "the lord's will be done," which, properly interpreted, meant "the tenants will (certainly) be done." Now the latter have at least a fighting chance.

A slight indication of the attitude of the community towards private property is found in the practice of keeping the Railway Hotel locked night and day. A porter admits properly identified guests and lets them out, but the main door is always locked.

St. Nicholas' Church contains the tomb of Lynch, mayor in 1493. It is adorned with the family crest, a lynx. The mayor's full name was James Lynch Fitz-Stephen, and the town has many memorials of him. His former residence is known as Lynch's Castle, and is a fine type of fifteenth century shop and dwelling com-

bined. It is in good preservation and occupied on the ground floor by a grocery store.

In St. Nicholas' Churchyard is a memorial perpetuating a very gruesome act of Spartan justice on Lynch's part. His son was one of several conspirators who planned to murder a ship's captain and steal the cargo. Being brought before Lynch for trial, the son was condemned to death and executed, in spite of the pleas of friends and relatives.

The tracery of the windows in St. Nicholas' is beautiful. Each of the three north windows has a different design. You can have an excellent view of the surrounding country from the tower, but the ascent is not recommended to stout people. There are some wonderfully small spaces to squeeze through.

We take the horse-tram to Salthill. We use the word "tram" because "car" over here invariably means a jaunting car.

Salthill has an excellent sandy beach with fine breakers, but there are no bathers and no bathhouses. Children are wading out a short distance, but the adult desire for amusement finds satisfaction in hiring row boats or sailing craft. There is a ceaseless chorus of "Coom fer a punt, sir." Old women are selling cockles with a blessing added for a ha'-penny each. The natives eat them raw—the cockles, not the blessings.

Galway is an interesting but saddening example of shrinkage. In the process, its particles have disintegrated, and sightless old houses seem to stare at you from blind and moss-incrusted windows. While it has suffered some at the hands of besiegers, notably during Cromwell's attacks, most of its walls have crumbled before the guns of that most relentless of field marshals, Father Time, assisted by his chief of staff in the Connemara country, General Apathy.

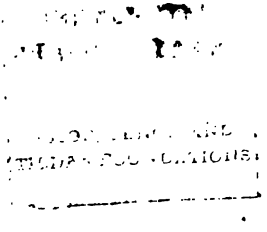
Shawls are universal among the middle and poorer classes of women in Ireland. They are bonnet, waist and two-thirds of the skirt. They cover a multitude of deficiencies in costume and look oppressively hot on a warm day. The prevailing color of these shawls in Galway is tan with a brown border, or brown with a tan border.

We have seen just one set of "Galway" whiskers in town. Their proud possessor was soliciting patronage for a Salthill sail-boat.

Rain drove us in at five o'clock and we sat at our hotel window and watched the people, going about as usual, or standing still, absolutely undisturbed by the shower.

More confusion was added to the land question by a conversation with a gentleman in the hotel, who seemed intelligent and well informed, but was intensely partisan, i. e., Irish. This man says that the north of Ireland has the best of it,

THE CLADDAGH



and always has had; that, anyhow, they are more Scotch than Irish; that there are more cases before the courts to-day on the subject of land values to be adjudicated than can be reached in ten or twelve years; and that the people have been wilfully deceived by a false hope and are worse off than ever.

We will be five or six hours on the train to-day on our way to Kilkee. The prefix "kil" or "kill" means cell, cloister, or church. The other Irish prefix, "bal" or "bally," means town or village. In the prevalence of the latter you see a modest contrast to the tendency in some of our western states to stake out a bit of prairie and call it some "city" or other with prophetic optimism. Perhaps you also see the basic hopelessness and hope in each selection.

We were serenaded last night. At least, we were innocent bystanders. A party of Galway citizens were going to America, and their friends came down to the Dublin train and sang a farewell dirge expressive of grief at parting or at being left behind. It was a wild, sad song, and sounded very pathetic at three in the morning.

XXIII

Kilkee

OUR train starts at nine forty. At least, that is the schedule. It gets under way a little before ten. The first change is at Athenry, after a ride of twenty-eight minutes, and it is accomplished in the rain.

This village was once a royal town and possessed of a wall. Its only gleam of glory to-day is when the "Galway Blazers" assemble for their hunt. It has some thirteenth century ruins, notably those of a Dominican priory. It likewise possesses a nineteenth century ruin in the shape of a depot. The platform is not covered, and there are no porters to assist with the luggage.

In seventeen minutes after leaving Athenry, we reach Ennis, where again we change cars. There are porters to help us at Ennis, but no shelter from the rain except within the waiting room.

We change again at Moyasta. Much of this changing of cars is due to the time of year. July first there will be through trains to Kilkee.

There are some advantages connected with this happy-go-lucky way of running trains. At Ennis we wanted two lunch baskets made up. Our train was already five minutes late, but the depot master sent a porter for the baskets and held the train another five minutes for their preparation. With some oranges and bananas added to our menu, we lunched quite comfortably as our train annihilated space at the rate of twenty miles an hour.

Near Athlone is the scene of Goldsmith's "Deserted Village," but Ireland is so full of deserted villages that we do not break our journey to visit "Auburn, loveliest village of the plain." Its real name is Lissoy.

Last evening, when ordering this morning's breakfast in Galway, we mentioned sole. The head waiter cautioned us against eating fish for Monday breakfast. He said none was caught on Sunday and the Saturday's catch was not considered palatable Monday. Shades of cold storage and spirits of ammonia, what do you think of that?

The effort to perpetuate the Gaelic language still continues. The station names are in English and Gaelic, and some advertisements are in both languages. Most newspapers in western Ireland have a column or more in Gaelic.

At Moyasta we cross thirty feet of cinder plat-

form, with water standing in pools. Our train is waiting for us, although we are half an hour late. With rubbers, rain coats and umbrellas, we defy the elements and are revealed as tourists to the dripping natives, who scorn the idea of shelter.

If you want to be puffed with a sense of your own importance, land at an Irish summer resort before the season opens. Throwing a traveler among those hotel runners is like tossing a chunk of meat into a cage of famished lions.

Our stammering Boots, who was likewise the hall porter at the Galway hotel, was consulted as to the best stopping place at Kilkee, just as our train pulled out. He said, "M-m-moores is on the b-b-b"—and we never knew whether the missing word was "bay" or "bum." Reasoning that he would hardly use such a pronounced Americanism as the latter, we elected to try Moore's. When we landed at Kilkee in a heavy shower, five hotels were represented at the station, but no Moore.

We asked the clamoring mob for Moore's, and they made a converging rush for us.

"Thry the Victoria, sorr."

"The West End is the best, sorr."

"I'll take you to Moore's, sorr," said an unlabeled, unshaven porter.

"How far is it?" we asked.

"About five minutes, sorr" (the eternal, unwavering distance).

"Have you a covered machine?" we asked, meaning a cab.

He procured one and we drove to the remotest end of town, past all of the other hotels, and found Moore's.

No one was in the hotel office. Some noise on our part brought a woman on the scene. Evidently no preparation had been made for guests so early in the season. The location was at the tip end of town, remote from the depot.

We faced to driver and sternly asked, "Now, where is there a decent hotel near the station?"

He mentioned the Royal Marine, and we drove back the whole dripping length of the town. One of the rejected porters met us at the door, with a smile, and said, "I thought ye'd be back."

We were assigned to a comfortable room with a beautiful view of the bay. The scene would arouse more enthusiasm were we not so damp ourselves.

This is not the largest hotel we have been in. but its rooms are numberless. We blaze our way to the office and back, and locate our bedroom firmly in our minds before taking a walk on the beach. The hotel illuminates with candles. The cake of soap has nearly reached its final rub. We long ago learned to carry our own soap. The

foreign hotel has progressed to the point of furnishing soap to its guests, but has not yet adopted the wild American extravagance of placing a neatly wrapped cake in the room of each arrival.

The house is being re-papered and re-plumbed throughout, and as it is clean, it should make a fair bid for the season's visitors. It is well located for a view of the bay, and is close to the station.

Our walk through the slackening rain took us about a mile around the shore. The town is built on a crescent, and the coast is marked by picturesque black rocks with breakers dashing over them.

The rain increases and we return to our hotel and study its interior. Within its parlor are those two gems of our nursery days, "Wide Awake" and "Fast Asleep." We had not seen these pictures for years, and supposed all copies of them had been lost or destroyed. The room also contains an *étagère* (are you old enough to remember them?) with shells about its base and majolica shepherdesses on its shelves. The headless condition of the latter gives the room a Cromwellian atmosphere.

Kilkee must be attractive during the season. The beach is magnificent, but the bathhouses

seem inadequate. Probably they use bath wagons when the crowds are here.

The jaunting car drivers are possessed of an imperturbable good nature.

"Have a car, sorr?"

"No" (rather short and surly).

"It's a grand day, sorr," and they touch their hats respectfully, making you ashamed of your ill nature.

In the morning we take an hour and a half's drive around the coast and are well repaid. There are some wonderful things in cliff architecture hereabouts.

Ireland is like an immense saucer washed by the Atlantic. The ocean is a careless dishwasher and the edges are badly nicked.

We see Bishop's Island and the ruins of an early oratory. The story goes that a bishop had stored some food on the island and fled there during a famine. After the famine was over and the bishop's food was gone he found that the sea had widened the distance between him and the mainland, and, unable to procure anything to eat, he slowly starved. In proof of the story there is the oratory with absolutely no food in it.

Much more authentic are the tales of awful shipwrecks among these merciless rocks.

The Cave of Kilkee is best seen from a boat if

you have the time. The same is true of Puffing Hole and all of the grand coast scenery.

Vegetation in Ireland is irrepressible. It grows on top of stone fences, and not only grows, but blooms!

In a second-class compartment on the Kilrush train we are saluted by our disappointed porter of the night before. He leans in at the window, and, while not in the best of spirits, still gives evidence of some potations.

"I had the plisure of driving a gintleman and his wife from Chicaggy tin years ago. I had my own horse and car thin, sorr. Now I have to depind on odd jobs carrying luggage, sorr."

Silence on our part.

"I was sorry not to have had the plisure of carrying yours last night, sorr."

More silence.

"Well, good by, sorr, and a plisant journey to you and the lady."

"Good by."

He intimates a desire to drink our health and to give us his blessing for a consideration, but we are scanning our investments in this line more closely. The last "luck o' God" that we bought of these hangers-on brought on yesterday's shower, so we are dealing no more with middlemen.

It is low tide between Kilkee and Moyasta, and

ALONG THE KILKEE COAST

many boats lie tilted in the mud, waiting for the water to return.

At Moyasta we linger for a long while for the train to Kilrush. If they would only change the name of Moyasta to Kiltime it would harmonize with its neighboring towns and they could then call it the Kilkee, Kiltime and Kilrush Railway.

At Kilrush we take a car to the dock and go aboard the Limerick steamer half an hour before sailing time. This enables us to order and eat a wholesome lunch of chops, bread, butter and tea before the boat pulls out.

We are on the River Shannon, which here at its mouth is as wide as a bay. There was no boat to Limerick yesterday. The schedule is so uncertain that we telephone from Kilkee, to be sure that there would be one to-day.

XXIV

The Shannon River and Limerick

SCATTERY ISLAND is within half a mile of us. It has on it the first round tower we have seen. The guide book says it is unique in having an entrance on the ground floor. There are about one hundred round towers in Ireland. Some theorists say they were belfries. Others claim that the small windows indicate that they were watch towers or forts. Whatever they were, they are the only distinctive contributions of early Ireland to architecture.

There are many ruins on Scattery Island and much of historical matter ornamented with legendary embroidery.

At Tarbert we exchange passengers by means of a rowboat. Eight or ten men and women jump into the tossing craft, into which a scissors-grinding machine is also lowered. A small, shaggy dog scampers back and forth and superintends the transfer.

We started with the sun shining, but a shower drives us from the deck as we near Redgap.

This part of Ireland, between Kilrush and Limerick, in an arc reaching to Ennis, has no railroad, but depends upon river boats for transportation.

We tie up for a long time at Kildysart, where there is a pontoon pier, heavily laden with freight to be taken to Limerick. Kildysart is the port for a large area of country. Five pigs, loudly protesting, are added to our third-class passenger list.

We pass the mouth of the Dee River and, a little later, the estuary of Lough Fergus, filled with islands. Beagh Castle, on our right, is an impressive ruin. In vivid contrast thereto rise the white walls of Castle Dromore, the residence of the Lord of Limerick.

Our last sight before entering the busier part of the river is the ruin of an old castle founded by the Knights Templar and blown up in 1691 by William III. This marks the terminus of the grounds of Lord Emly, thickly timbered and with a fine mansion at its eastern extremity.

We tie up at five ten at the Limerick quay, and deceived by the name, take a jaunting car to the Railway Hotel. It proves to be a cheap, undesirable hostelry. The rain is falling in torrents. The railroad station is half a block away. We

hail a bus for Cruise's Royal Hotel and, arriving there, find ourselves again in neat metropolitan surroundings.

Limerick is a modern business community with about thirty-eight thousand inhabitants. It is Roman Catholic in religion. All of Ireland is excepting Ulster. Its four and a half million people number less than one-fourth Protestants. There are almost as many Presbyterians as adherents of the Church of England.

Ireland sends one hundred and three members to Parliament, of whom eighty are "agin the government."

Limerick was built in sections in the eleventh and fifteenth centuries. General Patrick Sarsfield is the local hero, for he withstood the attacks of William III in 1690 and only surrendered upon terms fair to the Roman Catholics. We do not know how well these terms were observed, but we do know that Limerick is called the City of the Violated Treaty. The surrender was signed on the Treaty Stone, which has an honored place, properly marked, at the west end of Thomond Bridge across the River Shannon.

Limerick is in marked contrast with Galway. Its shops are bright and modern and its citizens step off as briskly as Americans. Its streets are clean and wide.

We arose early, breakfasted and started on a

drive through the city, stopping for a minute at St. John's Cathedral. Mass was being celebrated, so we just looked in at Benzoni's beautiful statue of the Virgin Mary and tiptoed out.

Mistaking our purpose, the driver next took us to St. Mary's Church instead of the Episcopal Cathedral of the same name.

At the modest little Catholic church we witnessed the termination of a wedding. The red-faced groom helped the smiling bride into a carriage and they drove off amid the cheers of the male contingent.

Then we drove to the Protestant St. Mary's, if you will permit the expression. Protestant churches are inconvenient in that they save souls during office hours only. The Catholics have no close season for fighting his Satanic majesty and their churches are always open.

We finally found a grave digger who located a verger, who showed us through St. Mary's Episcopal Cathedral. It has a fine churchyard with large old shade trees. Parts of the building go back to the twelfth century. The site has been holy ground since the fifth century, but the original building was destroyed a thousand years ago.

The present church is badly lighted. The carved oak misericorde seats are very interesting. They permitted the monks to rest their elbows

on shelves when weary with too long standing. A cannon was mounted on the battlements of the church in 1690 and a skilfully directed shot from it nearly proved fatal to King William.

We must have been liberal in feeing the gravedigger, for he waited for us as we came out, and asked us if we had ever heard of Mr. Hartley. We said we had not.

"He was the last man buried here. He was one of the most beloved men in Limerick. He has only been buried about a fortnight, and I have had to move him. He's uncovered now, and I thought you might like to see him."

We plead a pressure of other engagements and decline.

We drive over Thomond Bridge for a look at the Treaty Stone, and attempt a photograph in the rain. King John's Castle is at the east end of the bridge. It was built in the reign of that luckless monarch. On the side facing the river are many scars, healed with brick, showing where the shots of the besiegers struck during the various sieges. It is now used as barracks.

We depart for Killarney on the ten fifteen train. You must watch the hotel porter very closely or he will label your hand luggage and put it into the baggage car. This is not desirable, as it means delay and a possible loss of luggage. In spite of our instructions, we frequently rescue

our suit cases from the van in the nick of time. This occurred at Limerick.

Memories of the hotel at Limerick crowd our minds. It was built in 1791 and is commencing to show its age. They have added electric lights and plumbing, ltd., but the up and down stairs landings are as they were. In getting to your room you follow the line of greatest resistance. There is no lift, and that fact helps some in getting up and down stairs speedily.

On the train we pass considerable waste ground and here and there fields inclosed by stone fences or hedges. Many sheep are feeding on the hillsides. The roadbed is excellent, but the weather is exasperating. It alternates rain and shine in fifteen-minute instalments.

The compartment is shared by two ministers of different types, one with a silk tile and the other with a shovel hat. We lose the latter at Ardagh together with its owner.

After Newcastle West our train takes to hill climbing. We get a fine view of some truly emerald landscape. It is the first time we have looked down from a train in Ireland.

We pass through some cuts in the solid rock almost Alpine in their ruggedness before reaching Barnagh. Then we descend again to the valley.

At Kilmora the other minister leaves us. In

brushing his silk hat with his sleeve, his celluloid cuff embarrasses him by popping out. He is a fine, gentle-looking old priest with thin, white locks and spare frame. If his fight against the world and the devil has been as successful as that against flesh, he is assured of paradise.

The scenery after Kilmora is wooded and hilly. At Listowel we take on a poor insane woman in charge of two officers. They are taking her to the asylum at Killarney. There is a good deal of drunkenness at this station, but that may be due to the fact that it is market day. One wild-looking young man, the worse for liquor, lurched into a first-class compartment and rode to the next town, where he was dislodged by the guard. Probably some of the heavy penalties for riding without a railroad ticket will be imposed in his case.

We change cars at Tralee about half-past one. We could have reached Killarney on time, but waited for five minutes outside the town. The station agent has a weak heart and any unusual occurrence might prove fatal.

THE TREATY STONE

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ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

XXV

Killarney

THE train finally pulls into the station between hills dripping with mist. It is a beautiful picture, but baffling to the artist who paints with Sol's rays. The most welcome sight to our eyes is a low, rakish-looking building with the sign displayed "Great Southern Laundry." It is an adjunct of the Railway Hotel. We often wonder what travelers did for comforts in Ireland before the railroads built their big hotels. Of course the answer is, they did without them. And the country did without travelers to a large extent.

We almost went to the wrong hotel. The railroad conducts two establishments at Killarney. The New Hotel is less expensive and caters more to family trade and permanent boarders. It is clean and comfortable and less showy than the Great Southern Hotel. We selected the latter because of our short stay and the need for some rapid fire laundry work. Our room is only two dollars a day and the appointments are first class.

We have a three o'clock luncheon in the restaurant, where meals are served at all hours. It is raining, but that has happened ten or twelve times to-day and we are used to it.

After lunch we drive through the grounds of Lord Kenmare. The foliage and trees are beautiful. Everything is wild but kept under control. The growth is the natural vegetation of the neighborhood with the hand of the landscape gardener laid gently here and there.

We are on our way to Ross Castle. Four times at luncheon and twice on our drive the fact leaks out that this was the last castle in Ireland to surrender to Cromwell in 1652. It was probably the last one he went after.

Ross Castle is a beautiful ivy-covered ruin, and as we are rowed out on the smooth surface of the Lower Lake, its reflection in the water doubles its charm.

It was considered absolutely invulnerable from the land side, therefore Cromwell wasted no time on that proposition but attacked it from the rear, the lake, with ships. An old prophecy had declared Castle Ross impregnable until ships should surround it. The garrison regarding the prophecy as fulfilled, refused to strike a blow, and thus again, as when Birnam Wood came to Dunsinane, was superstition more potent than powder.

We row over to Mouse Island filled with

arbutus, which in the Killarney neighborhood develops into trees. It is the glossy green of the arbutus and holly, mingled with other vegetation, that gives to these hills their myriad shades of color. That is the one unsurpassable charm of Killarney. There are deeper lakes set in higher mountains all over the world, but nowhere else such marvelous foliage.

Our boat glides by acres of white and yellow pond lilies and pokes its nose into rocky caves, sculptured by water into queer skull-like formations. One island is called O'Donoghue's Pulpit. An O'Donoghue built Ross Castle, but I doubt if any of them ever preached from this pulpit.

We drive back through part of Kenmare's six-thousand-acre park. It was once farm land, but is now merely pleasure ground. Occasionally a startled deer peers at us from the underbrush and scampers back into the forest. There is enough timber growing here to make the future Lords of Kenmare lumber kings.

Our road leads through the demesne and past a long abandoned copper mine. Hearing the sound of a hammer on rock, we inquire and find that tests are being made with a view to reopening the mine.

We wish we could describe the peculiar beauty of the hills around Lough Leane, the lowest of

Killarney's beauteous triptych of lakes. This charm is in its softness of coloring, as already stated. Lough Leane is the largest of the three lakes, covering five thousand acres. Its greatest length is five miles and its greatest width is three.

Thackeray in his "Irish Sketch Book" dwells lovingly on the beauties of Killarney and takes a dig at the man who thinks he can see the whole of the lakes in a day.

We are giving the district a day and a half in order to escape Thackeray's disapproval, and when we add to that the increased facilities for travel, improved roads and greater energy at our command, we feel that we are at least "seeing" Killarney. To live here long enough to absorb all of its beauty would defy an octogenarian. Skimming over it hastily is a sin that carries its own punishment, and we can assure every loyal Irishman in County Kerry that our hearts will dwell in Killarney long after our bodies leave it. Our memories will take on a brighter hue whenever we think of its dewy, sparkling beauty.

Thus much we wrote after half a day on the shores of Lough Leane, and all that we felt and suffered the next day in the Gap of Dunloe shall not erase a word of it.

It may interest those who are looking for Hibernianisms to know that Ross Island is a

ROSS CASTLE

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peninsula and can be reached in a jaunting car, except during unusually high water.

Our boatman's farewell was truly of the soil. "A plisant journey to ye, my lady, and I hope I may have the plisure of servin' ye agin."

The town of Killarney once worked for a living and had iron smelters and foundries, but now it has tasted the joys of "easy money" and its fifty-five hundred people depend on tourists for a livelihood.

The energy of Killarney has been sapped. It does not want to appear ungrateful to Providence by making an effort on its own part. Aside from wood carving, which is a recognized by-product of all tourist-supported communities, there is very little industry here except that of cajoling the wide-eyed sightseer.

After you have selected your own bank of deposit in the shape of a hotel, it is great fun to see a new traveler alight in the middle of the road. He or she instantly becomes the center of a clamorous mob of hotel runners, car drivers and post-card venders. The Irish are true sportsmen, and the losers seem to get as much fun out of the chase as the one who captures the brush, in this case typified by a much labeled suit case.

Now for a prolonged groan. Such a day! We started for the Gap of Dunloe in a jaunting car. It soon commenced to rain. We peered from

under our umbrellas at the ruins of Aghadoe with its fragments of castle, church and round tower. These are the oldest ruins in Ireland. We do not stop, as none of them has a roof.

We pass John Lynch's haunted house. None of the guide books tells its story, because it probably is not true. However, it is interesting and will serve to offset some of the dry facts in other parts of this narrative.

John Lynch was a land agent sent up from Dublin to collect the rents. As no one had any money, he evicted all of the tenants between here and the town, thirty-five in number, and bought them tickets to America. So far he seems to have been a blessing in disguise. Then, having no tenants, Lynch found himself out of a job and was himself evicted. He went to America, and his former tenants would not let him land. Just how they prevented it is not clear, but give thirty-five Irish families six months' start and they would probably control the politics of any American port they might select.

Lynch returned to Killarney and was so depressed by the black looks of his neighbors that he committed suicide. Pretty poor stuff for a land agent! But that did not end his troubles. He was shut out of the lower regions also. Whether because of a preponderance of Irish vote there or not, the historian does not say.

Anyhow, the devil gave him some fagots and matches and told him to go back to Killarney and start his own fire. So every night at midnight you can see a light in John Lynch's house, where its luckless occupant is trying to start his fire.

"Did you ever see the light?" we asked.

"Bless ye," said our ingenuous driver, "I'm niver up that late."

We reach Kate Kearney's cottage in a drenching rain. We are eight and a half miles from Killarney and six miles from the head of the upper lake, and the latter distance must be made on horseback.

The crowd waits half an hour in this cottage, which is always referred to impressively, but which is simply a roadside souvenir store and barroom combined. Our driver assures us that this is a "clearing rain" and that when it stops there will be no more bad weather to-day.

Finally it slacked down to a shower and we started on horseback astride a pair of farm horses for our six-mile ride through the Gap of Dunloe. There are purple and blue mountains towering to the left and right of us. The purple shade is due to a mineral deposit at the summit. The craggy steeps would have been impressive under better weather conditions or with a more comfortable conveyance, but those nags of ours, not from

coltishness but because of mere perversity, would not walk but insisted on jogging.

B. had long before cast prudence to the winds and the reins on her steed's neck. She was struggling to sit sideways, hold a rain coat over herself and camera, carry an open umbrella and keep her hat on straight. I had nothing to hold but an umbrella and my temper, but I was never busier in my life.

In spite of my watchfulness, my horse would occasionally break into one of those trip-hammer jogs and B.'s nag would instantly join in. B. would grab at her hat and say at each drop of her horse's hoofs:

"Don't—make—him—trot—I—can't — stay—on."

And I would reply, "D'you—think—I'm—a—blithering—idiot—I'm—trying—to — stop—'im."

It was bad enough to be shaken like a corn popper, without being suspected of aiding and abetting in the transaction.

Just why the excursion is broken at Kate Kearney's cottage is not apparent, unless, like the benevolent cannibal and the missionary, the idea is to make the tourist reach as many natives as possible. It would perhaps be more exact to say: Let as many natives as possible reach the tourist.

That is not the worst of it. The ride would be uncomfortable under the most favorable circum-

stances. The horses either walk or jog. One means monotony and the other means torture. You can pick out all of the riders as they sit at dinner in the evening. They are not happy. But add to the other discomforts the different forms of beggary you encounter and the peddlers of illicit whisky, or "mountain dew," as they call their potations. With a bottle of goat's milk under one arm and a demijohn of "potheen" under the other, they run out from their shanties every half mile of the way.

If you do not wish to buy, they hold to your stirrups and trot along by you and beg for pennies. If you are polite in your refusals, they are persistent. If you are firm, they grow abusive.

A man with a bugle and another with a cannon awake the echoes at different points of the road and almost scare you from your horse and demand payment.

As you near the Black Valley the women are more forlorn looking and more importunate.

"Shure, ye'll soon be goin' back to Ameriky where there is plenty and ye'll niver miss a penny fer poor Mary Sullivan here in the Black Valley."

The ride dims your good impressions of the day before. You do not get a glimpse of the Lakes of Killarney for hours. As substitutes a wild little stream tears along by the road and

there are five ponds, dignified by the name of lakes. Into one of these St. Patrick cast the chest containing the last of Ireland's snakes.

The Black Valley is not so black as it is painted. It is misty and dark, but so is the Gap. It looks like excellent farming country. The sun only shines there a few days in the year.

The thousands of acres comprised in the hills and mountains about Killarney would make feeding ground for countless sheep and cattle, but they are all given over to wild deer and boars by the lord who owns them.

And now for the crowning imposition. We have paid the man who owns the horses and who walked beside us all the way the price agreed on and added a sixpence for the discomfort of the trip, of which discomfort we had more than two-thirds. He wants a larger tip. We walk away and leave him. Please do not consider us miserly. These men are prosperous farmers in the neighborhood and are doing this on an agreed schedule. That, however, is not the last straw. We are required to pay a toll of one shilling each for walking the final two hundred yards through the unimproved grounds of some petty proprietor.

It is the only case that we recall in all of our travels where extortion is practiced or sanctioned by the nobility. The ticket reads "Gearhameen" and represents no exchange of equal values.

A GRAY DAY IN KILLARNEY

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Some one owns that shore of the lake and you must pay his price in order to reach your boat.

Most of the sixpences or shillings which you pay for entering private grounds represent but a small portion of the outlay of the proprietor in maintaining his property. At any rate, they are voluntary payments. A way of retreat is open. You need not purchase the pleasure unless you desire it. At Gerhameen you have a tollgate in front of you and the Gap of Dunloe behind you. The only wonder is that the charge is not half a crown, but they have probably calculated to a nicety what the traffic will bear.

All of these things make us advise you strongly that unless you can wait for a bright day, and that may mean weeks in this region, leave the Gap of Dunloe out of your Killarney plans and substitute the delightful car rides in the neighborhood of the lakes.

This is the way we sing "Killarney" now:

"Buy Killarney's lakes and fells,
Buy Killarney's big hotels,
Buy Killarney's cars and guides,
Buy its jolty horseback rides."

When nearing the end of our equestrian ride we noticed a shanty without chimney or window. Such buildings are not unusual, but this one looked so forlorn that we asked who lived there.

The guide said that it was a man ninety-six years of age whose sons were in America. The boys send him money to live on. They tried to induce him to join them or to live in one of the more comfortable houses in the neighborhood, but he would not budge from the hut where he had lived all his life and where his old wife had died twenty years before. A people so governed by sentiment as the Irish cannot be handled by the rules of logic or the laws of political economy.

The hotel sent a very good luncheon by the boatmen, but we had to eat it in a crowded shelter. The guests who were making the trip in the opposite direction were already in possession of the single long table.

We gave most of the food to the boatmen, and went down to the landing. An American flag was floating from the stern of our craft. Barring the intermittent showers, our ride over the three lakes and the long connecting stream was delightful. There are fourteen miles of smooth water, with just a dash of excitement at the rapids under the Weir Bridge at the Meeting of the Waters. This passage was rendered more difficult by the low water. The boat ahead of us lodged twice on the rocks, to the consternation of its five or six passengers; but we floated through without mishap.

There is much wild scenery on both shores,

but the superlative charm is ever in the coloring. The purple blooms of the new heather blend with the light green of the arbutus.

There are many islands and some queer rock formations. One group resembles a capsized boat and has a story even more trivial than some we have repeated.

Landing is made at Ross Castle, where a car awaits us. Our Gap excursion has been such a disappointment that we conclude to drive to Muckross Abbey before returning to the hotel. This is on the Muckross estate, formerly owned by Mr. Herbert, one time Chief Secretary for Ireland. It is now the property of Lord Ardilaun.

The abbey was founded in 1340. An abbey is an abbot's church. A minster is a monastery. A cathedral is a cathedra, or bishop's throne. This may be superfluous information, but it is in line with our policy of telling the things which we discovered on our trip.

Muckross was suppressed in 1542, renovated in 1602, and restored in 1626. Then came Cromwell in 1652, and what we see to-day, except for the moss, is what he left of it.

He did not destroy the stone tracery of the windows, but he spared no pains when it came to the stained glass.

There are many interesting old graves, if you enjoy that sort of thing. Here are buried

O'Donoghues and MacCarthy Mors whose ancestors were kings of Munster before St. Patrick was born.

The same people founded Muckross Abbey and Blarney Castle. It is quite probable that the Blarney Stone was originally a gravestone. At least, no one can equal the Irish when it comes to carving eloquent epitaphs. For example, here are four lines from the tombstone of the MacCarthy Mor who died in 1808:

"What more could Homer's most illustrious verse,
Or pompous Tully's stately prose rehearse,
Than what this monumental stone contains,
In Death's embrace, MacCarthy Mor's remains?"

There is an irrepressible ivy which had its roots cut away years ago and which continues to live on sustenance derived from the walls and drains of the building.

The old bell is gone. It was submerged in Lough Leane for over a century and found in 1750. It disappeared again and has never been seen since.

In the center of the quadrangle bounded by the cloisters is a yew tree, said to be the largest in the world. It was planted when the abbey was founded, and will soon be six hundred years old. It is regarded with superstitious veneration by the people. They think that the tree will bleed

if cut, and that anyone who injures it will die within the year. This results in a lack of needed attention in the way of trimming.

The sun's rays striking an old notch in one of the cloister walls marked the hour of noon for the monks.

The kitchen, refectory and dormitory are plainly indicated but fast falling into ruin.

A long avenue of beeches shows the former road to the abbey.

We drive to Dinish Island, upon which is a model cottage where refreshments may be procured. The grounds about the cottage are filled with vegetation of every kind. Trees supposed to be indigenous to the tropics grow here the year round.

XXVI

Coaching to Glengariffe

FORTUNATELY we spoke to the hall porter regarding seats on the Glengariffe coach when we first arrived. The seats are all "booked," and guests who come out of the hotel with luggage, expecting to take pot luck, will stay over another day or ride in jaunting cars.

The coach is a motor coach. These have been introduced quite recently, and excite sarcastic comment from the car drivers and their friends.

Before the hour of departure, people from other hotels dash up in cars or busses and say they have booked passage days ago, but they get no seats. There are fifteen seats and every one is occupied.

Before we leave, a military escort marches to the crossing in front of us and brings its guns to a salute. A carriage drives up and a gentleman in frock coat and silk hat alights. In a few minutes the performance is repeated. Two judges have arrived. They will open court in

THE LAKES OF KILLARNEY

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Killarney to-day and try some contested election cases. Whether the escort is intended as a dignity or a defense, we do not know.

The coach starts at ten. It is flagged at the gateway of the Lake Hotel. Two ladies with luggage are waiting. They may still be waiting, for all the assistance given them. Just imagine such transportation arrangements in a country where time is of any importance! The ladies go back to their hotel for at least twenty-four hours.

One man whose business necessitated his going to-day, and who could not get on the coach, started in a jaunting car.

After the second mile it commenced to rain hard. Half way to Parknasilla, while we were stopping at a wayside refreshment stand, the car caught us. Its passenger looked so drenched that one row of four in the coach consented to add him to their section, and he squeezed in. Naturally, being the best natured, they were also the plumpest passengers, and they were very much crowded.

At Parknasilla four people stood smiling and expectant as we came up. They had tipped everyone in sight and were shaking hands with some friends when the news was broken to them that the coach was full.

It was amusing to see the quiet but emphatic debate on the subject between our driver and the

hall porter. Two Irishmen of their type will hiss invectives at each other, with an outward calm that would render them unobserved five feet away. In Italy two men discussing the weather will make much more disturbance.

The expurgated dialogue was something like this:

"Come now, I 'ave four booked. Where will I put 'em?"

"Cawn't say, I'm sure. Where were you thinking of?"

"On that car, to be sure."

"And who will you get to run it awfter you've put four more on?"

"Wot d'ye mean by that?"

"I mean I'm already carryin' more than I should on an eighteen hoss machine, an' I'll not break down for no man."

"Very well, then; I'll see me guvner abaht this."

"See yer guvner. My guvner's as good as yer guvner any day."

(Pleading) "Well, won't ye take one more?"

"Awsk me pawsengers. Much I care."

Appealing to stocky Englishman:

"Cawn't ye take another in there, sir?"

(Passenger) "I've pide for a seat, hand I'm sittin' hin it. If you can see hany spice abaht me, give it 'im."

As there was no vacant space about him the hall porter gave a respectful sigh and walked back up the hotel steps to make his peace with the four disappointed guests. We suspect that the grief of the hotel management is not of the deepest variety.

At Kenmare there were five disappointed people. At this town we should have lunched, but we were transferred to a coach and four without side curtains. We had to superintend the luggage and we saw our hotel labels falling like autumn leaves as the damp baggage was dragged over the roof of the motor coach and shoved into the basement of the other vehicle. Our tickets entitled us to a motor ride all the way, but it was a condition that confronted us and we meekly took our seats. In fact, if we had not taken them they would have been grabbed up by those in waiting. Both could not leave the coach, so B. perched on the back seat and emulated Casabianca, Roderick Dhu, J. G. Cannon, and other stand-patters, while I ate a bite, paid for a dinner, bought some sandwiches and relieved the garrison, which by this time was besieged by the allies, English and American, who wanted to go to Glengariffe.

They were finally put into the motor from which we had been evicted and later passed us,

snug and dry, while we did our best to keep out the rain with umbrellas.

The ride was a beautiful one, even under those depressing conditions. The road was better than a United States highway, but would have been closed for repairs in France.

We climbed up and up, past rock and heather, until we could look back and wave a damp farewell to County Kerry. Our course lay along the Kenmare River, which is very wide at this point. We passed through a two hundred-foot tunnel in the rock into the County of Cork, after which the coach made a gradual descent into the green and fertile valleys that surround Bantry Bay.

Much of the drive was between miles of fuchsia hedges red with bloom. The heather seemed a brighter purple for the rain. Daisies and buttercups were everywhere.

Always take the right hand side of the coach from Killarney. You will thereby have most of the scenery diluted with all of the moisture. But be sure you have a seat somewhere. Book it as soon as you know your day of departure. Bring up the subject frequently with the hall porter, and when the day arrives climb into the coach and sit down. It is undignified, but effective.

We drove through the village of Glengariffe

with its two or three stores and half dozen "pubs," some "six day" and some "seven day."

We have ridden seventy miles and Roche's Hotel looks very good to us as we climb down from the coach. It has stone floors throughout the first story. Our room and the halls are paved with the same material.

We enjoy some of Glengariffe's famous lobsters, play a game of billiards and go to bed while a terrific thunder and lightning storm plays without.

In the morning the sun shines brightly and we hope our luck has changed.

There are one or two ordinary English words that you seldom hear in Ireland. A Hibernian horse would be puzzled if you said "Whoa!" but would stop instantly at "Steady" in the proper tone of voice. In the same way "yes" is seldom heard. "Aye" is the affirmation in some cases. Usually, however, they make their answer into a declaration, "Are ye goin' to Limerick the day?"

"I am."

"Is your father well to-day, Katie?"

"He is not."

The Bantry coach will pick up passengers at Roche's Hotel at ten thirty. Most of the guests are excited over the presence of Lord Kitchener in the hotel. There were only three unaffected

by it last night at dinner; we two, because we did not know it, and Lord Kitchener, because he attached no importance to the fact.

After breakfast we drove out to Lord Bantry's cottage, a neat little shooting box by the bank of a roaring stream. The Bantry name has died out and the estate now belongs to a nephew of the last lord. There is no charge for admission to the grounds. This is the first case of the sort we have encountered and, coming so soon after Killarney, the generosity is even more highly appreciated.

Our drive is through beautiful natural scenery. Last night's rain has beaten the petals from the rhododendrons until our path is strewn with blossoms.

We walk around the cottage, which a maid is just opening for the day, and drive back through the village to Cromwell's Bridge. This was built in twenty-four hours by Cromwell's order. Although two hundred and sixty years have passed, two arches of the bridge still stand. It makes a pretty picture, with moss and ivy covering the gray rocks and the sparkling little stream running beneath.

We return to the hotel. Our ninety minutes' ride, which started in sunshine, terminates in a pouring rain.

About eleven o'clock the ten thirty coach

drives up. It is a motor coach and we make the ten or eleven miles to Bantry in forty minutes. Our road circles Bantry Bay and affords glimpses of the water all along the way.

Bantry is a very much soiled village with a beautiful bay and a muddy depot platform. It has a refreshment room where lunch or tea baskets are put up for travelers.

A hotel in Glengariffe displays a sign, "Dentists call here on alternate Tuesdays." Consider the plight of the man whose tooth starts to trouble him on an alternate Wednesday.

Bantry ends the coaching for travelers bound east. When the weather is as bad as we have had it that mode of conveyance is surrendered without a regret.

Between Bantry and Cork the fields are like those of England. The ride takes about two hours and a quarter.

XXVII

Cork

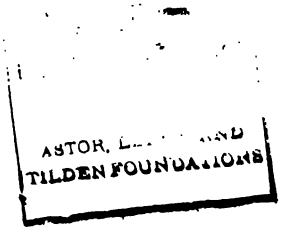
THE sun is shining so brightly when we reach Cork that a jaunting car is ordered forthwith for the trip to Blarney Castle. A wiser and cheaper mode would have been by trolley car. We discuss the matter of wraps and conclude to take rain coats. Half way to the Castle, some clouds roll out from the horizon and in a few minutes we are in the midst of a heavy rain.

We stop at a cottage belonging to an old man and his wife. They are both past seventy and in receipt of old age pensions. The cottage is clean inside and out. A cat, a hen and nineteen chickens share the interior, at least during rainy weather.

The old people welcome us heartily and bring chairs from the other room. We sit and chat for almost an hour while the rain beats on the thatched roof.

Their story is not an unusual one in Ireland. They have had twelve children and raised eleven

CROMWELL'S BRIDGE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of them. Four are in America, but the parents do not hear from them often. The old man starts a tirade about one of the girls who married badly or did not marry at all, but the mother quiets him.

Each has a pension of five shillings a week from the government. They pay a shilling a week rental for the cottage and an acre of ground. That gives them a net weekly income of nine shillings and what they can raise in their garden. They are very comfortable.

Blarney Castle was built in the fifteenth century by Cormac McCarthy. It is a picturesque ruin, and has been famous in song, story and jest for centuries. The celebrated Blarney Stone is near the top of the tower and almost inaccessible. Notwithstanding the discomfort and positive peril of kissing it, hundreds do so every year. The aspirant must lie on his back, put his hands over his head and grasp two parallel iron bars, extending perpendicularly downward. Then he must be lowered by one or two persons who hold him by the ankles until his head is below the Blarney Stone. If he still retains consciousness he raises his mouth to the under surface and osculates. We did not do it. We did not see anyone do it, although we did not talk with any Irishman who did not say he had done it. The man who takes the risk involved

certainly is entitled to all of the persuasive eloquence thereby conferred.

After our visit to the castle a shower kept us penned up in the little post-office at the Blarney Station for another fifteen minutes, after which we drove back to Cork in bright sunshine.

A stop was made at Shandon Church to hear the bells of Shandon "that sound so grand on the pleasant waters of the River Lee." They fully merit their poetic reputation.

The sexton has a large and varied repertoire and will play anything for you from "Old Hundred" to "Suwanee River," including, of course, such Irish favorites as "Those Endearing Young Charms" and "The Harp That Once Through Tara's Halls." He charges you nothing, but adopts the more remunerative plan of "Lavin' it to yer honor."

Father Prout is buried in the yard of the church whose bells he so dearly loved. His name was F. S. Mahony, but he lives as "Father Prout" in the hearts of thousands.

Cork is a fine city, with good pavements, well lighted streets and a modern tram equipment. It has many interesting sights, which are overlooked by most tourists in their rush to visit Blarney Castle. It is the first Irish city seen by travelers who disembark at Queenstown, most of whom come immediately to Cork.

Queen's College is very new. In comparison with Oxford it looks as though it had been built yesterday. It is a growing institution, with a good library and fine gardens.

The Christian Brothers have a large red brick building on a terrace overlooking the river.

The Cathedral of St. Finn Barr is the finest building in Cork and should be visited.

The residence section of the city is especially attractive. There are many beautiful homes, with well kept lawns and gardens.

The small boys who beg for pennies should be suppressed. They give one an unfavorable impression of Ireland and the practice does not develop good citizens. No need exists for such beggary and it is a serious reflection on the town.

Vaudeville flourishes in the larger cities of Ireland at low prices. There are two evening performances, from seven to nine and from nine to eleven. At nine o'clock it is light enough on the streets to read ordinary print.

Cork barbers are efficient, cheap and very rapid. A hair cut requires ten minutes and costs eight cents. This does not permit a very lavish use of linen. If you allow it, your face is washed with a joint stock sponge.

A sign indicates that the thin edge of the increased cost of living has been introduced in Cork. It reads, "On account of shorter business

hours and increased expenses, Beard Trimming will be charged two pence (four cents) extra apart from hair cutting."

The usual continental chair is used, with head rest adjusted by inserting a wooden peg in the back of the chair. The customer dries his own face with the towel about his neck. The towel is placed in a sterilizer and used again. He also brushes his own clothes. Alum is displayed in such liberal quantities as to be disquieting to a nervous person.

A tramway leads to Blackrock Castle, past some pretty villas with high sounding names. They are walled off from the road by stone fences.

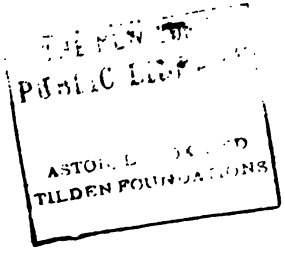
No strap hangers are permitted. Rule IV on the card in each car prohibits the playing of any musical instrument in the cars. Rule XVIII prohibits loaded firearms. These two rules should stand or fall together.

Blackrock Castle is supposed to be the place from which William Penn embarked for America. It is now used as a club house by a rowing club.

The banks of the river are walled with solid masonry within the city. A statue of Father Mathews, the temperance advocate, adorns the upper end of St. Patrick's Street. His church was Trinity Church, near Parliament Bridge.

Once in a while a statue disappears. One of

BLARNEY CASTLE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George II was found in the river one morning. The large one to Robert Emmet and the Boys of '98 has never been molested.

Again we were reminded that when traveling abroad a wise man and his luggage are never parted. The hall porter, in spite of our emphatic directions to leave things alone, had sent everything to the station to be checked to Lismore. We hail a jaunting car, drive to the depot, and find everything labeled "Lismore" and waiting for the train to be made up. We have the hotel porter drag it forth and restore it to us. He stands in front of us, cap in hand, waiting to be tipped for his blunder.

"Ye'll have plenty of toime fer the Lismore train, sorr. Ye have no change, sorr."

And we reply with a coarse, brutal chuckle. "You are right. We have no change."

A tip is a pardonable outlet for gratitude in a case where actual service is rendered. Most travelers submit to having tips extorted by servants who have done nothing, except to get in the way. A hall porter may give you suggestions that will save you time and money. A tip in such a case is all right. On the other hand, he may load you up with unnecessary expenditures in the way of carriage hire, for example, in which case he should look for his reward from his accomplice, the driver.

We are proud to record the fact that we gave the hall porter at Cork nothing. He had been an obstruction and an expense. On a basis of strict equity, he really owed us money, but we did not press the claim. He had urged upon us a two dollar ride to Blarney Castle when for a few pennies we could have used either tram or railway and reached there more quickly and comfortably.

As we left the hotel six or eight cars were loading with Americans bound for Blarney. They came into Queenstown on last night's boat. The hotel owns the stables from which the cars are obtained.

When you land from a night steamer where for six or eight days you and your fellow passengers have comprised the whole world and only the aged or the sea-sick wanted to waste time in sleeping, try to remember when you enter a hotel at midnight that you are surrounded by travel-stained and weary pilgrims whose only opportunity to sleep is at night. Be quiet. That is, be as quiet as you can without injuring yourself.

Books should not be the media for airing personal grievances, so we say nothing of the lady and two children who landed last night and were assigned to the room adjoining ours, nor of the grief that followed the announcement that

Katherine must occupy the single bed, a decision that was not reached hastily. Each child was allowed ample time to present her side of the case. The reader is not interested in the specific instance, but is entitled to the general advice given in the foregoing paragraphs. As much as we love our country, right or wrong, we must record that after hearing the lady's voice and noting the lack of discipline with the children we murmured, "Americans," and resigned ourselves to the inevitable.

XXVIII

County Waterford

EN *route* to Lismore we pass through Ballyhooley. It causes an involuntary smile. The town is absolutely featureless and we do not stop, but the name is so double-end-edly Irish that we like it.

Lismore is in County Waterford. There is one good hotel there, the Devonshire Arms. It is not always represented at the trains, but that makes no difference. Insist upon it. Take no other. The runner for the Blackwater-Vale House will tell you that it is just as good. He is mistaken.

We drove to the Blackwater-Vale first, but before registering we asked to see the room. The linen looked as if the laundry was delivered by Halley's Comet and had missed a trip. The bar was crowded with noisy men, although it was Sunday.

The porter good naturedly carried our suit cases to the Devonshire Arms, where conditions were altogether different. There was only one

other guest at the hotel, but that made no difference to the management. The hotel, together with the rest of the town and the castle, belongs to the Duke of Devonshire. It is maintained at a high point of excellence and a big loss in order that travelers may be comfortably fed and lodged while on the Duke's estates. In a manner the patrons of the hotel are the guests of Devonshire.

This is not the only evidence of public spirit in the Devonshire family. The late Duke built the railroad as far as Lismore and paid for the unusually handsome station. Later he sold the property at a loss of half a million dollars to the railroad company which extended the line.

The Lismore possessions are self-sustaining, thanks to the rentals in the town, but the hotel and castle are money losers.

Lismore Castle is one of six palatial homes belonging to the Duke of Devonshire. Chatsworth is probably the finest and costs a fortune to maintain.

The present Duke has only visited Lismore Castle once, staying three days. At this time he is living in Devonshire House in London.

The Castle is closed on Sunday, but we are hospitably welcomed to the beautiful grounds and gardens. The lodge keeper allows us to wander about unattended and only joins us when requested to show us the best point from which

to photograph Raleigh's Tower. This ruin is beautiful, with the softened coloring and rounded edges which decay gives to old age. It antedates Raleigh's time many years.

The views of the Blackwater from these towers are superb and are considered among the finest in the south of Ireland.

Our visit to Waterford was a piece of rare good luck. It was not on our itinerary, but having three hours and a half to spend somewhere between Lismore and the Vale of Avoca, we chose Waterford. It was a fortunate selection.

The river Suir flows between the town and the railroad station. A bridge of thirty-nine arches spans the water. The central section is movable for river traffic. It was formerly a toll bridge and was owned by a Boston capitalist. He collected a cent from each person who crossed it. Bicycles paid two cents and horses six cents. It was an exclusive franchise and it was killing the town. Two years ago the corporation bought out the owner and abolished the tolls. Soon they must build a new bridge, as the present one, never a very substantial affair, shows signs of age. It is a sample of Irish financiering.

Waterford has twenty-seven thousand people and its streets are clean and busy. Rents are very low. One old residence where we were hos-

pitably welcomed is rented by four clergymen of the Roman Catholic Church. It has fourteen rooms and is a well built structure. Its woodwork and stuccoed plastering show that it was once the home of wealth. The rental is eight dollars a month.

Reginald's Tower bears the date 1003. It was built by Reginald the Dane. In 1171 it was held as a fortress by Strongbow, Earl of Pembroke. In 1463 a mint was established here by Edward IV. In 1819 it was "re-edified" in its original form and turned over to the Police Department. We climb up fifty or sixty steps between narrow whitewashed walls and see beneath us the river. It is hardly worth the effort.

Earl Roberts' family comes from Waterford. The general was born in Cawnpore, India, but was raised here.

Within the Cathedral is the tomb of Strongbow. Those who are fond of the unusual and ghastly will be fascinated by the monument of James Rice. By his will he directed that his body should be exhumed twelve months after death and sculptured as it looked then. It was faithfully done. The inscription reads, "I'm what thou wilt be; I was what thou art."

General Anderson is buried here. He conducted the funeral services of Sir John Moore, so graphically described in the poem by Wolfe.

The Fitzgerald tomb is interesting. It shows the monkey in the family crest. This commemorates the deed of a pet monkey which rescued an infant heir of the family from a burning house.

The pillars of the old Danish Church form a foundation five or six feet high for the Cathedral.

The ruins of the French Church contain much of interest. It was built in 1240 by Sir Hugh Purcell. The Franciscans were expelled from it in 1554. A second story was made in 1560 by roofing the nave and used as a hospital. In 1698, after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, the Huguenots came to Waterford from Tours and used the upper portion as a place of worship. Earl Roberts' ancestors came at that time. About twenty members of his family are buried here.

Sir Neil O'Neil, one of the generals of James II, managed to get this far after the Battle of the Boyne and died of his wounds July 8, 1690. James II was over night in Ballynakill House before escaping to France.

Robert Lincol died in 1630. When the Rev. Franquefort and wife needed a tombstone, in 1779, the thrifty parishioners used Lincol's and cut a new inscription over the old one. It looks like a typewritten manuscript with the machine

LISMORE CASTLE

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out of order or two photographs on the same plate.

The Roman Catholics have a fine Cathedral, but they have blundered by painting in bright colors over the beautiful stucco work. The effect is theatrical. The roof of the Chamber of Commerce shows a fine example of this old stucco and makes you regret the painting of the Cathedral more than ever.

XXIX

The Meeting of the Waters

IT takes two and a half hours to go from Waterford to Wooden Bridge. The latter is the station for the Meeting of the Waters. It is raining hard, but our disposition to grumble is rebuked by the optimism of a car driver. He is standing in the rain. He has no umbrella and is dripping at every point. A friend passes and greets him. He salutes and says, "It was a gr-r-a-and day we had yesterday, sorr."

George V is certainly the raining monarch and an undoubted member of the family of Wettin. It has poured down with slight intermissions since we landed in Ireland.

It is raining when we reach Wooden Bridge. There is a porter at the depot, but no vehicle. He says it is only five minutes' walk to the hotel, and to our surprise he tells the truth.

There are two junctions of rivers in this neighborhood, each of which claims to be the one to which Moore referred in his poem. The

lower meeting is near the hotel, where the river Aughrim flows into the Avoca. The hotel people assert that it is the spot.

Although he wrote

"The last rays of feeling and life must depart
Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart"

Moore was not sure which valley he meant, but thought it was the upper one, five miles from Wooden Bridge and near Castle Howard.

In order to be safe, we drive to the nearer scene first and find in it nothing wildly inspiring. Two rivers could hardly join in a more prosaic manner. There are water and pebbly shores and shady banks such as usually characterize such localities.

The drive to Rathdrum takes you past the other, which is undoubtedly the real, Meeting of the Waters. This is where the Avonbeg and Avonmore form the Avoca.

We strap our luggage on the car and start out with the sun shining. In half an hour a hard rain catches us. We draw our rugs about us and drive under the cover of some big beech trees. These form a perfect shelter.

Another lull gives us an opportunity to proceed and we reach the celebrated spot in a few minutes. It is the Meeting of the Waters. Castle Howard looks very formidable and very

strong at the top of the hill. The guide says, "There's the Meetin' of the Waters, and I wish some one wud tell me what there is to it."

Deprived of its association with the poem there is very little to it. Two streams thirty feet wide meet and flow placidly on. There is scarcely a perceptible current. The vale is pretty, but so are many others in Ireland. The trees are green and the hills are covered with grass. Moore's poem furnishes the attractive power to a magnet that without it would not draw an ounce. But for that, not one traveler in ten would pause for an instant.

Moore's Tree stands a mute monument to enthusiastic vandalism. It is dead, murdered by the stabs of countless tourists. Now its skeleton limbs are raised to heaven in dumb denunciation of its despoilers.

Charles S. Parnell lived along the road between here and Rathdrum. His house sits far back from the driveway in a large, well kept domain.

Some sheep are being sheared as we drive along and we are courteously permitted to photograph the proceeding. All present are interested in our manœuvres, none more so than the two alert collies.

We drive into Rathdrum in time for the twelve eight train to Dublin. Luncheon is served at the depot.

Dublin is always "town" in this part of Ireland. When a man says he is "going to town" he means Dublin.

The railroad from Wicklow follows the coast. There is bathing at the pretty little beach at Greystones.

XXX

Dublin

THE name means "the black pool," but there is nothing in Dublin to-day to suggest such a gloomy condition. It is a bustling modern city, perhaps the best lighted in the world, and one of the most sanitary.

But it was not always so. The river Liffey was formerly an open sewer. Streets and alleys reeked with filth. Visitations of the plague were frequent in "the good old times." Black pools were numerous.

In 1840 a reformed corporation took charge. An adequate water supply was provided. In 1891 the sewage was taken from the Liffey. In 1896 $1,750,000 was borrowed for house cleaning purposes. Its present system will take care of ten per cent more people than are in the city. The water tower has replaced the round tower. It is less picturesque, but more practical.

The Bank of Ireland occupies the Parliament House on College Green. Uniformed attendants

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show visitors through the building. Over the portico is a sculptured group representing Hibernia between Commerce and Fidelity. This form of wavering has distinguished other parliaments.

The House of Lords is a small room. One hundred and three peers occupied it. Thirty-two sat at the large table in the center. The rest were on a cushioned bench around the wall. The latter were allowed to vote, but not to talk. Every loyal Irishman hopes to see the day when the money changers will be driven from his temple and a parliament again assemble on College Green.

Across the way is Trinity College. It has a fine library of three hundred thousand volumes, together with manuscripts and autographs of incalculable value. The chief prize of the collection, the most beautiful book in the world, is the Book of Kells. This is an illuminated copy of the Gospels done in the monastery of Kells in the seventh century. The microscopic delicacy of the work defies description. The initial letters of the chapters are gems of the highest art. No one can form an idea of its beauty without seeing it. Although more valuable than the Crown jewels, it rests unguarded in a glass covered case, protected by its absolute uniqueness. A thief could not sell it, could not even show it. It is

the one art treasure of the world not to be measured in money.

On the wall is an ancient map of the world antedating the voyage of Columbus, and hence offering no hint of the Western Continent. Jerusalem is represented as the hub of the universe.

In front of the entrance are statues of Goldsmith and Burke. The former never succeeded in graduating. He was not studious, and just what moral the authorities mean to impress by his statue is not clear. It is not unusual for the decision of a college faculty to be reversed, but the fact is not usually called attention to by the college itself. One of their prized possessions in the library is Goldsmith's name cut by himself on a pane of glass, doubtless when he should have been studying. The collection of autographs contains those of Swift, Samuel Johnson, Milton, Elizabeth and Mary.

The oak chandelier was brought over from the Irish House of Commons across the street.

Wellington was born around the corner near the Dublin Museum.

Robert Emmet was born in Dublin in 1780 and executed in 1803. The sad story of his short life appeals to all the world that loves a lover. But for his desire to see his sweetheart, Miss

Sarah Curran, he would not have been captured when he was.

Dublin is a picturesque city and abounds in delightful drives. It has a magnificent setting between Dublin Bay and the Wicklow Mountains. It has many statues. Nelson's pillar is one hundred and thirty-four feet high. Father Mathew is commemorated as well as O'Connell. A good deal of fun is poked at the statue of Thomas Moore in College Street. Harder things than fun have been thrust at the statue of William III, which has on different occasions been blown up, torn down, tarred and feathered, because it recalls to the world the Battle of the Boyne.

We drive past Dublin Museum, and look for a moment at the monument to Queen Victoria in the quadrangle. St. Stephen's Green is a beautiful square, thanks to the generosity of Lord Ardilaun, better known as Sir E. C. Guinness. There are many other evidences, in Dublin, of the philanthropy of this stout knight.

We are shown through the state apartments of Dublin Castle and view the same roped off rooms and linen covered furniture that are shown in all castles.

The chapel of the Castle is deservedly proud of its carved wood, but at present this is completely enveloped in mourning for Edward VII.

Our drive takes us past some model tenements erected by Sir Edward Cecil Guinness. Dublin drivers are as enthusiastic over him as are rural jarvies in calling your attention to the manor of the local lord. From every point of view they will point out his immense brewing establishment.

A driver will pull up his horse so suddenly that you almost fall out, and say, pointing with his whip:

"There they are, sorr."

"What?" you exclaim.

"The breweries, sorr."

Sir Edward has undoubtedly enshrined himself in the hearts of the people by his treatment of his employees and his many philanthropies. No knighthood conferred during the present generation met with more popular approval and no baron of old ever had a more loyal following.

In a way he emulated Dick Turpin by getting his money from the rich and giving part of it to the poor. No liquor is permitted to be sold on the premises of his tenements or in the buildings controlled by him and occupied by his employees.

St. Patrick's Cathedral was repaired in 1864 by Sir Benjamin Lee Guinness at a cost of $750,000. Swift was its dean, 1714-45, and his tomb is within its walls, beside that of "Stella," Mrs. Esther Johnson. The bust of Swift was

put up by his publisher and the fact is mentioned thereon.

The old chapter house door is preserved. It has a hole in it made to permit the hand-shaking between two combatants, the Earls of Kildare and Ormonde, in the reign of Henry VII.

The driver told us that St. Patrick's Well had been closed and evidently considered it a partisan move on the part of the present occupants of the Cathedral. The verger showed us the slab over the well and said it had been covered up as a sanitary precaution, as the water had grown unfit for use.

Christ's Cathedral is on the site of an old church built in 1038. It was rebuilt in 1172 under Strongbow. It fell in 1562, leaving the north wall in its present condition. It was restored in 1871-8.

It has an interesting monument to Strongbow in the nave. Beside him lies the torso of a truncated figure supposed to be his son (or half son), who was slain by his father for cowardice.

We start for Phœnix Park and have an experience, unimportant in itself, but so characteristic as to merit recording simply as a warning never to believe an Irish driver on the subject of the weather.

We were driving along leisurely, when a bank of black clouds formed in the west and come

menced to roll toward us. We said it looked threatening. The driver said it would not rain. It commenced to sprinkle. We told him to find shelter. He drove serenely on and said it would soon be over. We had been soaked while traveling in the rural districts, where there was no alternative, but we did not propose to drive through a densely populated city in a rain storm. We ordered the driver to drop us at some shelter and told him he could drive on and be damp if he so desired.

Muttering that it was "only a mist," he permitted us to take refuge in a livery barn and drew the car up alongside of the curb. In five minutes the floodgates of heaven were opened and it poured for half an hour. Our company gradually grew larger and less select as the storm continued.

The rain ceased as suddenly as it had started and we resumed our drive. We urged haste in getting to Phœnix Park, as it still looked cloudy.

Our driver's ardor was the only thing undampened.

"There'll be no more rain, sorr."

"That is what you said just before that last cloud burst."

"There'll be no more."

"It will rain inside of ten minutes. To the Zoo!"

. . . .

MEMBERS OF THE FIFTH DRAGOONS

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He obeyed and before we reached the turnstile of the zoological garden in Phœnix Park it was pouring.

We gladly paid a shilling each to enter the grounds and found shelter in the monkey house. There are disadvantages connected with a monkey house on a damp day that will doubtless occur to the reader, but it was dry.

After half an hour in the monkey and lion houses the rain again slacked up and we started out to visit the scene of the assassination of Burke and Lord Cavendish in 1882. Naturally enough, the spot is not conspicuously marked, but our driver showed us the little cross at the edge of the walk where the murders were committed. Near by is the seat where Carey, the informer, sat and pointed out Lord Cavendish to the assassins. They were mourning the event in Chatsworth a few days before we visited it.

Phœnix Park is large, but not so beautiful as many American parks. It abounds in trees and grass, but has few flowering plants.

Sackville Street is one of the finest streets in the world. It is very wide and lined with attractive shops. Trams run along it to every part of the city, but there are no taxicabs in Dublin.

XXXI

Chester

WE take a train at one fifteen at Westland Row to Kingston, where the boat to Holyhead awaits us. Read that over again and pronounce it "Hollyhead."

At Kingston it is pouring as we go aboard a fine twin screw steamer, the "Anglia," a part of the Dublin to London passenger service. By this excellent route Dublin and London are less than ten hours apart.

The sea is as smooth as glass and our three and a half hours' ride of sixty-four miles is uneventful, for which we are duly thankful.

Holyhead is on the island of Anglesey, which is connected with the mainland by bridges.

The railroad skirts the north end of Wales for an hour and a half along the coast of the Irish Sea, past the bathing beach at Rhyl, with scores of splashing, laughing bathers.

We arrive at Chester and go to the Grosvenor, in the heart of the quaint old city. The manageress and her assistants are dining at a table

in the rear of the office. We almost create a panic by insisting on having some laundry work done in twenty-four hours, but gain our point. It is not easy to hurry things in Chester.

This is indeed rare old, quaint old Chester. If you can recall any other terms of endearment you may season to taste. You cannot overdo it.

If, when in Chester, you desire to see the oddest buildings and streets in England follow the advice given to the tenderfoot looking for a faro game in Tombstone: Go out the door and turn either way.

It is Fairyland. It is the most fantastic of stage settings spread over several blocks. You half expect to see Harlequins and Columbines pirouette from some of the Rows. When you ask a policeman for a direction you are a little surprised that he does not turn a flip-flap and salute you before he replies.

We walked out last evening, ascended to the second floor sidewalk and joined the strollers. Frequently we would step into an alcove and look at the equally quaint opposite side of the street. Then we would pinch ourselves and grin at each other as we realized that it was not a dream.

Children almost upset us in their rompings, and so perfectly is the town built for hide-and-seek and other games that we felt that we were

intruders and would have apologized had they given us sufficient time.

We only walked two or three blocks, but we have two or three weeks' photographing planned for to-day.

We will walk around the old walls and then shoot up the town. We are glad that we left Chester until the end of our trip. It is the picture we wish to remember the longest.

Chester was for years known as West Chester. It was a camp (castra) of Ancient Rome in 59 A. D. It has always been the last ditch of a retreating army. The Danes held it against Alfred the Great. It was the last stronghold captured by William the Conqueror. From its towers Charles I saw his armies defeated on Rowton Moor. Will England and Germany ever meet on this historic ground? A great many Englishmen believe that they will.

The Rows of Chester, its unique architectural feature, were probably formed when the street grades were lowered, thereby exposing the cellars. Some say they were built as a defense against Welsh marauders.

God's Providence House on Westgate Street is a beautiful example of timbered construction. On its front it bears the inscription, "God's Providence Is Mine Inheritance." The story is that during a plague in the seventeenth century

this was the only house in the block not visited by death. The reason for this discrimination is not clear, but it was probably an evidence of Divine approval of superior sanitation on the part of the inhabitants thereof.

The walk around the walls is interesting. Starting at East Gate, we walk north to Phœnix Tower, whence Charles I watched his defeat at Rowton Moor in 1645.

It cost us a penny each to look at the battle-ground from the Tower. There are Roman antiquities and German atrocities for sale on both floors. The proprietress of the lower establishment assured us that only her part of the tower was genuine and that the upper part where we had foolishly spent our money was recently restored. In order to be safe and on the ground floor we bought some post-cards in her establishment.

It pleased us greatly to see some real careful Americans at this Tower. Do not be deluded into believing that every American abroad is wildly extravagant. There were eight in this party and they sent one of the men up into the second floor to investigate and see whether it was worth a penny or not. He came down and reported adversely, so they each bought a post-card except the man who had already spent his penny. He said there was no hurry and he

guessed he would wait. When a man is caught once that way it makes him more careful.

We walked west past Morgan's Mount and Pemberton's Parlor. The latter was repaired in 1701 and looks as good as new. Bonwaldesthorne's Tower is so small that its name sticks out of it two feet and is used as a gargoyle.

Behind it is the Water Tower, which is not a water tower at all, but marks the point where ships formerly tied up when the Dee was at high tide. It was built in 1322 for one hundred pounds by Helpstone. We are glad to lend our little aid in extending the fame of this unusual contractor.

We "took" all of these walls and towers much more easily than the Conqueror did, but he did not have a kodak. Chester was an old city ages before William began to conquer. It was old in 607, when Æthelfrith wiped it out of existence. People then said it could never "come back," but it did. It had an "I remember when" club in 100 A. D., that used to meet and tell about the first landing of the Romans in 59. It has been a fortified city for eighteen hundred and fifty years.

But not with these walls. These walls are new. They were not built until the fourteenth century. Some of the mortar is not dry. How-

THE ROWS

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ever, nothing outdoors in England is dry this month.

This Water Gate, by the way, was the most important of the city's gates. The Earl of Derby had it in his own charge. Each gate was assigned to some nobleman, and this was Derby's. There is an underground passage from his former residence near St. Nicholas Street, just off Westgate Street. The passage leads to this gate. The Earl used it when there was a teamsters' strike or if for any reason he desired to avoid publicity. We will tell you more about that later.

From Water Gate we walked and walked until we were visibly growing shorter. Then we hailed a tram.

"Stop at the Castle, please."

We did not say, "Do you go past the Castle?" That would have betrayed the disgraceful fact that we were tourists. No, we stole a glance at our Baedeker and said, "Stop at the Castle, please."

The guard took our "tuppence," rang up two fares and said:

"We pawsed the Cawstle before you got on, sir."

We said, "Never mind. Don't go back. We will view the suburbs."

This we did for a few minutes and caught a

return car. Then we found that what we had taken for a power house was the Castle. It is now used as a jail and barracks. The entrance gates are rather impressive, but bear no resemblance to any other part of the structure.

An excellent equestrian statue of Marshal Combermere stands in front of the gates. He served his country as a soldier and was active on the Peninsula and in India.

Farther along a thirteenth century bridge spans the Dee. It is in much better repair than the one built by the American gentleman at Waterford forty or fifty years ago.

The Wishing Steps on the old wall require some rather difficult conditions. There are seventeen steps and you must run up and down them seven times without taking breath, and then whatever you wish for you will receive. We did not wish for anything. This ended our walk around the walls.

The Church of St. John has fastened on its north door a polite appeal for funds to maintain the structure. You find a box, deposit a coin and then discover that in order to see the ruined portion you must make a further contribution for the maintenance of the sexton and his family.

We are shown through the picturesque ruined choir and amass some conflicting dates. Baedeker says that these walls were crushed by the falling

of the central tower in 1470. The guide blames it on Henry VIII and Thomas Cromwell. The one indisputable fact is that they fell and made a pretty mess of things.

The Chapter House was the dwelling place of De Quincey in his youth. The chimney hole made by his mother in the room used as a kitchen is pointed out. Thomas may have learned some of his weird stories listening to the sexton distort history to tourists. At any rate he lived here for a while, moved to the Lake District with the poets, got into bad habits and died at Glasgow.

There are some interesting Saxon crosses over a thousand years old in the Chapter House.

The Chester Cathedral dates from Alfred. It is the pantheon of the local great and you must have accomplished something of moment to be buried there. The mere accumulation of wealth will not entitle you to the honor.

Its main or west entrance is never used because of its proximity to the streets. Nevertheless, like all cathedrals, it must have its main door at the west end and its high altar at the east. You need no compass in a cathedral. The altar is always at the east end.

The public uses the south door. There are some ascending steps to the left leading up to the closed west door. From the top of these is

a good view of the full length of the building, three hundred and fifty-five feet.

The glass is modern, but the old tracery of the windows is beautiful. Parts of the Norman structure, eight hundred years old, are incorporated in the present walls, but as a rule they "restored" things six hundred years ago about as they do now, by altering them past recognition. The stone and wood carving in the choir seats and screen is particularly fine.

One bishop, who really should have been a Roundhead, he was such a destroyer of beauty, painted most of that exquisite carved oak. It had to be scraped and soaked in potash for a long while to remove the paint. Now, instead of the rich black polish which time would have given, it has an ashy, domestic finish, that almost ruins its appearance. But for the masterly carving it would be unsightly.

The misericorde seats are each carved with a different design. Some are Scriptural, some are funny, and some are both. One group represents a wrestling match, and in another two people are struggling for possession of a seat.

The carving of the pews is well done. These were overlooked by the bishop, or he ran out of paint. They are as black and shiny as mahogany. One represents the early-angel idea, with feathers all over the body, including the limbs, a sort of

Shanghai angel, that has become extinct in art.

The cloisters are picturesque and interesting. The refectory is used as a practice room for the choir. The walls of the cloister are cracking and restoration has set in. One side already looks as new as a corner drug store and the rest will soon be like it.

The Cathedral departs from the usual cross formation and is unsymmetrical in its ground plan. The south transept is four times the size of the north transept. The monks wanted to enlarge the cathedral in the fourteenth century. The monastery buildings on the north prevented any growth in that direction, so they built a new church for the congregation of St. Oswald's and tore down that church on the south and erected the large south wing or transept. A hundred years later they were compelled to re-admit the St. Oswald parishioners to that portion of the building. A partition was erected within the Cathedral. This remained until 1880, a portion of the south transept being used as a parish church. Then a new church, St. Thomas', was built for them and the partition was removed.

The Duke of Westminster owns most of this neighborhood. The Prince of Wales is hereditary Earl of Chester, but that does not procure anything for Chester. The Duke gave them the Cathedral organ and paid for most of the restora-

tion. That does not necessarily mean the present Duke. We are under the impression that it was his uncle. The present Duke could do it without very serious inroads into his income.

Bishop Lloyd's Palace is a quaint, old, wooden building, now preserved as a sort of museum. It dates from 1615. Some Americans tried to buy it and the Stanley House to bring to the Chicago Exposition in 1893. As a result of the local horror at the proposed sacrilege, money was raised to put the buildings in repair and take care of them. All right-minded people will be glad that the old houses were left in their proper environment, but will rejoice that the attempt to remove them stirred the local citizens into activity.

Stanley House bears the date 1591, but it is probably older. The lady in charge says so, and she was so gracious in showing us through that we are sure she must be right.

This was the residence of the Earls of Derby. There is a creepy secret chamber where the Earl was hidden for a long time, while food was smuggled to him by a faithful servant. Cromwell caught him finally and beheaded him. There is much about this Earl in Scott's "Peveril of the Peak."

A trap-door in the floor opens on the underground passage to the Water Gate.

CATHEDRAL CLOISTERS

PUBLIC

Many of the basements in Chester are Roman crypts. The present tenants use them as cellars. The one at 11 Watergate Street is used as a wine cellar and extends back a long distance. There are others at 34 Eastgate Street and 12 Bridge Street.

At 39 Bridge Street is an old Roman hot water bath. It is fed by a spring. The heating apparatus is intact and the tub is full of water. This looks like carelessness on the part of the last Roman patron, but it is due to the spring, which keeps it always supplied.

When you pay your carfare in Chester the conductor gives you a slip. This is simply a check on him and of no use to the passenger, who would ordinarily drop it on the floor of the car. Hence this polite notice is in all street cars:

"In order to keep the cars and streets neat and tidy, passengers might kindly drop their tickets in the box provided for that purpose only when leaving the car."

We simply skimmed the surface of Chester. It abounds in towers, crypts and Roman remains. It is the base for interesting excursions up and down the river and over the beautiful roads.

XXXII

Liverpool

LIVERPOOL is within forty or fifty minutes' ride of Chester and the trains run with great frequency. As a matter of fact, we went to the station intending to take the nine six train and found we were in time for a faster train leaving at eight forty-five.

Evidently this is the hour for suburbanites who work in Liverpool to leave their homes. We pick up passengers at every station. The only thing that distinguishes them from American business men of the same class is that they do not rush down the platform at the last second and climb breathlessly aboard.

We leave the train at Birkenhead (Woodside) and cross the Mersey on a ferry to the floating docks. There are sixty of these docks and they extend along the river for six or seven miles. Their mode of construction gives almost unlimited expansibility and permits of the docking of the largest steamers.

In Chuzzlewit's day most of the ships were

American. In fact, America gave Liverpool its impetus as a port and is still the source of much of its prosperity.

When we reach the docks we see our steamer in the middle of the river and learn that it will not tie up until within an hour of its departure. This is a great inconvenience to the passengers, but saves trouble for the officers and employees on the boat.

Our limited stay in Liverpool, the bad weather and the number of things to be attended to before sailing prevent extensive sight-seeing.

We spend a little while in the Museum, with its excellent zoological collection, showing the highest skill of the taxidermist. There are some wonderful things from Egypt, including dozens of mummies. One or two would seem to answer all reasonable requirements, but no English museum is complete unless it is crowded with these melancholy objects.

South Africa also has been compelled to contribute to the conqueror's collection with all sorts of weapons, cooking utensils and articles of near-clothing.

The aquarium is small and stocked principally with trout hatched on the premises. One seal with soulful, haunting eyes, swims around and around his tank, rolling up his optics at each revolution like a love-lorn schoolboy.

The rain kept us standing on the portico of the Museum for half an hour before it slackened sufficiently for us to travel the short distance to Walker's Fine Art Gallery.

One of the annual exhibitions was on. This year the works of Dürer are shown. After looking at countless etchings and engravings, we go upstairs and discover a most delightfully arranged room. It has cushioned settees in the center. We select the picture opposite the thickest cushion for especial study. It is a most restful landscape. Some cows are nibbling the grass and far away over the western hills the sun has set, bathing the sky in red and touching with gold the edges of a few light clouds. We fancy we can see birds settling to rest in the boughs of the trees. The sun sinks lower. The red glow darkens, the birds are hushed, and I am mildly wondering at the metamorphosis in the painting when a sweet voice says:

"I don't believe you are looking at that picture at all. You were actually nodding. We just have time to eat luncheon and go over to the steamer. Come."

The Bear and Paw on Lord Street looks inviting. We enter its portals and eat our last meal in England.

Evidences abound to show that Liverpool is a

great cosmopolitan city and that this is the sailing day of an American liner.

A merry party sits at a table near us. The wife is scanning the menu.

"Just tell me once more, dear, how much is two and six."

"Eight, of course. I am surprised."

"You know what I mean. How much is it in real money?"

"Sixty cents, honey, but don't you care. I'll pay the bill."

We take a tram to the docks and watch our ship move slowly, oh, so slowly, alongside, and finally go aboard. Our luggage is safely stored in the stateroom and we return to the upper deck to wave farewell to the solitary friend who has come all the way from London to see us off.

Finally, after several false alarms, all visitors are put ashore, the gang planks are raised, the big ropes are thrown from their moorings and splash into the water, and we move out into mid-stream, murmuring as we look at the turbid river the venerable jest, "The quality of Mersey is not strained."

We lost some days in the British Isles through ignorance of what to see and when to see it. Bad weather curtailed our sight-seeing to some extent.

Anyone following in our footsteps and elimi-

nating several long trips, can see a little of each of the leading features in three weeks.

Study your Sundays so as not to find yourself in a rural community with locked-up attractions. Eliminate the Lake District as a sight-seeing proposition. Omit Oban, unless you can give it two or three week days. You will see the Fingal's Cave formations on a grander scale at the Giant's Causeway. Go direct from Londonderry to Galway and save yourself some unpleasant experiences in the Connemara country.

With these omissions you can see a little of London, a few cathedrals, the districts hallowed by Shakespeare, Scott and Burns, the Rob Roy country, the Giant's Causeway, Ireland at its worst and best, including the beautiful west coast, the Lakes of Killarney, and the cities of Cork and Dublin, and rest for a day or so in Chester before sailing home.

After all, our only real grievance was with the weather man. With his co-operation assured, no trip on earth can offer more varied charm to the traveler from the United States or make him more proud of his kindred across the sea than Three Weeks in the British Isles.

THE LIVERPOOL DOCKS

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¶ Screamingly ridiculous situations are mingled with bits of pathos in this delightfully humorous tale of the South.

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Small 12mo.; 212 pages; bound in scarlet cloth cover attractively stamped; 22 clever illustrations by Angus MacDonall. Price $1.00.

When Good Fellows Get Together

¶ For all generous minds that have been young there is a radiance of loveliness that nothing can ever obscure over the Bohemian days of long ago. Remembrance hallows them: all their hardships are forgotten; through the mists of time they glimmer in unsullied beauty, coming back with their lost loves, their vanished comrades, their hopes that since have withered, their dreams that are dead and gone; and the heart thrills to remember, and for a moment the glory of morning streams over all the world.—*William Winter.*

¶ These lovely lines serve as the introduction to WHEN GOOD FELLOWS GET TOGETHER which is a most charming book—either to own or to give a friend.

¶ The editor, James O'Donnell Bennett (Dramatic Critic of The Chicago Record Herald), has chosen with rare taste a comprehensive selection of quotations from a wide range of authors, both noted and little known, expressive of good-fellowship, optimism, uplift and cheerfulness.

¶ The following department headings give an idea of the range of the subject matter: **The Good Fellow's Short Guide, XXV Toasts from Shakespeare, Meeting and Parting, Eating and Drinking, Smoking and Dreaming, Living and Loving, Sweethearts and Wives, Playing the Game, The Golden Days, etc., etc.**

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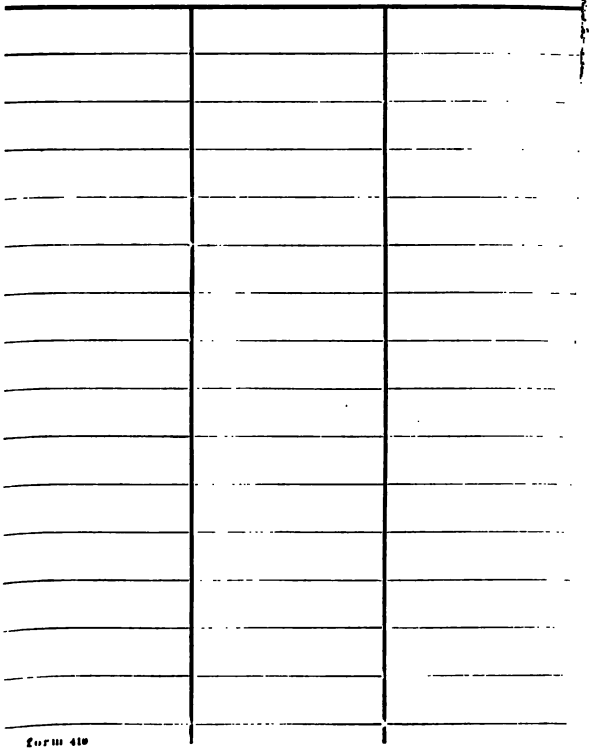
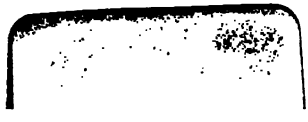
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